# UNDER FIVE SULTANS

MARY MILLS PATRICK

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# UNDER FIVE SULTANS

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ILLUSTRATED

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To
THE ALUMNÆ
OF
CONSTANTINOPLE WOMAN'S COLLEGE

# PREFACE

Under the Government of the Republic the thinking of the whole Turkish nation is changing. The result is a transformation in education, commerce, and industrial and social life quite in line with the highest ideals of national growth. This remarkable spectacle awakens new interest in Turkish history, and leads to a study of two prevailing types in former rulers of that nation, i.e., those who were ready for progress, and those who feared changes of all kinds. Illustrations of both these types are found in the history of the rule of the last five sultans, and in the reform movement of the Young Turks.

National evolution in Turkey was greatly accelerated by the experience of the World War. The status of Turkey is at present that of absolute national independence.

My sincere thanks are due to Dr. Isabel Frances Dodd, Professor of Art and Archæology in Constantinople Woman's College, for valuable suggestions, and to Dr. Albert H. Lybyer, Professor of History in the University of Illinois, for help in verifying historical statements.

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# PART I

# THE SHADOW OF ARARAT

## CHAPTER I

# TRAVELING IN THE SEVENTIES

FIVE years before the end of the reign of Sultan Abdul-Aziz, I became a resident of the Turkish Empire. To me had come a wonderful opportunity to go to the mysterious Orient to teach. This appealed to my love of adventure as well as to the altruism engendered by the atmosphere of my home. I was a young woman of twenty-one and quite unsophisticated. As a matter of fact, I had never been away from home, for even two weeks, before I left for Turkey. My family came from New England. My grandfather was one of the early graduates of Williams College, and subsequently studied theology, as did most college graduates in those days. He was the pastor of the Congregational Church in Canterbury, New Hampshire, for forty years, and pastor emeritus for ten. After his death the rest of the family went West and lived in Iowa, on the banks of the Mississippi.

When I started on my long journey, in the summer of 1871, my father accompanied me as far as Chicago—a short trip of a few hours. That was not long before the great fire which destroyed so much of the city. I remember the place vaguely as noisy and dirty in the business quarter, with beautiful residences and parks on the shore of Lake Michigan, but I saw little of my surroundings, because my eyes were blinded by the coming separation from my father. He put me into an east-bound train, and as it slowly drew out of the station I looked back and had my last

glimpse of him, leaning against a near-by post, wiping away his tears.

When I again became conscious of my surroundings we were stopping at a country station and small boys were selling blueberries outside all along the train, of just the kind that I had gathered in my childhood, in my New England home. Frequent delays were a part of our program, for there were no Pullman cars for general use in crossing the continent. They had been introduced only six years before, and had not yet been put on all trains.

My first real experience in a large metropolis was in New York, which impressed me tremendously, though any one familiar with that marvelous city to-day would smile to see it as it then was. It comprised the island of Manhattan only. There were no sky-scrapers, and Brooklyn Bridge had barely been begun. Wall Street was a pleasant though narrow thoroughfare along which carriages calmly drove, and there was nothing in sight higher than the steeple of Trinity Church, at the end of the street. The white-marble City Hall was still proudly pointed out to strangers, and Fifth Avenue was mainly a residence street, lined with handsome homes, most of which were of the brown-stone-front variety. What is now Columbia University was then Columbia College, on Madison Avenue.

In New York I joined a party en route for London as a starting-point for other destinations; we sailed on the *Wisconsin,* a small but comfortable old-fashioned ship of the Guion Line. Our group was fourteen strong and included a charming little girl of five, to whom, later, life brought strange adventures. She subsequently married into the Russian aristocracy and upon the death of her husband inherited ancestral halls and large estates. Then came the Russian Revolution, during which she escaped with great difficulty across the border, and she is now a

lecturer on Russian affairs, and is known as Madame Emma Ponafidine.

As we steamed out of the harbor of New York I watched eagerly to catch my first view of the ocean. It seemed even more wonderful to me than my expectations, and in the thirty times that I have since crossed the Atlantic the marvels of life at sea have never failed to inspire me. Our voyage was calm and really uneventful, but every moment brought something new. I spent the days in making delightful acquaintances, promenading the one deck which the steamer possessed, and playing shuffle-board. I was entertained even in the old-fashioned dining-saloon, where the waiters stood in a long line at the door, with large platters containing many different kinds of food. At a given signal they marched in and placed everything on the tables at once, and were then ready to serve the passengers. Small attention was paid to exact separation of courses, as we all pointed at the things we wanted.

Landing in Liverpool, we went straight to London, where we spent a few days seeing the sights, staying in one of the old-fashioned boarding-houses so graphically pictured in the literature of the last century. Queen Victoria was then in her prime, and was residing in Buckingham Palace. I did not see her, but we could hear the royal band play every morning at St. James's Palace about eleven o'clock. Those were the days when one heard the old-fashioned cries in the streets of London and when buses and slow-moving carriages and cabs were the only conveyances. There were many beautiful equipages in the parks, but there seemed to be much poverty in the streets. Even on the day of our arrival a porter had followed our carriage several miles from the station in order to earn a few pence by carrying the luggage into the house.

I enjoyed the regulation sight-seeing and visiting

places about which I had so often read—Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, and the Tower. One evening during our stay in London a friend whose acquaintance I had made on the steamer came to see me, saying excitedly that he had secured tickets to hear Spurgeon. I had heard much of the great preacher, even in my home in Iowa, and was delighted with the unexpected opportunity of hearing him, but I was young enough to consider the best thing about the trip, the fact that going and returning we rode in a hansom cab, which was to me the height of romance!

It was the year after the fateful Battle of Sedan and the fall of Napoleon III. Scarcely three months had passed since the treaty of peace had been signed in Paris. The war had ended in May, and less than a year before Napoleon III had still reigned in the Palace of the Tuileries, across the street from the Hôtel du Louvre in Paris. Bismarck was at the height of his sway, and rapidly bringing the "dreamy Germans" into political supremacy. Germany was at that moment the dominant power in Europe. The leader of our party was cautious, and we pursued German rather than French highways.

We crossed the Channel from Dover to Ostend, and then proceeded to Cologne. There were no sleepers on the trains, but it was possible for enterprising travelers, by going first class, to secure some degree of comfort during the night. We seem, however, to have lacked either sufficient imagination or money to follow that course. We were therefore crowded into second-class compartments, each one of which had doors at the side opening directly on steps to the ground. It was about twelve hours from Ostend to Cologne, where we spent the first night. We did not remain to explore the latter city, but we caught a glimpse of the cathedral on our way to the station, and I was

thrilled to see with my own eyes that marvelous triumph of artistic expression. In later visits to Cologne I had the opportunity of studying it more carefully.

From Cologne we journeyed direct to Vienna, securing food and rest when possible or going without if necessary. Before reaching Vienna we discussed at length what to do in the matter of language. I had studied some German, but was too modest at that time to volunteer the information. There was a man in the party, however, who said with great confidence that he could speak German and that he would act as our interpreter. When we reached the hotel in Vienna, to my astonishment I heard him say to the porter, "Haben Sie any rooms on this floor?" I thought to myself that I could at least have done better than that. The porter, however, with true Austrian politeness replied in good English, "Would you like to have me show you some rooms, sir?" Vienna was a beautiful city in the seventies; modernization had already begun, and the contrast is not so great as in New York and London between the cities of my first visit and those of to-day.

Vienna left behind, the journey became very exciting, as everything around us was strange and unfamiliar. We went by train to Budapest—then called Pesth. Only a few months later Buda, on one side of the Danube, and Pesth, on the other, were incorporated as one city. Subsequent experiences made me familiar with the beautiful bridge that unites the two parts of Budapest. At that time there was a very good boat service down the Danube as far as Rustchuk, and a short railway from there to Varna, on the Black Sea. Turkey then controlled the whole of the eastern Mediterranean; there was no railway communication between Constantinople and any other city, so it was impossible to enter the Turkish capital by train.

Not until a year later did even local trains begin to function from Constantinople to near-by places. In 1872 two embryo railway terminals came into existence, one in Stambul, the prototype of the present starting-point of the Orient Express from Constantinople to Paris and London, and another, of more imposing dimensions, on the Asiatic shore at the mouth of the Bosporus, for trains supposed eventually to run between Constantinople and Bagdad. For many years, however, Philippopolis in Europe and Nicomedia in Asia were the only points reached.

Danube Service boats anchored at a long quay in Pesth. There, porters stood ready to carry our luggage, and maids with high white head-dresses conducted us to our staterooms. The trip down the Danube was one never to be forgotten. From Budapest to Constantinople the striking features of the life around us were the national costumes and the babel of tongues. The Turkish language and manner of dress took the lead, for all the countries through which we traveled after leaving Hungary, as far as the Black Sea, then belonged to Turkey; Servia and Rumania were under Turkish suzerainty and Bulgaria was a Turkish province. Besides Turkish we heard French, German, Hungarian, Russian, Servian, Bulgarian, Rumanian, and Greek. Members of different groups wore their distinctive national costumes, each with its peculiar form of head-dress. Many of the peasant men were dressed in white cotton robes with priceless hand embroidery on the sleeves and around the bottom. Such a robe was expected to last a lifetime. The women wore head-handkerchiefs and aprons that were wonderfully embroidered.

The scenery along the shores of the Danube is not especially striking except in the Defile of Kazán. Here the rocky banks gradually rise higher and higher, while

the rushing torrent between is less than two hundred yards wide at many points, and narrower still where the precipitous cliffs form the so-called "Iron Gates." There the Danube is very deep and its winding course adds much to the tension of the few tumultuous miles of passage through the narrow defile.

We left the Danube at the small town of Rustchuk, and were in Bulgaria. This was my introduction to a country and a people which I grew to love deeply in following years. From Rustchuk we went to Varna, where we embarked in one of the Austrian Lloyd steamers—was there ever a time in history when those steamers did not exist? I doubt it. It seemed as if the Near East had been fitted out at creation, with Austrian Lloyd steamers, which now function under the name Lloyd Triestino. During my long experience in Turkey they were always found in every harbor, furnishing safe passage and quiet, efficient service, once or twice, or even three times a week, from one port to another of the eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea.

Traveling by way of the Black Sea, we entered Constantinople from the east. The incomparable wonder of the first sight of the domes and minarets of Stambul, as one sails up the Sea of Marmara, on the west, was left for a later experience. In the early morning light we cast anchor off Kavak, at the entrance to the Bosporus. We were served a breakfast consisting of a cup of black coffee and some bread, and there the responsibility of the steamship company ended. Then followed long, weary hours of waiting for permission from the Turkish Government to sail down the Bosporus and into the Golden Horn.

There was not very much for us to see while waiting. The village of Kavak was celebrated for its figs and grapes, and we were there in the season for them, but none

were offered us. On a hill near by are the ruins known as the Genoese Castle, which as a matter of fact are the remains of an old Turkish castle built by Mohammed the Conqueror himself. This spot is famous for the beauty of its surroundings. Above the castle is the site of a Greek temple of ancient times, where, Herodotus tells us, Darius turned aside from his victorious march to enjoy the view. From this height one can see for miles along the Black Sea and the Bosporus, and on to far-distant hills in Asia Minor.

During the long delay at Kavak we began to understand the force of the well-known Turkish motto "*Yahwash, yahwash* [Slowly, slowly]," which was once the rule of life in Turkey but has doubtless been forgotten by the Turks themselves since the birth of the new republic. The sight of beautiful ruins gave us small comfort as the hours passed and we had no luncheon, nor any prospect of securing one. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the sailing flag was hoisted, and we slowly proceeded down the Bosporus.

Constantinople, originally the Greek city of Byzantium and in 330 A. D. renamed by Constantine the Great, who made it his capital, will perhaps be renamed again in the future, for some other hero. It is, however, always the "Queen City," as it was called by early writers. It never seems to belong to any one nation, but with its shining waters and gentle hillsides is allied to all countries. It is neither wholly in Europe nor all in Asia but belongs to both. At the junction of two seas and two continents, it is divided into two parts by the strait that unites the seas. Surrounded as the city was by beautiful waterways and flower-dotted plains, it was surely a place where men could found a noble center of activity. Constantinople has always been cosmopolitan, and any traveler, however

strange, may find some one there who can speak his language.

The approach, from any direction, is indescribably picturesque. A visitor in the seventeenth century declared: "I consider this city much better worth seeing than all Italy." That September afternoon we sailed slowly by all the towers and palaces of the upper and lower Bosporus, belonging to what was to us the present. Constantinople was at that time the third largest city in Europe, with a population of 1,175,000. On entering the harbor, the traveler is surprised at the sudden opening out of the Golden Horn, and as he glances back loses much of the Bosporus itself, as it appears and disappears in its winding course from the Black Sea. Amazing lines of Southern coloring are everywhere seen in ripples and waves, although the water when quiet is dark blue.

We finally dropped anchor in the harbor near the bridge crossing the Golden Horn. Not far distant was Seraglio Point, with its wonderful domes and minarets, and as the steamer swung around, the rival beauties of the opposite shore appeared. The whole promontory of Scutari was displayed before us, its slopes covered with kiosks and gardens, and its summit crowned with stately mosques. A background of silent cypresses shrouded what was then the second largest Moslem cemetery in the world. There the Turks of the olden days chose to sleep —beneath the sacred soil of Asia, safe from molestation at the hands of Western barbarians.

Turkish buildings were then in their prime. Superb mosques, domes, baths, and winding bazaars under cover, like a "labyrinth of temptation," palaces of shining marble or stucco, and graceful minarets were all a part of the scene. The royal buildings of Seraglio Point were almost in their pristine glory, and palaces, mosques, baths, and

kiosks formed a group the equal of which has never elsewhere been seen. The gardens and groves in which they stood filled a walled space four miles in circumference.

To the south the Sea of Marmara beckoned us, and the Prince's Islands shimmered in the afternoon light. Away to the southwest towered Asiatic Olympus, covered with snow, a surprising element of that semi-tropical scene. Behind the Golden Horn the seven hills of Stambul with their multitude of domes arose majestically. Even from the steamers in the harbor the triple walls of old Byzantium could at that time be seen. In the harbor were men-of-war, large Mediterranean steamers, and the ever present ferry-boats coming from the upper Bosporus or Scutari, or from the islands of the Marmara. The ferry-boats looked very gay, for the rear deck of each one, open on both sides, was reserved for women, and the Turkish women of that day wore white veils, and loose silk robes of all the brilliant colors the imagination of the East could produce.

The next thing was to disembark, which was not so simple. Along both sides of our steamer were clustered innumerable small boats, pressing up as closely as possible to the place where the gangway would be lowered. Among these were craft of all kinds. There were sail-boats and long slender caïques with oarsmen, dressed in white, eagerly watching the people on deck, to recognize as soon as possible friends who were expected. There were also cargo-boats which crowded the lighter craft all too closely.

Soon we saw our own friends waving to us as they tried to draw nearer through the multitude of boats. All about, people were shouting in various languages, hoping to make themselves heard over the general uproar, perhaps to deliver some message, and many were bringing bouquets

with which to greet the new arrivals whom they were meeting. Some of the boatmen wore flowers tucked under the edges of their gay fezes. On the outskirts of the crowd many cargo-boats passed by, heavily laden with melons, figs, or baskets of grapes and pears—for we had now come to the land of plenty.

The gangway was slowly lowered. It was narrow and unsteady. Passengers and porters weighed down with bags, trunks, and large bundles struggled together down the shaking steps and, clinging to the rope alongside, finally reached the bottom. The steamer rose and sank, and the small boat at the foot of the gangway also rose and sank; some one cried out, "Jump now." One jumped, and landed in a small boat or perhaps even in a caïque, at great risk of upsetting it. All bobbed up and down for a few moments, and then one found oneself comfortably seated on a cushion. Finally the small boat glided through the pushing mass and was rowed away to a quiet, peaceful harbor. Since that day I have become so accustomed to embarking and disembarking thus that it now seems extremely prosaic to go calmly down to a wharf and walk on board a steamer.

Abdul-Aziz was a remarkable man for his time, and might be called a progressive monarch, although he lived in all the Oriental grandeur that had belonged by tradition to royalty since the time of Suleiman the Magnificent. His principal residence was Dolma Bagtche, one of the large palaces on the shores of the Bosporus. He had visited western and central Europe, especially in France and England, and had been made a knight of the Order of the Garter by Queen Victoria. Late in his reign he introduced many improvements in his own methods of administration—especially with regard to the army and navy, as the spirit of the age was militaristic.

Among other reforms, the public highways were improved, and when I arrived on the scene a finely constructed road had just been completed from Trebizond, on the southern coast of the Black Sea, to the plateau of Erzerum—an extensive plain one hundred and fifty miles to the southeast, lying, as it were, almost in the shadow of Mount Ararat. Our destination was Erzerum, capital of the vilayet of the same name—a town over six thousand feet above sea-level.

After a brief visit in Constantinople we embarked for Trebizond in a steamer, again of the Austrian Lloyd Line, but different in many ways from those previously referred to. It was smaller, the food was more Eastern in character, and the passengers were distinctly Asiatic. The route from Constantinople to Trebizond was much traveled, and there were many prominent Turks on board. Their harems were in seclusion, and did not appear even at table, but were attended by servants who were constantly going in and out of their mistresses' state-rooms.

One did not see Turkish women of the type that was hidden in the cabins of that steamer. We caught a glimpse of them when landing at Trebizond. They were for the most part young and fair, for that was the aim of those who selected them. Their beauty was enhanced by the gay colors of their silk robes, and their white face veils which covered but did not conceal. Probably those young beauties destined to live in harems in the interior of Turkey could neither read nor write; indeed, such knowledge would have lessened their attraction in the eyes of their masters, who themselves were not overburdened with literary achievements.

Many of the men on board employed their time in bringing up to date the prayers which for various reasons had been neglected on shore. All orthodox Turks prayed

five times a day: at dawn, at noon, mid-afternoon, sunset, and an hour and a half after sunset; or if any one was unable to do so, he made it up afterward. Before beginning to pray, each one spread out his prayer-rug on the deck of the steamer, with the end in which a point is always woven, toward Mecca.

Every Moslem who approaches God in prayer must wash beforehand, in pure water. The prayer demands certain postures of the body, standing inclination, kneeling, and final prostration—with the brow touching the ground, or, in the case described, the rug. All prayers must include, among other ejaculations and short petitions, the beautiful opening Sura of the Koran:

> Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures—the Most Merciful, the King of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious: not of those against whom Thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray.

While praying devoutly, the worshipers were wholly unconscious of their fellow-passengers or of anything that went on about them.

After three or four days on the Black Sea we reached Trebizond. There we occupied rooms in khans, wholly unfurnished and questionably clean. A khan was a dreary, barren building where the weary traveler could find an unfurnished room in which to camp, arrange his own bed —which he always carried with him—and cook his own food, in the utensils which also were transported on the back of his pack-horse.

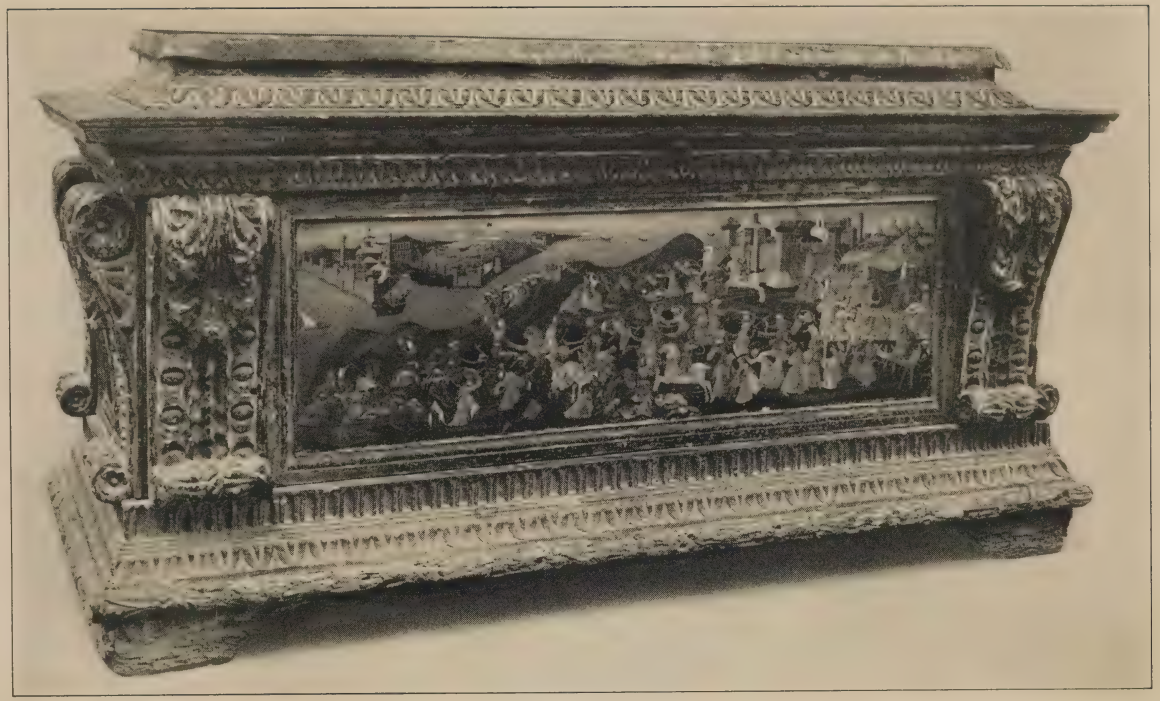
A friend had traveled from Erzerum to meet us, bringing with him, among other things, his wife's saddle horse for me to ride, as hired horses were not always satisfactory

on a difficult journey. In the khan he had arranged folding beds, which were the only furniture in our sleeping quarters. Even in these circumstances it seemed delightful to be on land again, after several days at sea. For dinner that night we went to a Greek restaurant, as the population of Trebizond was then largely Greek.

Trebizond is one of the picturesque cities of the world, but its whole appearance was a great contrast to that of Constantinople. The streets were narrower, and the people far more provincial. At the restaurant where we took our first dinner we were placed at a small square table and provided with chairs. I naturally considered chairs a matter of course, but soon found, as we traveled farther east, that they were not so regarded in that part of the world. For food we had a stew made of lamb and different vegetables, among which tomatoes predominated, seasoned with garlic. It was served in one dish, placed in the middle of the table, with a large spoon for each person. We requested separate plates, which after some delay were provided. Trebizond was a comparatively civilized city, where such luxuries as chairs and separate plates could be obtained.

The next morning was a great occasion, for it was then that we started out on horseback to complete our journey. I was not accustomed to riding, and the difficulty was much increased by a long, heavy riding habit, which I was not sufficiently emancipated to discard. Moreover, one of the party added further to the arduousness of the journey by persuading us to take the old road over the mountains because it was more picturesque.

These mountains were the Paryadres of ancient history, now known as the Pontic range. The road was wild and precipitous beyond description, and was the very same which Xenophon followed in the retreat of the ten thousand, which he has so graphically described. In fact, his



*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

A FLORENTINE CASSONE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, DEPICTING THE CONQUEST OF TREBIZOND BY MOHAMMED THE CONQUEROR

Constantinople Appears at One Side

descriptions fitted in many ways conditions as I found them, few changes in methods of agriculture and other industries having taken place since his day.

The reign of Sultan Aziz was the last period of the old Turkish life, as he himself began the introduction of railways and of Western education. Methods of travel, however, did not change rapidly in eastern Turkey. Carriages had then begun to come into use on the new highway just completed, but they were of a most primitive type. On the steep mountain paths ordinary travelers usually rode horseback. Women, however, could not always travel in that way, especially with young children. Other ways of getting about were in baskets and *taghtravans*. Two baskets were slung across the horse's back for people who were not able to ride. A person was seated in one of the baskets, and on the other side some one else; or if necessary, one basket was filled with a weight which would balance the other.

It was a fearsome way of traveling on a narrow path along the side of a steep mountain, especially for the person hanging over the precipice, but the *taghtravan* was even worse. It was a long narrow box swung, by long poles, between two horses. In this insecure conveyance the passenger sat, clutching the sides and depending for safety on the whims and harmonious action of the two animals. It was especially difficult to get the *taghtravan* around sharp corners; in fact, its use was almost impossible on some of the narrow mountain roads. The traveler in either basket or *taghtravan* must have suffered hours of terror.

Camels were not used for ordinary journeys, although Erzerum was the focal point of great caravan routes and Trebizond one of the principal ports to which merchandise from the Far East was brought. They were, however,

the basis of commercial life at that time, and separate quarters in every city were set aside as a stopping-place for caravans. The camel is a curious beast. He looks so much more intelligent than he really is as he turns his head from side to side with a complacent air of superhuman ability. Caravans traveled in groups of camels, six feet or more apart, tied together with a long rope and led by a donkey with a man on his back. On the narrow precipitous mountain paths it was a terrifying experience to become entangled in a line of camels. We met many caravans, passing over the mountains on that memorable journey. When we saw the donkeys coming, and heard the bells which always heralded their approach, we were careful to get on the inside of the path, as near the mountain as possible.

The story is familiar of the dying camel who confessed to his master in his last breath that he had only one thing about which to complain in his past life. It was that, although he had been well treated in every other respect, he considered it insulting to have been led through life by a donkey.

The journey from Trebizond to Erzerum occupied about a week. Even after we had crossed the mountains our road continued to ascend—gradually but steadily. We spent the nights in khans, and I soon found that the Greek restaurant in Trebizond was luxurious compared with what followed. The bread of the interior was rolled into thin sheets and baked till hard, and strips of it were often used in place of knives and forks and spoons. The first time I saw a pile of these sheets of bread on the floor—and not a clean floor at that—I felt that the end had come and I could go no farther, but traveling on horseback over mountains tends to produce a lively appetite, and minor

discomforts were soon forgotten in the interest of the journey.

At last we reached Erzerum, where we found, in the American quarters, comfortable beds, bathing facilities, and other necessities of civilized life.

## CHAPTER II

# ERZERUM, CITY AND PLAIN

THE change was a sudden one from the freedom of America to the restrictions and isolation of a remote part of the Near East. I found myself in a new world, a world controlled by ideas which were strange to me, and which I did not understand for many years—if, indeed, ever. Nevertheless, as, owing to later developments, most of my life has been passed in Constantinople, it has proved of great advantage to me to have a background of familiarity with conditions in the provinces and to know the people at first hand.

Erzerum was a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, compact, crowded, and surrounded with a wall. The houses were constructed largely of sun-dried brick, reinforced with strong upright timbers. They were low, with flat roofs which were covered with a thin coating of earth. The streets were narrow and dark, but one could always escape from disagreeable surroundings by walking on the roof, or by a brisk canter across the plain outside the town. I soon secured a young horse, for which I paid about fifteen dollars. Robin, a reddish bay, was a lovable creature and became my devoted friend in that far-away land.

At the time when I first looked with wondering eyes on the amazing sights around me, the Suez Canal had been open only two years, and had not materially affected transportation. The Mesopotamian Valley had been the heart of the central route of Near-Eastern trade since the fif-

teenth century. Oriental sailing vessels brought the riches of India up the Persian Gulf, to Basra, where the picturesque boats of the Tigris carried them on to Bagdad. From that city there were many routes; one following the valley of the Euphrates toward the north. Thus the city of Erzerum was an ancient center for a general network of caravan travel from Persia, southern Russia, and the countries beyond the Caspian Sea.

In the markets of the narrow, badly paved, ill-smelling streets of this city wonderful things were to be found. There were rare objects concealed in dark, dusty shops. Lack of fuel, crowded living conditions, and semi-darkness, all combined to produce such an unfavorable setting for the Oriental treasures that the final surprise of finding them gave an additional thrill. The vendor seated cross-legged on the floor would extract brilliant gems from one of the many folds of his girdle, and would take from his shelves boxes containing sandalwood, amber pipes, beads, and ornaments of all kinds. There was one whole street devoted to hand-wrought silver, where one could find belts of solid silver, made of curious links and fastened in front with a toy dagger, all ornamented with delicate black inlaid work. There were quantities of silver vessels and silver ornaments.

There was another street—in fact, more than one—where brass-work was done. There vases, trays and cups, and beautiful braziers, so necessary in the Orient, were made. One thing that delighted me was the bright-colored broadcloth so much worn by Kurdish chiefs. Scarlet and light blue are the colors that I remember particularly. This cloth of soft texture and brilliant gloss would last a lifetime and more. It was often covered with heavy embroidery in gilt braid. Swords and daggers were necessary to the chiefs who wore the robes of embroidered

broadcloth, and they were of all sizes, in costly scabbards. Erzerum was so near Persia that everywhere were found Persian rugs, of the softness and delicate coloring of a past age. These rugs seemed never to wear out, but, to be sure, in Eastern lands one always removed one's shoes at the door before entering a house.

The price of precious articles, so called, was relative to the period when they were purchased. One of the happiest experiences of my life was the sending home of some of these rare and beautiful objects. It was very soon after my arrival in Erzerum, while homesickness was a daily experience. Perhaps we should call the articles costly, but the price was very small in American dollars. The box was many months reaching its destination, but was finally received with delight.

The barren Erzerum plain extends southward for a great distance, including at the southeastern extremity the picturesque region of Lake Van, not far from the Persian frontier. Even there the height above sea-level is between five and six thousand feet, while over the northeastern end towers snowy Ararat. This mountain was regarded with great awe by the superstitious villagers, who thought that death would be a certain penalty for any one so sacrilegious as to attempt to climb its sacred slopes.

The two leading characteristics of social life in the Ararat region were the cosmopolitan population and the almost complete separation of the people into classes according to their different languages. To be sure, all spoke some Turkish, but a very small vocabulary sufficed for their official needs and the expression of their deeper thought life was carried on in their own tongue. This division, especially in the schools and places of worship, each conducted in a different language, has been far-reaching in its historical effects. The sad results have dem-

onstrated the need in every land of common national interests expressed in a language known to all. One can go farther and plead for a common world language.

The population was of course primarily Turkish, but in addition there were large settlements of Greeks south of the Black Sea, many Armenians in all parts of the country, Jews of influence in the cities, and a floating public of Arabs, Kurds, and Russians. In Erzerum there were a few English residents centered around the British Consulate, which was the seat of British representation for all of Kurdistan. The consul and his family were always especially kind to Americans, and his wife even loaned me one of her two pianos during part of my stay there.

There was also an influential Persian colony. From our own spacious roof we could look across to that of the Persian Consulate, where the women of the harem often gathered. They were different in appearance from the Turkish women whom I had seen in Constantinople and on board the steamer on the Black Sea. While the Turkish faces were not those of educated persons, they expressed wonderful possibilities, and one felt that it would be a pleasure to teach such women. This was not the case with the Persian women whom I saw in Erzerum, who looked centuries behind. They may not, however, have represented the best that Persia could offer—although to this day Persian women are the most secluded.

During the last four and a half centuries the linguist has found Turkey a paradise where he could combine study with constant practice, as an extensive laboratory stood at his very door. It was not, on the other hand, a paradise for the poor peasant who knew not how to read, and who spoke his own language imperfectly—and, in many cases, other languages not at all. To me, in the inner solitude of sudden isolation, the study of languages was a wonderful

source of happiness. At home I had enjoyed a small beginning in that line. My father followed the custom of conducting family prayers every morning—a custom which seems to me now, as I look back on it, extremely touching—and at one period we used to read the chapter of the morning in five different languages. My father read it in English and the rest of us in Greek, Latin, French, and German. I shudder now to think of the atrocities in pronunciation which we probably committed.

In Erzerum I had my first experience in school organization, and the practical use of foreign languages. I soon discovered that thought is greatly enriched by being expressed in new idioms, and I often had the pleasure of talking to groups of people in a foreign language. I do not know of anything more thrilling, and one can only regret that life is so short and so full that comparatively few people realize the delight of expressing their thoughts even imperfectly in several different tongues.

The many Persians in Erzerum used to give a kind of Passion Play every year, to commemorate the death of Hassan and Hussein, the sons of Ali and Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed. This ceremony always takes place on the tenth of the month Muharrem, the date when Hussein fell on the battle-field of Kerbela. In Persia that entire month was spent in mourning for these two heroes. Both of them died more than a thousand years ago, but on the anniversary the mollahs, or Persian Moslem priests, recite the story of the tragedy, which still brings tears to the eyes of devout Persians.

In Erzerum the center of Persian festivities was the Persian Consulate, adjoining our house. At that time a degree of savagery existed in connection with the celebration of the death of Hassan and Hussein, which probably could not be found at present in the Persian world,

as religion everywhere is showing the effects of civilization, both in creed and in ritual. The Persians in Erzerum were then accustomed to gather at the consulate early in the evening, where in various ways they worked themselves up to a remarkable degree of frenzy. They threw their bodies around in insane paroxysms of high emotional excitement, and their screams could be heard at a great distance. Many fell down in fits, with foaming mouths.

After this had gone on for some hours, at the height of their delirium they formed a procession, in two long lines, facing each other, and marched in unison, screaming, "Hassan, Hussein," with greater and greater fury, rhythmically striking their shaved heads with the edge of the swords they carried. They were all dressed in long white robes, down the fronts of which, as they marched, the blood streamed from their heads and faces. The procession was led by men on horseback, carrying ancient emblems of the Persian faith, and there were standard-bearers with torches and flags, on which Arabic writing was visible—doubtless quotations from the holy writings of the Shiahs. Two white horses then appeared led by porters, caparisoned in blood-streaked white, and on the saddle of the second were two live doves which seemed very much out of place in such wild surroundings. The procession was heralded by musicians, marching behind the horses, singing, playing pipes, beating drums, striking cymbals together, and, with all the other noises, screaming wildly.

This weird procession passed by the windows of our house, and my friends begged me not to look at it. They said: "You will never be able to forget it. It will haunt your dreams. It is a terrible thing to see, and you will always be sorry if you look." Alas! I was too curious to listen to them and I regret to say that during

my four years in Erzerum I looked out of the windows each time that the death of Hassan and Hussein was commemorated in this barbarous way.

I was somewhat comforted by a rumor that some of those who marched in the procession, and seemed the wildest, had small bottles of red fluid (said to be animal blood) concealed in their hands which they poured out on their white robes, pretending a fierceness that they did not feel. Nevertheless the affair was sufficiently gruesome. A political mob risen up to overthrow a government could not have appeared more absolutely uncontrolled, and the noise surpassed anything that I have ever heard. Yet there we were, a small band of unprotected foreigners, behind the windows, only a few feet distant, because of the narrow streets, and I am sure that we were not in the slightest danger, as the fierceness of the crowd was more apparent than real.

A historian once asked me what the opinion was, in the provinces, of Sultan Aziz. There was no opinion among the peasants in the provinces about the great padishah who could walk behind the sacred standard of the Prophet and his mantle. To them he was a dim figure, and probably many of them were not even familiar with his name, especially the multitudes who did not know how to read. If they thought about him at all, it was as the distant obscure power that sent the tax-gatherers and the cruel conscription officers. In their primitive minds the Government was represented by the officer who wore a sword and who came each year to take a generous share of their precious wheat, the growing and harvesting of which had been so difficult. To the Government also belonged the *zaptieh* (officer) on horseback who appeared gun in hand to take their sons to serve in the army in

far-away lands—their sons whom they might never again behold.

The governors of the cities were usually intelligent, but I doubt if even they had direct knowledge of his Majesty Sultan Aziz, or of his policies. However, it was a time of peace and tolerance, and the sufferings of the people were brought about for the most part by the severity of the climate rather than through any other cause. The want of education and lack of knowledge of agriculture, and the general conditions of the world before modern methods of transportation were introduced, intensified the situation, but the chief cause was the climate. The rich crops, fruits, and flowers of western Anatolia would make life luxurious under any conditions, but in the Erzerum plain the winter is so severe that for some months in the year the snow is piled several feet high. In early days it remained in the middle of the streets, with narrow paths at the sides before the doors of the houses. The mercury often stands at 25° below zero, Fahrenheit.

The era succeeding the Crimean War, in 1854, witnessed a certain degree of development in the Ararat region, notwithstanding the rigors of the climate. It was the longest period of peace that Turkey had known in recent history, and it continued for over twenty years.

Erzerum was a strong military station, and contained many Turkish officials, who were invariably kind. One of them, as I remember a doctor in the army, helped me for a time with my language study. The most interesting and beautiful building in the city is an old Medresseh school, where Doctors of Moslem Law were educated. Built by the Seljuks in the twelfth century, it is celebrated for its ornamental doorway, and its "twin minarets" (*chift mineré*). The city of Erzerum—once known as

Theodosiopolis—dates back certainly to the fifth century A.D. and probably to a much earlier time. The surrounding mountains rise to a height of ten thousand feet. From very early days, when the long lines of camels first began to travel across the plains and over the mountain paths to the Far East, Erzerum has been an important trading center. In the thirteenth century it appears in history in connection with the foundation of the Turkish Empire.

For it was at Jessin, not far east of the city, that Ertogrul camped with his warriors. They had fled from central Asia before the onslaughts of the Mongols, and their first real stopping-place was Jessin. Ertogrul's son was Osman I (or Othman), the founder of the Ottoman Empire, and the first to call himself sultan (1288-1326). These invaders by their persistence and force, and helped by favorable circumstances, gradually conquered Asia Minor and Thrace. The son of Osman I organized the Janissaries, the slave army of later sultans.

The latest historical significance of Erzerum lies in the fact that the first congress for the purpose of uniting all the Turkish nationalist leaders was held there on July 23, 1919. The principal action taken at this congress was the drawing up of an outline of what was later called the "National Pact."

## CHAPTER III

# NATIONS WITHIN A STATE

THE thing that amazed me most in my new environment was the absolute separation of the people into classes. Accustomed to a country of one language, and a government wholly free from religious prejudice, I could not comprehend why one of my new friends spoke one language in her home and another an entirely different one, neither of them being able to understand the other. Still less could I conjecture why my questions regarding this strange state of affairs should always be answered in terms of religion, as, for instance, "She speaks Greek because she is Orthodox," as the Greek church was commonly called, or "She speaks Turkish because she is Moslem," or "She speaks Armenian because she is Gregorian," the name of the Armenian church.

The alien attitude of these classes was even more astounding. They lived as separately from one another as if some invisible barrier had kept them apart from the time the world was created. They did not seem to hate each other especially, but rather in some mysterious manner to be blind to one another's existence. As society in that part of the East was constituted, families of different nationalities never met and seldom had any points of contact.

After a time I took the segregation of the different nationalities for granted, and it was many years later that I understood the historical causes of so unusual a social organization.

When the Conqueror, Mohammed II, found himself in possession of Constantinople, he was confronted with a great problem. He had not followed the custom of some conquerors of slaughtering all the people within the regions his armies had subdued. What should he do with them? He did not solve the difficulty on the modern nationalistic basis, by requiring them all to become Turks. At that time organized religion was identified with the state, and it was not conceivable that the conquered should become full subjects of the Turkish nation without also becoming Mohammedans.

Mohammed II was familiar with what was known as the Millet System, which had originated in the East, far back in history, in a loose, unorganized plan for the governing of conquered nations, and it was this system that he adopted for the administration of his widely extended domains. *Millet* is an Arabic word meaning a nation within a nation, but a millet is not the same as a "minority nation," of which we hear so much at present. It may even form the larger part of a community, as must have been the case with the Greeks, in 1453, immediately after the conquest of Constantinople. A millet was not necessarily a separate province, although it might be. Members of different millets often lived in the same city, and even on the same street.

The nations subjugated by the Conqueror were not all Christian. There were the Jews, who were very numerous in some parts of the new empire. There were eventually a number of Mohammedan millets—those of the Kurds, the Arabs, the Moors, the Egyptians, and the Albanians. The Moslem millets did not present the same problems as the others, coming naturally under the religious law of the Turks.

In the early days of the Turkish Empire there were no

civil laws. The common law of the Turks was wholly religious, being taken from the Koran and other Mohammedan authorities. This law controlled all the activities of daily life except those of the army, which was governed by the sons of the sultan's slave household. Thus it came about that the administration of the widely extended empire was carried on under the Millet System, each millet being a subject nation, with a semi-independent government. In adopting the system the Conqueror made many modifications to meet the demands resulting from his conquest.

Mohammed II was one of the most interesting characters of history. On one side of his nature he was an Oriental despot with no trace of democratic idealism. If such were his personal whim, a man in his service might lose his head by a single blow of a simitar. On the other side he was an educated and thoughtful man, of great intellectual capacity as well as literary attainments, even being something of a poet. He recognized the importance of science and education, and spoke five different languages, himself. While holding the supreme power in his own hands he was a fine administrator. His army was well trained and well equipped. More than any other sultan he planned for the welfare of his people and built mosques, hospitals, and Moslem colleges. He was the first sultan to be buried in Constantinople, and his tomb is in the Fatih Mosque, which he himself had erected.

The drama of history brought two strong forces into conflict in the city of Constantinople in the year 1453, Christianity and Mohammedanism. When we consider the strength and violence of religious feeling in times of great excitement, we realize that the tolerance of the Conqueror toward Christians was very remarkable. His spirit of fairness was illustrated when in answer to a question from

one of the conquered citizens he said, "By the side of every mosque a church shall be erected in which your people will be able to pray."

It was in a really sympathetic attitude that the Conqueror established the Millet System as a regular law of the empire. It is hard to comprehend the national consciousness of that time. It was altogether a matter of religious allegiance. Laws, language, methods of education and habits of life were included in the function of religion. As a consistent ruler of his age, the Conqueror began his administration of the most civilized part of the world by deciding all problems from the standpoint of religion. The government of the Turkish Empire was an absolute and theocratic monarchy. The sultan was the supreme head of all Moslems. He was formally accredited as caliph early in the sixteenth century and was the successor of the Prophet, even if not of his kin. The ruler of each millet was the religious head of the community. He was called a patriarch, if a Christian millet was in question, and a grand rabbi, if the millet was Jewish. The religious ruler of each millet reported directly to the sultan's government. Each millet was responsible for its own schools, places of worship, monasteries, hospitals, libraries, and interior finances, and the people of each one spoke their own national language. The patriarchs and grand rabbis were like princes, and lived each in his own palace, constructed by the funds of his nation.

Each millet had its own courts of law, carried on in its own national language and ecclesiastical in character. These special courts dealt only with matters connected with that especial nationality. There were state courts conducted in Turkish which were the final appeal. There thus arose two classes of taxes, those of the Central Government and those belonging to the different millets. The

MOHAMMED II

SULEIMAN I

MAHMUD II

millet of the greatest importance was the Greek. It was called the Millet-i-Rum and was under the Ecumenical Patriarch, who took the lead of all the others. This method of government lasted nearly five centuries for the Greeks in Turkey. Other non-Moslem millets which gradually developed were the Armenian, the Bulgarian, the Servian and the Rumanian, besides other sectarian Christian communities. The head of the Roman Catholic millets was a special representative of the Pope. As late as 1870 the Turkish Government established a strong rival to the Greek patriarchate, in the Bulgarian exarchate.

When Mohammed II took Constantinople in 1453 his victory was the conquest of Greek civilization by Mohammedan militarism, but the Greek civilization was dying. The old empire had retired within its walls, a thousand years old, but the new one soon extended to the Taurus Mountains and the Danube River. Constantinople was still one of the chief cities of the civilized world. It had been well built and protected, being surrounded by three very picturesque walls, which for the most part still exist. It had many beautiful churches, St. Sophia heading the list. Extensive libraries and works of art were found there which are still centers of interest to archæologists. Situated there also was one of the great universities of the world. The population, however, had become very much reduced, and consisted of about eighty thousand only. Yet although the city was in a state of decline, its resources furnished the possibility of untold wealth and power.

After the Conquest the vast Greek population in Constantinople continued their usual activities but under a certain amount of supervision. Their schools, at the head of which stood the Greek University, still functioned. It could not be said, however, that the course of Greek learn-

ing was unobstructed. Many scholars must have perished at the time the city fell, and many fled to other lands, some of them forming an influential element of the Italian renaissance. Greek laws were the basis of administration in the Greek courts. Greek law at that time was derived from the code of Justinian, which was one of the most noteworthy developments of history. The Greek language was in a state of transition from the ancient to the modern form. The commerce of Constantinople was for many centuries largely in the hands of the Greeks, as the warlike conquerors scorned the art of earning money otherwise than by the sword. It followed that Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and others were free to carry on their old trades.

In those early days extremely interesting foreign colonies existed in Constantinople, vestiges of which even now are found in certain parts of the city. Those colonies were from Venice, France, Holland, and England, and were originally controlled by their consuls, bailies, or ambassadors on the millet principle. This was the origin of privileges of extraterritoriality which in Turkey were later called capitulations. These developed first for the Venetians and the Genoese, and for the French and the English in the sixteenth century.

The colonists were apparently very happy under their new masters in Constantinople. One is much interested in the expression of a Byzantine which has come down from the time when the Conqueror took Constantinople: "Better the turban of the Prophet than the tyranny of some other rulers." These colonies gradually disappeared from the conquered city, but the capitulations remained as laws of privilege for the foreigner. They varied somewhat, according to the historical relations with each

separate country. All capitulations have been entirely abolished by the present government of Turkey.

When the power of the Turkish Empire was at its height, in the time of Suleiman the Magnificent, the millets comprised approximately twenty different races. That this system could exist for nearly five hundred years is remarkable. When it was first established it seemed a fair and tolerant adjustment of the situation, and it was a far more human method of governing than obtained in other conquered lands. That period in history was one of keen religious hatred and constant wars, and it was long before the evils resulting from the Millet System were evident.

These wrongs were of various kinds. On the surface, financial injustice was the greatest. All commercial affairs were in the hands of the millets. In consequence, the greatest part of the wealth of the country was soon in their possession. The system of taxation was different for the Turks and the non-Moslems: the latter were taxed not only for their own national activities but also for the support of the Turkish Army. As non-Moslems were not allowed to carry firearms, extortion was frequently practised by those who had guns, in the collecting of taxes and in other ways.

In fact, the worst evil of all connected with the millets was that Moslems were the only ones in the empire who were drafted for the army and who could carry firearms. I do not believe in a military system of government, but when war is the law of life, men who are excluded from the army of the country in which they live never gain an all-round training in character. They are in the nation but not of it, for under such conditions there can be no love of country.

Furthermore, as they were not killed in war, the non-Moslems increased more rapidly than the ruling nation, and this added to the maladjustment. Young men belonging to the non-Turkish Moslem millets were admitted to the regular army, but served in separate regiments and usually wore a strikingly distinctive uniform. There were, therefore, Arab, Moorish, Kurdish, Egyptian, and Albanian troops in the Turkish Army. These regiments added much to the picturesque character of military reviews.

It was also on the basis of the Millet System that the Conqueror began to repopulate Constantinople. He ordered Christians and Moslems and Jews to come from many regions to a metropolis which soon offered wide opportunity in education, business, and politics. By the year 1600 the population numbered nearly one million. When we remember the historical environment in which Mohammed II developed, we must admit that a conqueror with his background who could organize his empire on so broad a basis was one of the phenomena of history. He was far in advance of his era, which was nearly three centuries before the rise of modern science. Leonardo da Vinci, Luther, and Copernicus belong to the century following. In the time of the Conqueror printing had just been invented, and helped to spread the Greek learning brought to Europe by the fall of Byzantium, when many scholars fled from a Mohammedan Constantinople. America had not even been discovered, and more than a century was to pass before the Pilgrim Fathers began laying the foundation of the United States.

Under Sultan Aziz the Millet System was in full power with regard to language and religion. There were even at that time as many as twelve different millets. The separation was carried so far that in the cities different nationalities lived in separate sections and on the plains

they lived in separate villages. Each millet looked up to its patriarch, or, if Jewish, to the grand rabbi, almost as to a prince. The advantages of the Millet System were not, however, any comfort to the poor Turkish villager on the Erzerum plain or in the Trebizond region who was torn from his home to serve for many years in the army, while the Greek or Armenian living in a near-by village was immune; neither did the system help the Greek or Armenian to submit cheerfully to a higher rate of taxation.

In the city of Erzerum the people of different millets did not always live in different quarters, but sometimes side by side, separated by an invisible barrier. I remember one instance when the apparent barrier was only a narrow street, or alley, between two houses, but it was never crossed, even in a time of sickness and death. Each family called the other "the heathen outsiders."

It is within the present historical era that the self-consciousness of minority communities has been aroused. The old religious basis of separation has changed to a political point of view: the rise of the power of the individual has made religion a personal rather than a national matter, and no longer a possible basis of national life. In our day it goes without saying that the people of the same nation may have a dozen different religions—or, indeed, no religion at all.

The Turks gradually discovered that a religion cannot be a state. This realization culminated in 1922 in the formal separation of Church and State. In the Turkish Republic of to-day, there can be neither millet nor minority nation. The constitution of the republic demands that those who wish to live permanently in Turkey become Turkish citizens and be called Turks, as all citizens of the United States are called Americans. There is no state religion and all are free to choose their own form of wor-

ship. The name "Turk" is now a political term, applied to all citizens of the republic. With respect to minority subjects, Turkey and the United States are at present in advance of some other countries. It is estimated that there are minority populations in Europe numbering approximately forty-two millions, in all of which religious complications still exist.

## CHAPTER IV

# HUMANITY IN THE MAKING

SCARCELY a year and a half after I went to the Near East my mother suddenly died, and it was six weeks before I even received the news of this great loss. This event overturned my whole life for a time, and there seemed no other solution to the problems that arose in that period of distress than to go home to my father and brothers and sisters. I had not even in the beginning planned a permanent separation from my country, and the loss of my mother made an immediate return seem imperative.

Yet such a step could not be taken suddenly in those days when traveling was so difficult. Long correspondence was involved regarding conditions of the journey and other arrangements, for there were no airplanes just around the corner for use in sudden emergencies, as might be the case now in almost any corner of the world. Thus it came about that, while the question was the center of all my thoughts, months passed, and meantime, as often happens in life, circumstances changed, and I did not at that time return to the United States. On the contrary, I began to develop a deeper interest in my surroundings. A closer acquaintance with the people of the region increased my desire to help them to evolve a state of civilization and intelligence worthy of their great natural ability.

Frequently during the vacations parties would be formed to go with a competent guide over the mountains into near-by plains. During the four years that I spent

under the shadow of Mount Ararat, according to a rough computation, I traveled about three thousand miles on horseback. We wished to form friendships with the people, as far as it was possible, and to visit them in their homes and study their needs. This involved long journeys across mountains and plains, and visits of days and nights in many village homes.

Of all the elements of travel in those days, the horse was the most important. To make conditions perfect, he must be a devoted personal friend, at one with his rider. Then the saddle must be comfortable for both horse and rider. The weather was important, and the road to be followed no less so. The first part of any journey was necessarily across the plain of Erzerum. Then the mountains drew nearer, and soon we rose higher and higher into the clear air of the lower hills. Looking back over the way we had come always gave us a surprise, for the windings of the road on the lower slopes had been unconsciously followed. Then came the steep mountain paths, until we looked down on the plain, instead of up at the snowy peaks.

In the narrow mountain passes we sometimes met Kurdish chiefs. We were always glad to see the distance increase between us and them, yet we longed for a chance to examine their wonderful costumes. The Arab horses which they rode bore them past too rapidly for us to get more than glimpses, but these were gay indeed. Often the saddle-cloths of the riders were bright red and their saddle-bags richly embroidered, while from the saddles of some hung gold stirrups ornamented with gems. There were red tassels in the horses' ears, and around each animal's neck was a string of blue beads, to drive away all evil spirits.

A Kurdish chief usually wore a bright-red cap, embroidered with gold or silver braid; a jacket of red or light-blue broadcloth, similarly ornamented, and loose trousers

also of light blue or red, tight below the knee. One man who flashed by me on a winding mountain path appeared to be wearing, incredible as it may seem, a flowing mantle of white embroidered muslin over his brilliant uniform. There was always a fear-inspiring display of pistols and daggers in the belts of these warlike horsemen, and long swords hung by their sides, which together with the scabbards were doubtless heirlooms of many generations. Wound around the waist of the chief was a Persian girdle, in which he carried his pipes and tobacco, and other necessaries of life—as well as the purses of which he had relieved unwary travelers. No wonder that we were glad when such a traveler passed us quickly by, though who knows that a little conversation might not have revealed friendliness on his part and as much curiosity concerning us as we felt about him?

We usually spent the night in some village home, for only in the towns were there khans, or Turkish hotels.

The plain surrounding the city of Erzerum was virtually barren, but parts of the Ararat highlands were fairly productive. As the climate was severe and fuel almost unknown, the villages were underground, and were hardly apparent to one traveling across the plain. Marauding parties might find them, but an attack on underground houses was almost impossible. Besides, they were well protected by exceedingly fierce dogs, those famous sheep-dogs which were the terror of travelers on foot. Each house was dug out of the ground separately, and all that was seen as one approached was the small heap of stones which formed the roof, and which closely resembled other piles of stones on the plain.

Poverty more than fear, however, was the reason for the very unusual living conditions in those villages. The house in the village, and sometimes in the city, was largely

a stable, and kept warm by the breath of the animals. This was not so disagreeable as it sounds, for the living-room was off to one side and here would be an open fireplace and a little wood to burn, carpets spread on the floor, and comfortable cushions arranged like lounges around the walls.

On one occasion we were caught in a storm far from home, and were obliged to spend several days in a Kurdish village. I cannot remember being particularly uncomfortable in the home in which we took refuge. One thing I do remember was the beauty of our host's three wives. These young women were very handsome, as is often the case with young people of both sexes among the Kurds. I also remember that we had to watch the straps on our saddles, to be sure that they were not stolen. This precaution would not have been even thought of in any except a Kurdish village, as no Turk or representative of any other nationality would have transgressed the laws of hospitality in any way; on the contrary, they would have given us more fuel and food than they could really afford.

In general, the people in the villages did not seem unhappy; rather, not fully awake. Some of them could read, and there were a few schools. Under Sultan Aziz life was comparatively safe for everybody. This ruler treated the common people well and was tolerant to all alike. His physician and his druggist were Jews, his banker was an Armenian, and his steward was a Greek.

The underground house in which we were entertained was entered by a narrow passage, and the principal room, or *oda,* perhaps twelve feet square, was hollowed out of the earth, with a roof of thatch and stones. This room had a real chimney, and was the place where guests were received, but the regular living-room of the family had a hole in the middle of the roof through which the smoke from the fire escaped. The deep oven in the ground was

under this hole, and the fire built there every morning heated the oven to such an extent that cooking could be carried on there all the rest of the day. The *oda* was always clean. On each side of the room, starting from the fireplace, there were platforms, or divans, about a foot high, covered with bright clean rugs, and piled with cushions. At one end of the room was the open fire, and at the other, when visitors were present, was a long row of shoes, which were always removed before one stepped on the carpets. This accounted largely for the fact that the houses in Turkish villages were quite immaculate. Sometimes a kind of slipper was worn instead of a shoe, or a light overshoe which one could remove without touching it with the hands. The necessity for this custom can be well understood when we remember that every one sat on the floor. The walls of the *oda* in this particular home were not high, and the room communicated with the stables, where our tired horses were entertained, and from which cows and calves and sheep also contributed their share to the general conversation.

The fire was built of a very little wood and squares of native fuel made of the refuse of the stables. Wood in any quantity was unknown, but charcoal was to be found, and sometimes there was a copper brazier of burning charcoal instead of an open fire. A low table for the ever present coffee-cups stood against the wall of the *oda.* I seldom penetrated the living-room of the house, but when I did so I found the women, if their work was done, seated on the floor, trying to keep warm by hanging their feet down into the oven, which was open at the top. Each woman held a small low stool in her lap, covered with a rather large rug which fell over her knees, leaving her hands free for knitting.

The bread in this home was cooked on the sides of the oven, where the dough was plastered in a thin sheet per-

haps two feet long. It was leathery in texture and light in color. When eaten with milk artificially soured, cheese, and honey it was very palatable.

If there were windows in the houses of a Turkish village or Kurdish village such as previously described, they were latticed, as the law of seclusion of women was as strictly observed as possible, and no men were allowed to visit the living-room where the women were. The women who worked in the fields wore loose red or white handkerchiefs tied around their heads.

At night we slept in hammocks, in bedding which we carried with us on a pack-horse. The hammocks were hung late in the evening, after the long hours of visiting ended. There was usually room for several in the *oda,* although sometimes one end of one's swinging bed might be tied out in the stable. I shall never forget waking up suddenly one night to find the cool nose of a friendly calf investigating the inside of my hammock.

This description gives one an impression of exceedingly primitive living conditions. Nevertheless, we were always glad to reach one of these friendly underground villages, after a long day on horseback. The people were extremely hospitable, infinitely polite, and ready to use their last piaster in furnishing us with simple entertainment. As we dismounted stiff and tired from our horses, they would rush out to meet us, shouting, "Welcome, Effendi, welcome." They then hastened to lead us into the *oda,* and to bring small sticks to light the fire, which was not always kept burning. I can testify to the extreme pleasure and restfulness of sitting on those Turkish rugs by the small open fire, sipping a cup of hot Turkish coffee, after a long day on horseback—perhaps even in a snowstorm, if it happened to be winter.

Each member of the household who came in would

raise his hands to his forehead, and say in turn to each guest, "We are glad that you have come, Effendi!" I am sure that they really were glad to see us, for in a measure we brought the outside world to them, and theirs was indeed a shut-in life. The families were rather large, and sometimes included three generations. There were hangers-on as well, who were given a home and who helped with the work, without other wage than food and extremely simple apparel.

The principal meal was at sunset. A low wooden table was set before the guests. The flat sheets of bread were used as plates and some extra sheets lay on the floor near by in case they were wanted. I had been shocked on my first journey from Trebizond to Erzerum, to see the sheets of bread put on the floor, but I soon learned that cleanliness is a relative term. Both Moslem and non-Moslem villagers were comparatively clean. They always washed their hands before and after eating, they never wore their shoes in the house, and in the Turkish villages their religion required them to bathe, at least in part, five times a day before praying. In every town, even the smallest, there was a public bath.

The dinner table was furnished with clean napkins of the best the house afforded, often hand-embroidered. The chief dish was placed in the middle of the table and from it each guest helped himself, using sometimes a spoon and sometimes a folded piece of the thin bread. As there were no plates, each person at table carefully confined himself to one part of the central dish. The food might be roast mutton or lamb or chicken, cooked in the underground stove, or pilaff—made fundamentally of rice and butter but sometimes containing small pieces of meat and spices, and in certain parts of Turkey, tomato sauce or curry or raisins and nuts. Pilaff has always been the chief article

of food in the East. Another dish sometimes served was composed of grape leaves stuffed with rice and meat and cracked wheat.

In the plains near Erzerum fruits and vegetables were very rare, and the second course at dinner was usually sour milk, or *yoghourt,* with cheese and honey accompanying the pieces of thin bread. Everybody in the Near East knows that the first *yoghourt* was a direct gift from paradise. Ever since that far-away time it has been the custom to use some of the old in making the new, and if there is none in the house, it must be borrowed from a neighbor. If the milk from which it is made is rich and fresh, *yoghourt* is, to my taste, the finest food in the world. In the villages where we visited the great luxury of sugar to put on it was provided in our especial honor.

After dinner one of the family would enter, carrying a laver, or large vessel of brass, made with holes in the top through which the water ran into the lower part, and a tall brass pitcher with a long spout, containing clean water. Over his arm was an immaculate towel. He poured water over the hands of each person present, giving each one a clean place on the towel on which to dry them.

In the region around Ararat agriculture was carried on by very primitive methods. The chief crop was wheat. The ground was plowed—or, I might say, the surface of the ground was penetrated a few inches—with the same kind of plow that was used in Biblical times. Both irrigation and fertilization were very difficult and carried on only in simple ways and to a small extent. The wheat was thrashed on the old type of thrashing floor. That was a circular space in the field, in which the ground was bare and very hard, where a blindfolded horse went round and round, dragging a small rough sledge which separated the wheat from the chaff. Often a young girl would sit on this

sledge, driving. This was not so easy as it looked, as I proved once to my dismay, by attempting it.

The wheat, when finally separated, was piled up in huge heaps near the village, exposed to wind and rain. According to the law, it could not be touched until the tax-gatherer came and took his share for the Government. By apparently unnecessary delay on the part of this government official, the poor villagers often lost a part of the wheat they had harvested with such difficulty. As one thinks of the hardships in the life of the Turkish villagers of the period which I am describing, it is a great comfort to read of the modern agricultural improvements that have been introduced into Turkey. I am sure that the Turkish resident of the plains of the Ararat region to-day would not recognize any of my descriptions.

In the villages of Asia Minor the status of woman was very low. She was mostly a simple beast of burden. Girls were married at eleven or slightly older, and at twenty-five were old women. Even Kurdish girls, who were often very beautiful, lost their charm at an early age. As young girls they were slender and graceful, and bore themselves like queens, probably from the habit of balancing vessels of water on their heads. They were usually rather dark, with flashing black eyes, and long luxurious tresses worn in braids, either hanging down or wound around their heads. Their garments as well as their faces added vivid color to the scene. They wore aprons of a brightly striped material which they wove on their own looms. Women of all nationalities wore head-handkerchiefs which also were gay in color. The woman's dowry consisted of heavy coins of silver or gold fastened to a silver chain, which she wore around her forehead, and also hung from her neck in rows that sometimes reached the waist. These coins were frequently very old, and it was a

bad omen to be obliged to part with them on account of misfortune of any kind.

When a man and his wife went to the fields in the morning to work, if there were heavy baskets or any other burdens to carry, it was, as a matter of course, the woman who carried them. An English writer on Turkey describes a scene in which an Englishman was confronted for the first time by the sight of a poor woman bowed down under a heavy load of sticks of wood while her husband walked complacently behind, according to the custom. The Englishman was so incensed that he seized the load and put it on his own back, to the amazement of both husband and wife. The husband, however, far from understanding the lesson intended for him, probably thought the Englishman was some new kind of fool.

In my short experience I found interesting women among the village people, but I do not think that I ever met one who could read, although a few years later conditions may have changed.

There was a plain to the southwest much more fruitful than the country around Erzerum. It surrounded the city of Erzinghan, was much lower than that of the plain of Erzerum, and well watered and fertile. The western branch of the Euphrates flowed through this plain about a mile from the city, where it formed two wide channels spanned by picturesque bridges. The city of Erzinghan has an interesting history. In the fourth century it was the home of Saint Gregory, and in 1473 Mohammed II, the Conqueror, added it to his empire. Here people lived in real houses, which although comparatively modest, were built above ground and divided into rooms. Fruit and vegetables grew in abundance, and the winters were shorter and less dreary than in Erzerum.

In Erzinghan many luxuries were served on the small

round table brought in for the evening meal and placed before the weary traveler. To us who lived in the barren region of Erzerum the change was delightful. For dessert we were given, in their season, rich melons fresh from the vines and large clusters of delicious grapes equal to any of hothouse growth, besides the ever present sheets of bread, with *yoghourt,* cheese, cream, and honey.

To reach the plain of Erzinghan it was necessary to cross a wild mountainous region. As the route was less traveled than those connecting directly with caravan lines, the roads were in very poor condition. The stony trails were merely indicated and in no way improved. The geological formation of the mountains was extremely interesting. They were wholly without vegetation, and in many of their rockiest parts were a brilliant red or a yellowish-brown color. The sides were very steep, and the path was exceedingly precarious, for almost as soon as a horse lifted his feet, his footprints were obliterated by the rolling sand from above.

Then would come a sudden turn as the path wound around the other side of the mountain. The very process of turning might involve climbing over an irregular heap of boulders which had little by little rolled down from above. On one occasion our poor pack-horse, his bulky load pressing him out from the mountainside, lost both balance and foothold and rolled over and over down the steep declivity. After some time he was found and reinstated on the road, with his packs on both sides. He seemed so little disturbed by the incident that we wondered how many times before it might have happened to him. It was a great experience to descend the other side of those mountains gradually, viewing the grassy fields and shady trees spread out before us—a scene which we never saw on the Erzerum plain.

The first time I visited Erzinghan, a few months after my arrival in the country, I was still only twenty-one. I was the guest of a very kind and sympathetic woman who seemed pleased with me, and appeared to think that I might have a successful future before me. When I went to her house a year later she could not conceal her dismay.

"What!" she said. "Are you not married yet?"

I admitted the sad fact and she looked much puzzled. Finally she asked:

"Would you like to have me try to do something for you here? I might look around among my friends and see what I can do." A happy professional life for a woman was beyond her comprehension. When a woman married in that part of the country, it was called "entering the world." One often heard the question asked, "Has she entered the world yet?"

There was a picturesque village in the mountains near Erzinghan which made a great impression upon me. It was built on a kind of ledge overlooking a steep ravine, and it was called the village of hamals, or porters. A sadder group I have never seen than the poor people who lived there, for they were the wives, mothers, and sisters of men who had gone to Constantinople as soon as they were grown, to become street porters, or hamals. In that calling they earned a few piasters a day, of which they hoarded as much as possible. It was a hard life, and bad for the health. When I visited the village the women gathered around me. One said, "My husband came back five years ago," another, "My husband is coming next year," while others stood with tears in their eyes, for they knew that theirs would never come.

Life in the rural districts of Turkey was indeed primitive in the early seventies of the last century, yet human hearts are the same in all ages, and we made many devoted

friends. Our purpose in pursuing those difficult journeys was accomplished to a certain extent, for we were able to open some schools in the villages, and to encourage the people to learn to read. We found many ambitious boys and girls who were eager for education, and some of them entered the school which we carried on in Erzerum.

Visiting about in the Ararat region provided a great diversion for us in our secluded life. On our most extended trips to the southeast I was almost near enough to the great mountain itself to see its contour in the distance, but I never succeeded in getting within close range. Ararat was called the "Painful Mountain" by the Turks, and the "Mountain of Noah" by the Persians. As it towered seventeen thousand feet above sea-level, it probably formed a part of the shadowy outlines that we saw on the distant horizon.

In the primitive villages in Asia Minor we felt that humanity was in the making, but in my own case as well a development of character was taking place under the influence of so many strange experiences. The isolation from the rest of the world was difficult, yet it was not so complete as it might seem. A surprising number of travelers visited those distant regions. There were always some social opportunities to be found in the British Consulate. In fact, there was a handsome young Englishman, who afterward became British consul in an important town of the Near East, whose destiny I might have shared. American young men, however, usually thought me aloof and stand-offish. "She is not domestic enough," one of them said. Nevertheless I formed certain ties of deep friendship with both men and women in that part of the world, although not of a permanent sort.

It seemed almost as if the shadow of coming events unconsciously influenced me, for on the horizon of the

future a wonderful life awaited me. It was not a life of wealth or glory but one that gave me a share in a great work—the building up of the first woman's college in the Near East. It was also a life of rare happiness, spent in surroundings of unusual freedom of certain kinds. Foreign society in Constantinople was singularly cosmopolitan and free from the religious and national prejudices that exist in almost all countries where the population is homogeneous. Advantages of culture also are unusual in cities where many nations congregate. The opportunity to go to Constantinople came very suddenly and unexpectedly, when I received an invitation to help in the plan for a new American school for girls to be established in that city.

PART II

# LAST DAYS OF SULTAN AZIZ

## CHAPTER V

# A NEW AMERICAN SCHOOL IN OLD CONSTANTINOPLE

It was in 1875 that I went to Constantinople to become a factor in the development of the school that afterward became Constantinople Woman's College. I left Erzerum in September of that year, and the journey to Trebizond was not made on horseback, as formerly, but in a Russian wagon drawn by four horses abreast, called a fourgon. In this wagon we carried our luggage and traveling conveniences, something as the American pioneers in crossing the continent took their goods with them in their great prairie-schooners.

We had some difficulty in crossing streams, because of recent rains, and there were occasions when the four horses dragged us into a river and could not pull us out again. I do not remember the details of our rescue in such critical moments of danger, but somehow we always reached the other bank of the river, and eventually arrived at the coast of the Black Sea. There we embarked for what was called by the Greeks "the City," or "the Polis." *

Thus it came about that I entered Constantinople a second time from the east instead of the west. We sailed down the Bosporus, passing near the banks in many parts of the stream but too swiftly for anything more than glimpses of the city. All along the shore, between the

* Polis: commonly pronounced "Bolis," with the accent on the second syllable.

palaces and other abodes of the rich, were the old red wooden houses of that period. One does not find Turkish houses of that type in cities at present. They seemed to consist almost entirely of stories of windows, heavily latticed and having a small hole on one side through which the inmates could peep. Constantinople was still the ancient city, and still without railway communication with Europe. It was the last time that I entered the old city from without, for changes were at hand, and modernization was on its way to fulfil its destiny.

At last we cast anchor near the bridge. The moment arrived for the passengers to disembark. The gangway was lowered, and we all crowded down the steps and were helped to jump, one after another, into a dancing caïque. We were again in Constantinople.

Shortly before this, Mrs. Albert Bowker, a wonderful woman in Boston, who was far ahead of her times in educational policies, conceived a plan for a girls' school in Constantinople, which was to be based on advanced standards of scholarship, and to be open to all nationalities of the Near East, without distinction of race or creed. Closely allied with her was a younger woman, Caroline Borden, whose name has been intimately associated with the later progress of Constantinople Woman's College. I am not sure that Mrs. Bowker thought of this institution in terms of a college, as the idea of women's colleges was not prominent in people's minds at that time; Vassar, the first to be founded, was just then coming into existence. The Constantinople school opened four years after Vassar graduated her first class. It was to be threefold in character, including an academic course, as high as circumstances would admit, medical work, and what would now be called a department of Social Service.

Mrs. Bowker and her friends raised fifty thousand dol-

lars for the buildings and grounds, which was a large sum for those days. A picturesque site was secured, in Scutari, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosporus, commanding a view of Stambul, Seraglio Point, the Golden Horn, and the Marmara, with Asiatic Olympus in the distance. A building was erected, notable at that time for its plan and structure, which the school entered late in 1875. I was one of the younger members of the faculty.

Robert College had been founded a few years before, by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who had provided for it a remarkably fine edifice, situated at Rumeli Hissar, on the European shore of the upper Bosporus. This building, later called Hamlin Hall, still holds the leadership in architectural beauty among those of Robert College.

The new director of the American School was Kate Pond Williams, and the staff included several women of distinct ability. I, myself, owe more to Mrs. Williams than to any other one person, for knowledge of life, desire for culture, and a consciousness of the power of a spirit of tolerance. She made herself felt immediately in the standards of the school, and in its social influence. She was not only a woman of large ideas and personal charm but also a diplomat, and cordially welcomed in all circles. English was established as the language of the class room. Everything pointed to rapid growth and a happy future.

The plan for medical work was deferred for later development, but an enterprise in social service was organized. Cora Welch was at the head of it, and she was also a member of our faculty. Miss Welch was the daughter of a rich banker in New Haven, and was thus destined, in the opinion of her friends, to lead a life of social distinction. She was a beautiful young woman, with rare charm. In the days of her girlhood there were no women's colleges, but she had cast dismay into the hearts of all the members

of her social circle by announcing that she intended to go to Mount Holyoke Female Seminary.

In the opinion of the gay society world Mount Holyoke stood for social ostracism. But worse was to follow. Cora Welch decided to join the new enterprise in Scutari. Her family then lost all hope of her living what they considered a normal social life, and helped her to carry out her wishes, supplementing her moderate salary with generous checks and boxes of luxuries. Her social gifts opened all doors in Constantinople, and she was an honored guest at the different embassies as well as in the homes of families of distinction.

Miss Welch later married Alexander Van Millingen, Professor of History in Robert College. He was a son of the Doctor Van Millingen who went to the Near East with Lord Byron, at the time of the Greek Revolution, and who became court physician in the palace of Sultan Aziz. Professor Van Millingen is well known for his scholarly books on the archæology of Constantinople.

It would be impossible to describe the appeal of my new life as compared with the difficult experiences of the Ararat region. The contrast was so great that my four years in the farther East dropped out of my memory, to a certain extent, like a troubled dream, and I seldom referred to the experience.

Before formally opening the new building we invited all the members of the American colony of Constantinople to dinner on Thanksgiving Day. Long tables were spread in the large open dormitories, as yet unfurnished, and among the guests were the Hon. Horace Maynard, American minister to Turkey, his wife, and his brilliant young daughter.

At that early age, in the dim seclusion of life in the interior of Turkey, I had been virtually unconscious of

the existence of Abdul-Aziz. It was wholly different, however, in the city of Constantinople. One was reminded of him at every turn. To understand Aziz one must study his inheritance. In the long line of thirty-six sultans in the Turkish Empire, there had been three really great men, the Conqueror, Suleiman the Magnificent, and Mahmud II the reformer. It is quite possible that history would have added Aziz to this group, had it not been for his extravagance, which led the empire to financial ruin. This seems a fair conclusion in view of recent developments which have brought about the end of the empire and the birth of the republic. Sultan Aziz was the last to express with any degree of national power old Turkish ideas in their strongest aspect. He was far more the type of early distinguished sultans than any one of those who followed him.

Thus it was in the old atmosphere of Turkish life that my first years in Constantinople were spent. There were certain fundamentals of older Turkish rule that still existed. The army was supreme; the highest ideal of the nation was imperialistic. The laws were those of the Mohammedan religion, to be interpreted by the Ulema, the Doctors of Moslem Law. These were the highest grade of religious judicial officials, with the Sheik ul Islam at their head. Nevertheless, the millets, Moslem and non-Moslem, were treated with tolerance. The power of life and death was in the hands of the sultan. In the early plan of empire all indirect heirs to the throne were put to death, but under Ahmed I, in 1617, the penalty for royal birth was changed to imprisonment for life.

The impetus given to the empire by the Conqueror carried it on successfully until the glorious reign of Suleiman the Magnificent—1520 to 1566. In less than three hundred years the Ottoman sultans increased their politi-

cal dominion from nothing to one of the most extended in the world. At the end of this brilliant régime the Turkish Empire reached to the threshold of the city of Vienna and to the boundaries of Italy, and included the islands of the eastern Mediterranean, besides Algeria, Tripoli, Tunis, and Egypt in northern Africa, then on to Suez, the Red Sea, Arabia, Syria, and Palestine. In Asia Minor it extended beyond Bagdad and Mosul to the Persian Gulf. All the southern and eastern coast of the Black Sea belonged to Turkey, as well as the Crimea in southern Russia, and the country to the northwest as far as Poland.

The constructive ideals of the early empire were more nearly realized in the time of Suleiman than in any succeeding period. During his reign, in the early part of the sixteenth century, the non-Moslem subjects were better off than the peasants in many other lands. They even had a certain share in the government; at least one of the nine grand viziers was a Greek, and many civil and military officials were of non-Moslem birth. The general contentment that existed among them is shown by the fact that during the forty-six years of Suleiman's reign there was no outbreak among any one of the twenty different races of the empire.

The scorn of acquiring money in any other way than by the sword was at its height in the time of Suleiman. There is a story about that ruler illustrative of this fact, which, if not literally true, is true in spirit. The sultan had the misfortune to break his gold stirrup, and the equerry of the palace was at a loss what to do. A soldier stepped forward from the ranks and offered to mend it. His offer was accepted. The sultan mounted his horse to take his place at the head of his troops. Noticing the mended stirrup, he called the equerry.

"Who mended my stirrup?" he asked.

The humble soldier stepped out of the ranks and made a low salaam.

"I had that honor, your Majesty," he said. Suleiman handed him a purse of woven gold, filled with gold pieces, but said to him:

"You must leave my army, as I can keep no soldier who has demeaned himself by manual labor."

It is true that the heads of those in high office might suddenly be ordered off, but Suleiman was not the only ruler of his time who could behead those who displeased him. He was a contemporary of England's Henry VIII, the emperor Charles V, Francis I of France, Pope Leo X, and Sigismund I of Poland; and he certainly compared favorably with them all. It was in his day that Henry VIII built an effective fleet of royal fighting ships. The Royal Navy of England was the creation of Henry VIII, but the fleets of Suleiman maintained supremacy on the Mediterranean. There is an old English book which was published in the sixteenth century, entitled "What a Young Man Should See in Making the Grand Tour." The author states emphatically that the young man in question should go to Turkey to study good government.

The last of the three great sultans was Mahmud II (1808-39), the father of Aziz. He was a contemporary of Napoleon the Great, and the most resolute Turkish monarch since the time of Suleiman. Launching a distinctly Westernizing movement, he introduced European methods of drill and discipline for his troops and built up a new, model army. In 1826 he abolished the Janissaries. Mahmud II was in many ways more nearly the type of a modern gentleman than previous sultans had been, and entertained ambassadors at his palace in the manner of European rulers. He made great changes in the laws of

the land, replacing certain religious by civil laws; planned reforms for the control of the non-Moslems; improved the condition of the slave households of the sultans; and was the first to introduce the elements of modern education.

The reign of Sultan Aziz (1861-76) illustrates the powerful conflict between old traditions and the growing force of public opinion. He never questioned the divine rights of Moslems, nor the power of military control, nor the justice of polygamy. He was physically one of the finest of his race, being almost majestic in appearance. He was sometimes called "the Handsome Profligate," and he had, very decidedly, the bearing of a sultan.

The Turkish Empire was still extensive. The army equaled many of those in Europe and was well equipped. Sultan Aziz added fifteen fine large ships of war to the navy, each one of which cost about two million pounds. When I first resided in Constantinople the Turkish fleet was the third most powerful in the world, surpassed only by those of England and France. War-ships were anchored on all sides, in the Marmara, in the Bosporus just below our Scutari school, and in front of the palaces of Dolma Bagtche and Tcheragan, in the Golden Horn, and in the upper Bosporus near the Black Sea. The cannon boomed on every occasion—on Friday in reverence for the Mohammedan holy day, on all Turkish holidays, and every morning and evening during the holy fast of the month of Ramazan. Often as we were teaching the gentle arts of geometry and history, the cheerful booms of the near-by guns would burst upon our ears.

The old harem system was still in force. The harems of the sultans were one of the causes of their downfall, for history shows that the physiological retribution of polygamy was much worse for the men than for the women. The women, however, suffered greatly from the laws of

the harem, and from uncertainty regarding their future. However, notwithstanding the restrictions placed upon the sultanas, many of them have been very influential. They were not without careful training. From the earliest period of Turkish history the boys and girls in the palace were educated in the subjects that were considered important. The fact that reading and writing did not take the lead in these, in early days, was not peculiar to Turkey. Teaching in religion, morals, and practical arts, culture as expressed in polite language and exquisite manners belonged to the palace curriculum.

The story of the lives of distinguished sultanas would furnish very exciting reading. In the pursuance of pleasures allowed to Moslem women the sultan's harem took the lead. They were often seen in their gold-trimmed carriages drawn by horses in gilded harnesses, visiting the shops and bazaars, crossing the Galata Bridge, or driving in the country. They were robed in brilliant colors, and their faces, all but the eyes, were concealed behind thin white-muslin veils. A eunuch always accompanied them.

In the harem of Sultan Aziz there were nine hundred women, of whom several hundred were called odalisques. These were guarded by three hundred eunuchs. Some of these women must have lived in the old palaces of the Seraglio, for Dolma Bagtche Palace, where the sultan himself resided during his later years, could not have accommodated them all. It is in connection with his harem that one finds a mental attitude which later made real fundamental reforms impossible for Sultan Aziz. At the beginning of his reign he was requested by his ministers to decrease the number of his wives because of the expense. He promised to do this, but failed to keep his word.

Later, the term "Sublime Porte" was used to designate the Turkish Government, but in the time of Aziz it

was behind the "Sublime Porte" that all government affairs were conducted. To guard this imperial gate fifty gate-keepers were employed. The irregular buildings of the Seraglio, in Stambul, formed a separate town, as it were, surrounded by walls and reaching to the quay, where large guns were mounted. The site was that of the old acropolis of Byzantium, and no royal dwelling-place has ever been endowed by nature with so much beauty as that which surrounded Seraglio Point. The general plan of the Seraglio was developed around and within three courts. All visitors were received in the first court, but some parts of the palace only the sultan might enter. All were laid out in grass plots, surrounded by cypresses, groves of plane-trees, and beautiful fountains. In the first court was a low gallery supported by marble columns. Here were the most important offices of the palace—the Hall of the Divan, the office of the Second Eunuch, the Outer Treasury, and the Hall of the Ambassadors. Beyond was the Gate of Felicity, which opened on an extensive garden, containing kiosks of shining marble, glittering with gold. In this garden was also a magnificent suite of baths behind which stood the Imperial Treasury, containing a dazzling array of priceless gems.

At the farther end of this inclosure, at one side, stood a sad and eloquent edifice. It contained twelve pavilions of several rooms each, surrounded with a high wall, and formed the famous *Kafess,* or "Cage," where the unhappy heirs to the throne were imprisoned. These unfortunate beings were secluded from the world, without education, either civil or political, and were not even allowed to read the daily papers. They could emerge from the cage only by royal permission. To divert their minds ten or twelve fair young maidens and a number of young pages were provided—all watched over by black eunuchs.

SULTAN AZIZ

In later years, when the heirs to the throne were confined in one of the palaces on the Bosporus, they were still said to "enter the Cage." This was their preparation for ruling an empire!

The royal harem was within the inclosure behind four gates, two of which were bronze. These gates were watched day and night, and no one but the sultan could pass through. In the center of the garden of the harem stood the sultan's pavilion, blazing with cloth of gold and hangings embroidered with precious stones.

The high officers of the palace were numerous. There were the imams, or priests, the chief physicians, the chief astrologer, and the chief oculist. The chief astrologer consulted the stars, to discover the lucky days for military expeditions. The work of the chief oculist was not, I regret to say, to cure diseases of the eye but to prepare a dark lotion with which the harem ladies painted their eyelids. The chief gardener had under his inspection all the shores of the Bosporus from the Marmara to the Black Sea.

Near the Seraglio was a horrible prison called the "Oven," where suspected officials were tortured.

The eunuchs belonged to two divisions, the black and the white. The chief of the black eunuchs was called Kuzlar-Aghasi, or "Master of the Girls," and was one of the most powerful men in the empire. There were also dwarfs and mutes; the latter guarded the doors behind which secret discussions of state took place.

To provide the luxury demanded in court life in the time of Aziz, six thousand officials and servants were employed in the palaces; among these were three hundred cooks and their assistants and four hundred boatmen. There were special officers in charge of the sultan's pipe and tobacco, of the small cups of coffee which he drank from time to time, of his wardrobe, and of his perfumed

wash-basins of white marble. In his stable were six hundred blooded horses, possibly two hundred coachmen and footmen, and several hundred grooms. Could a ruler of that type economize? The very thought was a cruel one. Accurate accounts of palace expenses were not kept, for the Oriental attitude toward money distorted the political vision of Aziz. Yet business methods were slowly coming into existence even in Turkish finance, filling the minds of men like the sultan with horror and dismay, for he belonged to the old Seraglio and its customs.

In early days Constantinople was divided into distinct quarters. The embassies of foreign nations were in Pera, with summer residences on the Bosporus. In Pera were also found the dwellings of many other foreigners, as well as European shops and banks and all manner of foreign offices. No tramways united the different parts of Constantinople, but there was a short underground line, leading from Galata up to Pera, which was called the Tunnel. European carriages drawn by two horses had here and there been cautiously introduced into the city. Nearly all the Turkish people resided in Stambul, Scutari, and the villages on the Bosporus.

One of the most interesting features of Stambul was the old bazaar. On the way one walked through the spice market, which was roofed over like the bazaar itself. The fragrance of delicate spices from all over the earth prepared one for the wonders to come. The bazaar at that time extended over many acres and was lighted here and there by irregular openings in cupolas. Each variety of merchandise was generally found in a separate alley, for even the merchants of the bazaars had begun to specialize. The streets in this quarter were very narrow, like paths, so that one could look into the shops on both sides at the same time. Shops in the old bazaars were so small that

they have been compared to baby rooms, and were wholly open to public view, with shelves around three sides only. In front of them the merchants squatted on cushions, smoking long pipes, and calling out to the passers-by to come and purchase their wares.

Bargaining in the bazaars was a fine art, and one never thought of finding a close connection between the price stated and that which would finally be accepted. On one occasion I saw a small ring which I wished to purchase.

"How much?" I asked in Turkish. "One pound," was the reply. Then I began to bargain, and the vendor turned to his partner and said, in a language which he did not suppose I could understand:

"How much shall I come down?" The answer was, "Do not come down more than half."

Accordingly I offered half a pound, and, after some further discussion, secured the ring.

The streets of Constantinople were narrow and crooked and amazingly quiet. Even in the daytime stillness reigned, broken only by the cries of the street vendors and the barking of the dogs. The vendors carried wooden trays on their heads, and sold bread, sweets, or delightful drinks of various kinds of sherbet. In every street one always found numerous fountains of fresh water.

The street dogs were a distinctive feature of old Constantinople, and formed almost an integral part of the city. They were intelligent but not lovable. English residents related many incidents of their quick understanding. In the time of Aziz they were the only scavengers, each dog having his own place at the side of the street, possibly one or two feet long in a crowded quarter. To them human beings were virtually non-existent, but the appearance of a strange dog or other animal created great excitement. In riding through a city street on horseback we often

had all the dogs at the horses' heels, but they paid no attention to carriages. I have even seen a dog quietly sleeping in the middle of a street and all the carriages and carts driving around him. They were in a way the noisiest element in the city, especially at night when ordinary activities ceased, for they were always upset about something.

Promenading in the city was not allowed after the firing of the sunset gun. The patrol marched back and forth all night, pounding the stone pavement with a heavy club to assure the inhabitants that all was well. In case of fire the silence was broken by a weird cry of "*Yangun var* [There is a fire]," the last word drawn out in a gruesome wail. Public khans still existed for traveling merchants, in which rooms were provided free of charge. In them were accommodated from fifty to a thousand men at a time, from all parts of the world.

Public baths were provided for men and for women. In large open chambers, with marble walls and floors, hot and cold water always flowed in generous streams. Here were alcoves where semi-privacy could be secured. Attendants were on duty, ready to administer a Turkish bath in all its ancient severity. In an anteroom one removed one's clothes and was wrapped in a long Turkish towel of luxurious weave, and then rested on a lounge, to drink a cup of Turkish coffee and contemplate for a few quiet moments the approaching ordeal. Finally the victims were invited to enter the baths themselves. The central bathroom was heated to a degree that could with difficulty be endured, and was so noisy with the sound of running water that the loudest scream could not be heard. The attendant therefore carried out his own ideas of an effective bath. He began to pour hot water over the head of the subject, and neither suffocation nor

strangling nor sharp cries could stop him, for no protests could reach his ears and the burning stream flowed on.

If it was in the women's bath that the operation took place, the long hair of the victim made final death from strangling seem even more probable. On the few occasions when I was subjected to the old Turkish bath there were moments when the prospect of survival appeared very doubtful. Yet I never knew of any one's dying in a bath. On the contrary, all emerged after a long rest, and repeated cups of Turkish coffee, subdued in mind but clean beyond belief. Such a bath cost two cents.

In the time of Sultan Aziz there were slave markets in Constantinople which were open to the public. According to the Mohammedan religion all races are equal before God, and the boys and girls sold in this way were sometimes fair Circassians and sometimes black. Slaves were treated kindly, and as a part of the family, and when they arrived at a marriageable age their owners married them off with a dowry.

The history of Constantinople has been shaped largely by its geographical position. No city could be more independent and at the same time more in touch with the world. Although many hills and bays furnished places of retreat, the most important highways by both land and sea led to this remarkable city. What situation could be more favorable for commercial progress and political leadership? In the days of Aziz the caravans of camels still brought their merchandise to the bazaars of Stambul, resting, from their long journeys, in the quarters assigned to them just outside the city walls. The seas around Constantinople provide a pathway to the continents of the eastern and western hemispheres. Into the harbor flow the waters of the Mediterranean, the Ægean, the Marmara,

the Euxine, or Black Sea, and the Sea of Azov. Nevertheless the city could be made almost impregnable, for there is one point in the Hellespont and one in the Bosporus so narrow that they could easily be rendered impassable. This fact has in past ages frequently saved the city from assault.

In the days of Sultan Aziz the old Byzantine walls around Stambul which had protected civilization for more than a thousand years were in comparatively good condition. The wall along the Golden Horn was still standing and its gates were intact. In accordance with ancient custom, at the sound of the sunset gun these gates were closed. It was as late as 1871 that excavations on the shore around Seraglio Point, made for a short local railroad, were the beginning of the downfall of the old defenses.

The walls were high, with a moat between, and they were built so near the water that I have often rowed by, in a caïque, a few feet from the outer wall. The moat was originally sixty-one feet deep in some places, but in later time was so full of debris that one could look down and see the refuse about twenty feet below the surface. Here and there the walls were broken by towers of defense, celebrated for their strength. The walls running along the shore of the Marmara to the Castle of the Seven Towers turn sharply about five miles from Seraglio Point and there continue across the country about four and a half miles to the Golden Horn.

No structure in all of Turkey better indicates the military rule of the old empire than the Seven Towers. These towers became a part of an imperial prison built by the Conqueror himself, and contained a dungeon that could be compared, in the cruel aspect of its history, to the Tower of London, and the Bastille in Paris. Here in

the olden days were brought dethroned sultans, and here were imprisoned grand viziers who had been too fearless, and even ambassadors of the foreign countries against which the Porte had declared war.

In the time of Aziz, Constantinople was still almost undisturbed by modern innovations.

## CHAPTER VI

# THE CHARM OF THE BOSPORUS

MANY travelers visited Constantinople even in the time of Aziz. In the European quarter in Pera there were hotels, of a primitive sort, for foreigners. The first act of a tourist was to engage a guide who knew Turkish and who had the entrée to the public buildings, and as soon as possible this functionary obtained permission for the foreign visitor to see the sultan go to the mosque to pray. To see the face of this monarch was to behold the epitome of human glory! Was he not the ruler of one of the largest empires in Europe and the caliph of all Mohammedans?

Every Friday when Sultan Aziz went to bow before Allah, a ruler even greater than himself, one was reminded of the glory of Solomon. Sometimes he was rowed to the mosque in a splendid barge, seated under a canopy with hangings all in gold, sometimes he was mounted on an Arab steed with gorgeous trappings and attended by a cavalcade.

When the sultan went to the mosque by land the procession was very impressive. While the crowds awaited his appearance a staff of officers in full regalia assembled before the entrance to Dolma Bagtche Palace and troops were drawn up on both sides of the street, which was heavily strewn with sand. The harem beauties, in closed carriages and protected from the gaze of the multitude by their heavy veils, silently awaited the approach of

their master. A long line of eunuchs, tall, strapping fellows, stood in front of the palace. In the case of the eunuchs, however, a striking anachronism appeared, for, strange to say, they wore black frock-coats. Now came high state officials in brilliant Oriental dress, riding gaily caparisoned horses. Behind the officials was an open space, which no one might cross. Last of all appeared the sultan, on his white charger, followed by members of his private body-guard, which consisted of several hundred men selected from the various provinces, the members of each group attired in his own national costume. When his Majesty passed through the gates of the palace, the cannon boomed, the bands played, and the troops presented arms.

Sultan Aziz always wore on his breast a star glittering with diamonds, which was strikingly noticeable as he rode by, silent, grave, and stern, looking neither to right nor to left. On reaching the mosque, he slowly mounted the marble steps, which were spread with a rich carpet. His devotions occupied about half an hour, after which he reappeared, stepped into a court carriage drawn by four horses, and returned to his palace. It was beneath the dignity of his Majesty to go and return in the same way.

The Bosporus offered no charm greater than that of the caïques. It was estimated that more than eighty thousand of those graceful craft were to be found in different bays and harbors. To me the most picturesque side of Oriental life was represented by those enchanting boats. They were always slender and pointed at both ends, but they varied in length and in the number of oarsmen, whose seats were in the middle, one behind the other. The number of oarsmen depended, in turn, on the position in life of the happy occupant of the boat, and the

amount of money in his purse. Riding in caïques was not expensive, however, as one with two oarsmen could be engaged for a whole day at the enormous cost of one dollar or less. Everything connected with a caïque had its charm, not the least of which was the picturesque costume of the oarsmen, the long flowing white sleeves, the red cap with its long black tassel, and the funny pointed shoes turning up at the toes.

A small caïque could not comfortably seat more than two or possibly three passengers. With a larger number there was no place for arms and legs; moreover, if too heavily loaded, the boat might upset. We sat on raised cushions in the bottom, leaning against other cushions, with our backs toward the stern. Caïques floated on the waves like shells. With each movement it seemed as if they might capsize, but they seldom did, and they could always thread their way through dense crowds of larger craft.

The caïque made the dullest business in Stambul or Pera, visits to government officials, or calls upon friends romantic. As Scutari was on the Asiatic shore, it was rather isolated from the larger part of the American colony on the European side of the Bosporus, at Bebek or Rumeli Hissar.

In a caïque on a moonlight evening romance was at its height. As all business activities on land and water ceased at sunset, the Bosporus was calm and peaceful after that hour, no steamers or ferry-boats disturbing the tranquillity of the scene. After an evening spent quietly gliding up and down past graceful kiosks and beautiful summer palaces, we would return about midnight to walk up the deserted streets in Scutari. Going by the bakeries we could smell the fresh loaves of bread being taken from the ovens for early morning distribution. To procure a loaf was easy, as well as a few bunches of *chaoush* grapes

from a belated vendor, of a kind which no hothouse could produce.

The Bosporus has no sloping margins, or sand-bars or rough pebbly beaches. It begins at once in its full beauty. Nowhere else does the sea come so closely home. On landing or embarking one could step directly from the boat to the shore. While the streets of Constantinople remained dark and narrow, Sultan Aziz made it one of his chief concerns to beautify the shores of the Bosporus. Stately palaces were seen all along the way, from the Galata Bridge even to the Black Sea. The rear of these palaces frequently opened on narrow streets, but their balconies and porticoes looked out upon the Bosporus itself. In most cases it was quite possible—indeed, customary—to row up to the very door of a residence.

Many of the so-called palaces on the shores of the Bosporus belonged to pashas, government officials, princes, or possibly to married daughters of the sultan himself. Some of Egypt's high officials also had summer residences there. One of the most conspicuous structures of the European shore was Dolma Bagtche Palace. Various prominent buildings, occupied by members of the royal family or their guests, had stood on the site before the once stately palace which we know as Dolma Bagtche was begun by Sultan Medjid and completed by Sultan Aziz. From its present appearance one would not guess its former grandeur. The sultan's bath was made of the whitest marble, sculptured delicately with hanging flowers and pendants in imitation of trickling water, and ornaments so fragile that one almost feared to touch them. Rich carpets covered the floor of all the apartments in the palace, and carvings of great value decorated the walls. The large mirrors, made to correspond with the size of the halls, and the candelabra were especially char-

acteristic of the taste of that period. On the water side of Dolma Bagtche war-ships of the sultan's fleet always lay at anchor.

Farther along the shore stood Tcheragan, built of solid marble, largely of the delicately tinted variety from Synnada. This palace, which contained works of art of great value, and the accumulation of many years of treasure-seeking, was completed and especially beautified by Sultan Aziz. He built the picturesque kiosk at Baicos, and one at the Sweet Waters of Europe, at the head of the Golden Horn, which was the favorite spring resort of Turkish ladies. He also built the graceful mosque on the point of Ortakeui. No great palaces have been erected since his day.

Essentially Eastern gardens surrounded all royal residences, beautified with trees and shrubs from every land but concealed from the eyes of the passing crowd by massive walls of great height. Behind those walls winding pathways led to little kiosks, perfect of their type, where, seated on luxurious cushions, guests smoked pipes of Turkish or Persian tobacco, while slaves passed silver trays on which were golden glasses filled with a concoction of delicate sweets.

The old palaces of Seraglio Point were far more Oriental in appearance than the newer ones on the Bosporus. To pass from one group to the other one must cross the dividing line which then as now separated the new from the old—that is, the Golden Horn. This could be done either in the beguiling caïque or by walking or driving over the Galata Bridge. All traffic on the Bosporus, including the ferries, centered here and at the quays near by.

It is not too much to say that this bridge was one of the most wonderful pathways in Europe. There one saw

people of many different lands clad in their national costumes. Arab horses pranced by, to the dismay of the humble traveler on foot, and officers passed in brilliant uniform; suddenly, all stood back out of courtesy to the British or the French ambassador driving by, or a proud prince in his gold-trimmed carriage, or possibly some gaily dressed ladies from the palace, looking out through their white veils. Perhaps a haughty Moor, with the blackest possible face and in long flowing robes, passed on a high-stepping steed, with a respectful white servant behind him on a smaller and more modest horse. There one saw devout pilgrims from the Far East, Persians and Arabs, and in striking contrast the ever present gipsy, begging a few coppers. Crossing Galata Bridge one day, Dr. Elias Riggs, a scholarly friend of mine and long a student of Oriental languages, overheard as many as twenty-two different tongues spoken.

The bridge was crowded with beggars along the sides. Each one had his own place, often gained after a protracted struggle. One of the chief tenets of Mohammedanism was giving to the poor, and this was observed without any confusion of mind, as a result of modern teaching, with regard to the pauperizing effects of giving money. A story is told which might well be true, about one of the beggars who had a regular seat on the bridge. A man passing in a hurry threw him a coin. Finding out afterward that he had given the beggar a gold piece instead of a copper one of the same size, the man went back to ask an exchange. It was dusk, and the beggar was nowhere to be seen. At sight of the gentleman a small crowd collected, as always happens on such occasions.

"Where is the beggar?" he asked.

"He has gone home," one of the bystanders replied.

"What! Has he a home?" exclaimed the gentleman.

"To be sure," his informant said. "Come with me and I will show it to you."

To his astonishment, the gentleman was led to a fine house in Galata.

He struck the brass knocker and a servant came who said that his master was upstairs changing his dress, and would soon be down. The beggar appeared, having removed his rags and donned the dress of a gentleman. The caller explained his mistake, whereupon the beggar handed him the gold piece and took the copper coin with a respectful salaam, and a "Thank you, Effendi."

Alternating with beggars along the sides of the bridge were vendors of oranges, grapes, pears, plums, fresh figs, dates, cucumbers, nuts, and many other things. Among the most amusing of these vendor outfits were round wooden tables with three legs projecting rather far beyond the tops. On some of these tables were dried yellow peas, the kind of which Sappho speaks in one of her poems: "Golden peas were growing on the shores." One day a timid woman just arrived from America, who knew no foreign language, ventured to cross Galata Bridge alone. It was, of course, a perfectly safe thing to do, but unfortunately, she struck her foot against one of the legs of a table of peas, and the whole affair went over, the peas scattering to right and left. The usual crowd immediately gathered, screaming and gesticulating. The bystanders were probably simply saying that the stranger must pay the vendor for the peas, and a gift of twenty-five cents would have made everything right, but as she did not understand a word they said, they screamed louder and louder. The poor woman, thinking her last hour had come, turned and fled, not daring to breathe until she was well off the bridge.

Another story is of a gentleman of humorous tendency who saw on the bridge a table on which were small piles of dried fish, offered for a few cents each.

"I will buy all of your fish," he said to the vendor, who replied in dismay, "But, Effendi, what should I do then?"

The Marmara end of the Bosporus is not so frequently described as the rest. Just as this strait apparently comes to an end on the European side, there is a point of land, its apex turned toward the north, which makes a strong current, as if to steer the waters that wash from the Black Sea into the Marmara. Rounding that impertinent tip in a caïque you would wish that you had made your will and left your affairs in good order, for just off this point many a venturesome craft has foundered. Should you stand there and look across into Asia, you would see before you the old historic Chalcedon, facing the Marmara, and Chrysopolis the Golden City, facing the Bosporus. They are now called Kadikeui and Scutari.

If you decided to follow along the course of the walls in a small boat, you would enjoy a calm and delightful sail. In good weather the Marmara peacefully laps the walls of the city, and one can row past the gray battlements that surmount them, as far as the Seven Towers. One of these towers was originally built in a manner to produce a wonderful echo of the slightest sound, so that no enemy could approach unbeknownst. The Seven Towers were overgrown with trees and climbing vines, and provided an attractive spot for gay picnic parties from the diplomatic circle of Pera, and sometimes from our school in Scutari. In the shadow of the towers quiet thoughts of the past brought peace to our souls, and in the late evening we returned in our caïques greatly refreshed and ready to meet the demands of daily life.

## CHAPTER VII

# WHEN EMPRESS EUGÉNIE OPENED THE SUEZ CANAL

One of the most interesting palaces in Constantinople stands at Beylerbey, and was a favorite resort of those who lived in Scutari. Its history was closely connected with the relation of Egypt to the Sublime Porte; with the early influence of France and England on the politics of the eastern Mediterranean; in short, with the introduction of modern thinking into the Near East.

During the later years of his reign Sultan Aziz received a visit from one of the remarkable women of history, and he played the part of royal host with great distinction. The visit of Eugénie to Constantinople was not the first occasion of a meeting between the sultan and the empress. Two years before, in 1867, when Aziz was in Paris, he had been entertained by Napoleon III. The building of the Suez Canal, one of the great triumphs of the nineteenth century, seemed certain to redound to the honor and glory of France. The sultan foresaw that the opening of the canal would mark an epoch in the history of the Near East, and the occasion gave him the opportunity which he desired of returning the recent hospitality of the Emperor of France. We may easily attribute to him as natural the additional motive of a wish to display to his royal guest the wonders of the Bosporus. Constantinople was then in its full beauty, and its palaces, mosques, and minarets, as well as its beautiful harbor filled with

ORTAKEUI MOSQUE, SHOWING THE SELAMLIK IN THE TIME OF AZIZ

The Palace of Beylerbey Opposite on the Asiatic Shore

shipping, among which glided those graceful caïques, could not fail to impress the royal visitor from France.

The building of the Suez Canal was undertaken by the French Government and Ferdinand de Lesseps in the period when the prestige of Napoleon III had begun to decline. It was one of the first large schemes to conquer the barrier of space and unite distant lands. Napoleon hoped that the result of the enterprise would be a decided strengthening of the power and influence of his country. There was also another motive for promoting the undertaking. It was thought in France, that a short route to the Far East would be a fatal blow to the English trade with India and China.

Lord Palmerston was at that time Prime Minister of England, and he apparently shared that idea, for he publicly opposed the scheme, not realizing what a vast benefit the canal would be to England as well as to the world in general. His opposition had the effect of stimulating the anxiety of the French to complete the project, and Ferdinand de Lesseps was influenced by his personal ambition as well as by the hope of diverting the trade of the East to his fatherland.

Ismail Pasha was at that time Khedive of Egypt, and in giving his assistance to France in her colossal task he looked for a return from her that would help him to break loose from the power of Sultan Aziz, and create his own independent kingdom.

The ceremony of opening the canal was one of the great events of the nineteenth century and a real triumph both for France and for Egypt. The canal was regarded as a distinctly Napoleonic undertaking that had been especially pushed by the Empress Eugénie. Ferdinand de Lesseps was a relative of hers and a great personal friend. The scheme gave the impression in the Near East

that Napoleon III was an extraordinary man who had studied to good advantage the causes of his uncle's success. The empress had always been intensely interested in national affairs, and apparently ruled with her husband, having acted as regent three times in his absence. When the Suez Canal was completed, therefore, it seemed quite appropriate that she should go to the Near East to preside over the inaugural ceremony.

Eugénie sailed from France on the imperial yacht *L'Aigle,* accompanied by several war-ships. Before proceeding to Egypt she went to Constantinople to visit Sultan Aziz, the suzerain of Ismail Pasha. Aziz loved nothing better than the creation of artistic palaces, so what was more natural than for him to erect one for the express purpose of entertaining Eugénie? At Beylerbey in Asia, a picturesque spot near the site of the Scutari school, he built a gem of a palace, with beautiful terraced gardens rising in tiers above the Bosporus. After Eugénie's visit the palace was for many years occupied only by a caretaker. The latter was a friend of ours and allowed pupils from the Scutari school to have picnics in the grounds of the palace, on the very spot where royalty had been entertained with so much display.

The reception of the empress by the sultan was the last word in Oriental hospitality, and well illustrated the grandeur of the old Turkish régime. The subsequent receptions of Kaiser Wilhelm by Sultan Hamid were tawdry in comparison. As *L'Aigle* steamed up the Marmara an entire fleet of ships decked with flags went out to escort her into the harbor, where she was saluted by the booming of many cannon. The imperial yacht dropped anchor before the newly erected palace and a court caïque came out to meet her. In the boat sat Sultan Aziz himself, under a dais of red velvet decorated with gold. The

sultan boarded *L'Aigle* and stepped forward to kiss the hand of the empress, but Eugénie thought that might be asking too much of a Moslem ruler, and gracefully prevented it as she thanked him for his cordial reception.

In the new palace every luxury was provided for the empress and her royal suite. The day after her arrival she paid a ceremonious visit to the *Validé Sultana,* mother of the sultan and a very important personage during the reign of Aziz. The *Validé Sultana* returned the visit with equal ceremony. The empress was then invited to witness a review of the finest regiments of the army. Although she was quite accustomed to military displays, she said that this one interested her especially, on account of the originality of the uniforms and dash of the Turkish troops. Every night during her visit the Bosporus was ablaze with colored lights; brilliant illuminations marked the sites of palaces, public buildings, kiosks, and imperial ships; the most expensive fireworks of Europe were set off to dazzle the spectators.

From Constantinople the French ships, led by *L'Aigle,* proceeded to Egypt. The royal welcome and lavish festivities in Constantinople paled in the light of those that were prepared for the empress in Egypt. On November 17, 1869, surrounded by a group of distinguished personages, Empress Eugénie presided, in the name of France, at the solemn consecration of the greatest engineering enterprise of her time. Among those in her direct entourage were her host, Ismail Pasha, Khedive of Egypt; Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria-Hungary; the Prince Royal of Prussia; Prince Henry and the Princess from the Netherlands; Sir Henry Elliot, the British ambassador at Constantinople; and that remarkable figure from Algeria, Emir Abd-el-Kader.

The opening ceremonies cost, it is said, from forty

to fifty million francs. A large new palace was erected for the great day; thousands of guests were entertained, from all parts of the world; orchestras, actors, and singers were brought there from European theaters. The exercises were strikingly varied. They began with a religious ceremony, picturesque in character, which took place on the sands near Port Saïd. A fleet of steamers were anchored at the entrance of the new canal. The guests included not only the royal representatives and their retinues but the élite of Cairo and Alexandria. The marine procession was long and imposing, the graceful yacht of Empress Eugénie taking the lead. Then followed Emperor Francis Joseph, and the others according to their rank.

Complimentary notices appeared in the press of Europe, extolling Napoleon, Eugénie, and Ferdinand de Lesseps, and proclaiming Ismail Pasha the most progressive of rulers. It was even said if he could be made Sultan of Turkey it would be the salvation of the Turkish Empire.

The opening of the Suez Canal had a far greater effect upon subsequent events than even the most enthusiastic of those present at the inaugural could foretell. It was one of the influences that through commercial channels by degrees changed even the thinking of the Near East. Its most far-reaching effect, however, has been a gradual increase of opportunities for international understanding.

Looking at the matter in the large, the Suez Canal did help Egypt, as it opened new areas of commerce, but its immediate effect was quite the opposite. Before the canal was opened passengers and cargoes for the Far East were conveyed across Egypt. Troops from England to India were transported in large vessels that anchored in Egyptian ports, while the soldiers were sent on by

rail. All of this brought British money into the land, which largely ceased on the opening of the canal.

The financing of the construction of the canal was a complicated and expensive operation, in which both France and Egypt were deeply involved. Ismail Pasha, alas! was so hopelessly entangled that his bankruptcy and deposition followed without his having reaped any of the permanent advantages of which he had dreamed.

In any form of public life which extends throughout a long period of years subtle and unexpected associations arise. One of the most distinguished personalities present at the opening of the Suez Canal was Emir Abd-el-Kader, a patriot and an earnest Mohammedan scholar and poet from Algeria. Many years later a fair and beautiful princess brought her daughter to Constantinople Woman's College, to enter her as a student. The name of the daughter was Esma Zafir. As the princess introduced herself she said, "My grandfather was Abd-el-Kader." As Esma Zafir spoke French, and no English, at first she felt a little lonely in the college, and wandered around the grounds a bit sadly. Finally she thought she would look at the books in the library. The first one that she opened was the first volume of a French encyclopedia which stood in a prominent place on one of the shelves. On turning to the first page she found the story of the life of Abd-el-Kader. "After that," she said, "I felt quite at home in the college." Esma Zafir is now a graduate, and is at present writing for the Turkish press, with so much success that editors in Constantinople are asking for her contributions.

The story of history is stranger than any fiction. After the defeat of the French at Sedan, and the death of Napoleon III, in 1872, the Khedive of Egypt in the days of his declining power was obliged to sell his shares

in the Suez Canal. He had risked much to gain the favor of France, with the hope of thereby making Egypt independent. It had been in vain. He was in desperate need of funds and could not borrow. The only way out was to sacrifice his shares in the canal. What followed, considering the spirit in which the canal was built, brings a smile to the face of any student of history.

By 1875 Bismarck had acquired the habit of considering himself the master of Europe. He had even gone so far as to declare that England had ceased to be a political force. Just about that time the khedive placed his shares on the market. Disraeli, then Prime Minister of England, learned than an immediate payment of four million pounds sterling could secure them. Who could lend England four millions sterling? On the day that the British Cabinet voted upon the question Disraeli sent to Rothschild to ask for a loan of that amount. Rothschild inquired what the security was. The reply was "The British Government." The results of this transaction were the triumph of Queen Victoria and Disraeli, the supremacy of England in Egypt, and British control of the canal.

## CHAPTER VIII

# THE MOSLEM UNIVERSITY SYSTEM

THE influence of the Doctors of Moslem Law may have reached its greatest height in recent Turkish history, when these dignitaries advocated freedom and reforms as expressed in the constitution of Midhat Pasha. This they did in three distinct historical crises—the first in connection with the deposition of Aziz, the second with that of Murad V, and the third, later on, in 1908, when Abdul-Hamid II lost his throne in the revolution of the Young Turks. In many periods of sudden changes in Turkey the Moslem holy men were on the side of the Westernizing movement, launched originally by Mahmud II.

Moslems have always maintained the unity of their system of law. They had one code, with different aspects, religious, civil, criminal, political, and military.

Really to understand the intricacies of this legal system, it was necessary to study the history of Moslem law, and to know Persian, Arabic, and Turkish. Thus arose numerous universities among the Moslem people in Spain, Persia, Bagdad, Cairo, and other places, all of them important centers of learning.

It is impossible to understand the old Mohammedan life without knowing something of the organization on which it was based. Islam was a state as well as a religion, and during its whole history the Koran was the source of both civil and religious law for all Moslems. Moham-

med the Conqueror, however, was the first to make it the controlling factor in the political, legal, and financial life of a powerful nation. He did this in two ways—by introducing the university system based upon the Koran, and by instituting a distinctly religious financial control through the Holy Foundations.

In Islam education played the chief rôle, but it was not for the masses. The first Turkish college, or *medresseh,* as it was called, founded for the express purpose of educating the Doctors of Moslem Law, was established in Brusa, by Sultan Orkhan, a century before the Conquest. Moslem colleges educated the Doctors of Law who controlled the Turkish nation for almost six centuries. They were finally closed, on March 3, 1924, by an edict of the new Turkish Republic, and in their place a theological department was opened in the Turkish University in Stambul.

The peninsula which is called Stambul has been closely connected with the history of education in the Near East. There stood the University of Constantinople, founded by Theodosius II on the hill now occupied by the Turkish War Office. A thousand years later Mohammed the Conqueror, when he took Constantinople, transformed eight of the principal Greek churches into mosques and founded a Moslem college in connection with each one. He erected eight Moslem colleges on the site of the old baths of Zeusippus. The architecture of these schools resembled to a certain extent that of the Greek university. They were built with cloisters opening on a court, like some of the old cloisters of Cambridge, England, as well as those in many other parts of Europe, for the reason that they were constructed partly after the same ancient model.

The course of study in these colleges was just as long

and just as difficult as that of early European universities, but so different in character that it has been one of the main causes for the separation of the Moslem people from the rest of the world. The full course required from twenty-five to thirty years to complete, at the end of which period no general knowledge had been acquired: no universal history, no foreign languages, no familiarity with the literature of the rest of the world; no knowledge of international law or of commercial relations. The students worked years on Persian and Arabic, on style and rhetoric, syntax and logic. Geometry and some primitive astronomy were taught, and also astrology. Music was not allowed. The laws of the Koran and the general codification of Moslem law were studied intensively, but not by the common people. They, poor things, could neither read nor write. They were not, however, forgotten. In the sanctuary of many mosques was found a paved quadrangle surrounded by arcades. Sometimes a fountain bubbled in the center. In the arcade sat a kind old scribe, usually with a long white beard. He was ready to pen letters for would-be correspondents who had never learned to write. In these colleges were educated also the preachers and teachers in the mosques, who taught the people the elements of Mohammedanism and conducted public philanthropies, as well as the imams, who gave the call to prayer five times a day, from the dizzy heights of the minarets.

The students always wore long flowing robes, even after European dress became a common sight in the streets. Their badge was a white turban, though a descendant of the Prophet could wear a green one. The white turban symbolized the purity and holiness of the sacred teachings. Together with the long robe it was the outward expression of a dignity that was never forgotten,

and never seemed to lapse into frivolity, although no Turk ever lost his innate sense of humor.

In the olden days the students sat on cushions on the floor of the mosques to study, with their books around them, a caraffe of fresh water beside them, and their luncheon tied up in a piece of clean white fabric. They always studied aloud, and their musical voices would echo lightly in the dome above.

Boys entered college at the age of eleven or twelve, knowing only how to read and write. Each morning a student received his rations of bread and cooked rice for the day. For his other expenses he must earn money, either by becoming a public copyist of Arabic and Turkish manuscripts, for the merchants in the bazaars, or by performing manual labor in the mosques. At the end of ten years he received a diploma admitting him to the lowest grade of the doctorate of law; he was then qualified to be sent to the provinces as a judge, or he could become a reader in the mosques or teach in a school for children.

If a young man wished to study further, he must devote seven years more to law; he could then become a professor in a college or a judge of higher grade. If he was still ambitious, he could pass through the degrees of further professorship, to the highest class, called the Suleimanieh, and from that grade eight were chosen every year, to be sent to such cities as Jerusalem, Smyrna, or other important places. From these eight four were chosen the following year, to be sent to cities of even greater importance. A year later two of the four might go to Medina or Mecca. If the highest office in the nation was to be filled, one of these was chosen, and he became the Sheik ul Islam, who was the final authority in creating and deposing sultans.

Thus the control of the whole nation was in the hands of these colleges of the sacred law. In the brightest period of Turkish history the number of them was very great; under Sultan Aziz there were said to be more than five hundred in Constantinople alone.

The curriculum included, among other things, a course in politeness. The Turk never lost his polished manners, any more than he did his sense of humor. In the Seraglio library there were thirty books that dealt exclusively with courtesy and its rules. The title of one of them was "The Fragrant Garden of Civility." An amusing story is told of a British ambassador to Turkey, shortly after the time of Mahmud II. This able diplomat evidently underestimated the knowledge of the members of the Turkish cabinet in the simple science of geography, for he sent two large globes to the sultan. The present was received with great effusion, and carried into the presence of the ministers who were assembled for the occasion. The Minister of Foreign Affairs presided, putting on his spectacles to examine the globes. He asked, first of all, to see England. When it was pointed out, he said, in well-simulated surprise, "How small!" The ambassador then pointed to India, as a dependency of England, whereupon the minister said, "Oh, quite large!"

Over the doors of the Moslem colleges were beautiful inscriptions. One of these was "Whoever taught me a single word, I was his slave." The architecture of many of the colleges built by the sultans of long ago is very beautiful.

A great deal of philanthropic work was done in connection with the mosques, in which the Fatih Mosque, erected by the Conqueror, possibly took the lead. Food was given to the poor, and on all occasions the large mosque yard sheltered immigrants within the sacred

walls. After a war, or a fire in the city, one would always find crowds of homeless sufferers sitting on the ground in the inclosure, with their possessions tied up in bundles at their feet, and hanging from their belts a small bag of coins, often few in number. The beautiful fountains usually found near the mosques furnished pure drinking water. A mosque was the center of a group of buildings, sometimes including an insane asylum, a library, a soup kitchen, a college, a khan, and a bath.

In the Moslem colleges many different types of Arabic writing were taught, as the chirography of documents differing in kind must never be the same. For instance, a poem could not be expressed in the cold chirography of a dry legal document.

The various grades of the Doctors of Moslem Law were paid according to the degree of their work, from the lowest up to the very highest, the Sheik ul Islam himself. In the time of Sultan Aziz, this highest of all functionaries received a salary equal to a little over ten thousand pounds sterling. These men had great power. In the creation and deposition of sultans they took the final step, and they also controlled the courts of justice, conducted the ceremonies of the mosques, and had absolute authority in all religious matters. They came into close touch with the common people in the case of marriage, divorce, funerals, and circumcision, the christening ceremony of the Moslems.

My own acquaintance with the Doctors of Moslem Law has been very interesting. A few years after I became the head of the school in Scutari, we employed a man of that class as a teacher of the Turkish language. He appeared one day, wearing the usual turban and a coat lined with fur. (When the weather was very hot he

wore two fur-lined coats to keep out the heat.) He inquired for the director of the school.

"I am the director," I said.

"That is impossible," he said. "A woman cannot be the director of a school."

I waived that question, for practical methods are best in dealing with a mentality of that kind.

"How much will you come for?" I asked.

We fixed, after some bargaining, on a suitable salary. A few days later he came to me in great distress.

"Madam," he said, "I beg of you to come and keep order in my class for me. I cannot do it, myself."

He taught grammar but no literature. He would sit back in his chair, shut his eyes, and say, "Pull it out, and let us see." The scholars would then begin to "pull out" of their minds long conjugations of verbs and declensions of nouns.

In later years a representative of the Doctors of Moslem Law married one of our college students. He was a progressive man and a charming friend. The last acquaintance that I had with one of these doctors was with a Sheik ul Islam, himself, a gentleman and a scholar; a man of modern ideas, with whom I had a delightful conversation. He afterward sent me a copy of a book he had published.

The libraries were built near the mosques. There were at one time, according to old records, nearly one thousand mosques in Constantinople, of which over twenty were imperial mosques, but just how many libraries existed in the brightest period of the city, it is impossible to say. In 1913, when I gave the subject my especial attention, there were forty regularly established libraries, besides those of the different sects of dervishes, and vari-

ous small collections of books. After the establishment of the republic the rules regarding libraries were changed. As late as 1928 it was estimated that five hundred different collections of old books remained in Constantinople to be cared for by the nation.

The Moslem university system was one that required extensive collections of books. Many sultans established libraries. One sultan, in founding one in memory of his mother, placed it near her tomb, so that "the perfume of science might rejoice her soul in Paradise." Every mosque had a library of its own, if possible.

The library buildings were very different from modern ones. They were simply built, with fine lines, often of stone, with a dome—or several domes arranged in a circle—over the reading room. Through picturesque irregular windows in these domes the light fell directly upon those who were reading, below. Under the domes were cushions, both round and square, to sit upon, and low inlaid stools upon which to rest the books. One could even recline on a cushion and, with his manuscript on a stool in the light under a dome, pursue his education comfortably. The floors were always covered with valuable, and sometimes almost priceless, rugs. Shoes must be removed at the door. The books were usually manuscripts, and each one was kept in a case to protect it from dust. Many distinguished men founded libraries, and four were established by women, the last woman founder being the mother of Sultan Aziz.

Modern libraries live through the addition of new books, but in Turkey this was forbidden. A sultan, in founding a library, secured some valuable collection of manuscripts, on each of which his name was inscribed with his stamp and seal. A catalogue was carefully made and the enterprise was complete.

The library was a religious feature of social life, and in Arabia even in the very early days of Mohammedan history, there were libraries joined to the mosques, where visitors after praying devoutly in the mosque could linger over the ancient books in the same supreme calm and silence as that found in the mosque. The psychology of Mohammedan prayer was encouraged by the libraries, which were also a distinct function of religious life. Repetition of the dogma of faith in Islam five times a day during a lifetime did much to promote it.

There was great democracy both in prayer and in the libraries, and no distinction between the rich and poor or between the high and the low, for all stood together to pray. In the libraries as well no social distinctions existed, but the books were too abstruse to be read by the common people, except as a mere form. The one distinction that was made illustrates a principle that has been the cause of evils that have befallen the Turkish nation. Women were not allowed to pray with men in the mosques but were kept apart, in what was supposed to be an inferior place. They were also never permitted to visit the libraries, and my first visits to the public libraries caused much excitement and interest from those who were studying there and from the officials. The latter received me with great politeness, and I thought with some amusement. During the comparatively short time that has elapsed since I studied the subject of Turkish libraries a tremendous change has taken place. At present women are allowed in all departments of the Turkish university, where their appearance causes no excitement whatever.

The Doctor of Moslem Law whose special profession was that of scribe was expected to make a copy of the Koran at some time in his life, to present to a library.

For many centuries the Koran was not printed, but it has been translated from Arabic into Turkish comparatively recently.

The value of the books in the libraries depended on several things—the rarity of the manuscripts, their age, their subject-matter, the beautiful illuminations, or even the artistic beauty of the cover.

For the libraries of kings any price was paid for books from Cairo, Bagdad, Damascus, or Alexandria. All books were written in Arabic, Persian, or Turkish. Most of the illuminated volumes of the greatest artistic beauty were Persian. Some of those were so exquisitely ornamented that one page alone would be considered an almost priceless possession. The most precious of such books had been brought not only from Persia but from Herat in Afghanistan, and belonged to an ancient period of perfection in the art of illumination. The covers of rare books were made of various kinds of costly and delicate leather, intricately ornamented in gilt. The most artistic book covers came from Ispahan in Persia.

The library that seemed to me the most beautiful of all belonged to the mosque of the Conqueror. There was a wonderful carpet on the floor, in pale blue and old rose, that had been sent as a gift to Sultan Mahmud II from the Shah of Persia. A very curious and interesting brass ornament hung from the dome. There was an illuminated scroll suspended on the wall, beginning, "O Ye Eternal Being," the golden letters of which shone in the dim light. The books were old manuscripts of great value, some of them containing rare specimens of Arabic and Persian illumination. When printing was introduced into Turkey, in 1727, as best authorities assert, only those books could be printed that were approved by the Doctors of Moslem Law.

A TURKISH LIBRARY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

For about four hundred years the administration of Turkey was carried on to a surprising degree by the religious classes, supported by the Holy Foundations. Thus two classes of funds developed, civil and religious. The sultans from the beginning had their separate administration and treasury. Mahmud II instituted some primitive beginnings of civil law. After the Crimean War, Turkey was more and more involved in commercial relations with other countries. Gradually civil laws were developed, copied largely, at first, from the code of Napoleon. The new laws were in the form of separate codes. Commercial, criminal, and civil courts were in time established, separated from the sacred laws.

The Holy Foundations controlled all education in the empire, with the exception of schools among the non-Moslem millets, until the time of Mahmud II. During most of that time even the doctor of the sultan was chosen by the Holy Foundations. In the beginning, medical education must have been mixed with astrology and influenced by superstition, as comparatively little science was included in the course of study of the Moslem colleges.

The humorous attitude of the Turk is especially marked in some of the anecdotes regarding their judges; in fact, a whole literature arose in this field.

A story is told of a judge, or cadi, who was chosen by a governor to go with him to an interior province, to preside over his court. They set out on the journey together, the judge carefully guarding his book of legal precepts. On the way they both fell into a small river, where they lost their luggage. Whereupon the judge refused to go farther.

"But why?" demanded the governor. "You have escaped and you are well."

"That is true," said the judge, "but my book is lost, and my education is drowned."

The judges retaliated with many stories about the governors under whom they worked. A very delightful story is told of a good governor, however: Among the people of the town where a very worthy governor lived were the usual rich man and poor man. The rich man owed the poor man a large sum of money which he refused to pay. The governor invited the rich man to attend a feast, to be given in his honor. To show his appreciation of the courtesy, the rich man rode to the palace of the governor, on his fine Arab charger, which was just what the governor expected. Great deference was shown the guest; a feast of many courses was served, and the governor prolonged the after-dinner conversation in a most flattering manner. Finally the governor's steward entered and handed his master a purse. The governor arose and said to the rich man:

"I have done you a great favor. I have paid the poor man the sum of money which you owed him. To do this we sold your Arab steed. This purse contains the money that is left."

Nothing remained for the rich man to do but to take the money, express his thanks, and depart on foot.

In those days any man who wished to bring a suit into court had to secure permission from a legal counselor. The latter then wrote in small characters on an oblong piece of paper the question to be settled and the decision that he himself desired. For instance:

"May a man marry his daughter-in-law?"

Answer: "God is good. He may not."

"May a stranger build a church near a Turkish quarter and ring a bell in it?"

Answer: "God knows the truth, but he may not, because he will disturb the Moslem people."

There is another story of a poor man befriended, but in this case the benefactor is a judge. A rich man took away the house of a poor man, and then tried to bribe the judge with a purse of five hundred gold pieces. The case was brought to trial. The rich man produced many witnesses, but the poor man could find none. After hearing both sides the judge showed the purse of gold pieces with which the rich man had tried to bribe him.

"Here are your witnesses," he said to the poor man. "You could find none, but I have found five hundred on your side."

## CHAPTER IX

# THE IMPACT OF MODERN IDEAS

DISTINCT progress in education was made under Abd-ul-Aziz. New primary schools were added to the mosque schools, and an elementary system of public education was established. The crowning achievement in this field was the organizing of Galata Serai, a middle-class lycée for young men of all nations. This institution was under a French director and offered a surprisingly good curriculum from the beginning. Many of the future statesmen of the Turkish Empire received their training there.

It had long been the policy of France to spread her language and culture in foreign countries. Accordingly, in 1868, after Sultan Aziz returned to Constantinople from his visit to Europe, Napoleon III encouraged him to open this school, the language of which should be French. This was not planned as a friendly foreign enterprise, like American colleges in Turkey, but was distinctly a Turkish college under French influence. Like the American colleges, however, it was nonsectarian. The idea was a new one and met with much ridicule, especially from the Russians, who at that time desired to play the rôle of saving the Christians in Turkey by annexing them to Russia, and who were alarmed at seeing the Bulgarian, Armenian, Greek, Turk, and Jew studying together in one college, in the French language. They called it a Babel university with a concert of languages.

Education for girls was only a dream in the minds

of most people, although during the reign of the father of Aziz, a very progressive *Validé Sultana* had gathered together the slave girls of the palace and had them taught to read. Within the last half of the last century it had gradually become customary for Turkish women to receive elementary education. We must remember that even in a progressive country such as England universal education developed slowly, for down to the time of the great Education Bill in 1870 there was no universal system of compulsory education there.

Throughout Turkish history there had been occasional surprising instances of those who stood out prominently against the general illiteracy among women. As far back as the fifteenth century, during the reign of Mohammed II, there were two Turkish poetesses, Zehneb and Mihri, whose fame has come down to the present time; indeed, the latter has been called the Mohammedan Sappho. One of the verses written by Mihri has a remarkable ring of emancipation:

> Since they say that woman lacketh wit alway,
> Needs must they excuse whatever she may say,
> Better far one woman, if she worthy be,
> Than a thousand men, all unworthy they.

Under Mahmud II, in the early part of the nineteenth century, two other Turkish poetesses, Fitvet and Leila, attained distinction.

Early in the reign of Abdul-Aziz the first public school for Moslem girls was opened in a village on the Bosporus. Later the sultan proved himself far ahead of his time by establishing a high school for girls. At first this school was not a great success. Its very name implied a lackadaisical system, for it was called Dar-ul-Mualimat (Home of the Lady Teachers). The first time

I had the pleasure of visiting this institution I found the director, a white-haired, venerable effendi, resting on the lounge. An air of excessive calmness pervaded the place, and one could see immediately that he did not approve of undue cerebral excitement for young women. Later, however, the Dar-ul-Mualimat developed rapidly in modern methods of education, in line with other forms of progress.

Early in the seventies, Sultan Aziz established two schools of fine arts for women. Somewhat later I visited one of them, and found its methods still elementary. The girls were quietly seated on the floor and were entirely unoccupied. The teaching was oral and few books were to be seen. I was asked in what subject I would like to hear a class recite, and innocently replied "arithmetic," as at the moment that study seemed the easiest I could think of. Apparently it struck the teachers quite differently, for they looked dismayed. Nevertheless, they scurried around, brought in a blackboard from another room, and put it before me, telling the class to stand up in front of it. One of the girls was told to divide a number of four figures by one of two. This she accomplished after much thinking. She was then given three numbers to add, of three figures each, and even that complicated problem was finally solved. Fortunately for the success of my visit, some one in the class then suggested that I might like to be shown some Turkish writing, whereupon the atmosphere changed, the girls looked smiling and happy, and one of them wrote, in the beautiful Arabic characters, some brilliant and complimentary expressions of welcome. The exercises closed with Moslem prayers, for in those days they were repeated five times a day in the public schools.

Eventually these same schools attained a really high standard of intellectual activity.

The latter part of the reign of Sultan Aziz showed the strong influence of France over the affairs of the Turkish Empire. The policy of Napoleon III, like that of Disraeli, was to maintain the integrity of Turkey, and though the sultan, during his visit to Paris, was not entirely satisfied with the French emperor's attitude, on the whole he found his visit to the Exposition in Paris, and his trip in general, a great inspiration and an incentive to the introduction of new ideas.

Napoleon's interest in Turkey was increased by his contact with Aziz, and he proposed reforms in other directions besides education. Among these were reorganization in finance, improvement in industrial life, and the building of railways. Finally under the influence of France, and with her financial support, an extensive system of railways was planned, to connect with those of the countries on the Danube. A contract was signed by the Sublime Porte with a Franco-Belgian company, which was to start work on the enterprise. All this was brought to an end, however, by the defeat of France in the Franco-German War, in 1870-71. In England, as time went on, Disraeli exerted his influence in the direction which France had taken, while Gladstone favored a policy that would eventually lead to the breaking up of Turkey.

Keeping a nation at peace is a great achievement. This, Sultan Aziz accomplished throughout his reign. He became sultan and caliph in 1861, five years after the end of the Crimean War, and during the twenty years succeeding that war he kept the favor of two powerful allies, England and France. In times of peace nations grow,

and there was a spirit of progress in the air. The Westernizing movement begun by Mahmud II gained in force. Although Sultan Aziz wished to adopt for the Turkish Empire the ways of modern Europe, he could not organize a campaign for constitutional government, or anything approaching it, because it was psychologically impossible for him to conceive of modern methods of democratic representation. The Doctors of Moslem Law, in whose hands the nation ultimately rested, were ready for changes; it was natural that a great reformer should arise, and such was Midhat Pasha, an honest man and an administrator of great ability. First as governor of a European province on the lower Danube, and later as governor in the region around Bagdad, he had been able to study the difficulties under the methods then existing, and to formulate a plan for widespread reform.

The Millet System, which had expressed a spirit of tolerance in the fifteenth century, did not meet the needs of a more progressive age. There was a Turkish proverb, "The bended head is not to be stricken off," but the head always had to be bent. The governors of the provinces were Turks, each at the head of a force of troops, large or small according to the need. An honest governor was a great power in promoting prosperity in his province, but a dishonest one had unlimited opportunities for filling his own pockets. Sultan Aziz was faced by an extensive system of graft throughout the empire. The gravity of the situation was intensified by the fact that all the millets were growing into a national consciousness. People not only were beginning to think as never before but were studying the movements for freedom in other countries. In a certain sense they were loyal to the Turkish Government, keeping the laws and obeying their rulers, but the absolute division between the Government and the mil-

lets, in the question of religion, language, literature, marriage laws, and even in dress, intensified all political problems.

It was during the reign of Sultan Aziz that the Bulgarian millet was technically separated from the Greek. Political representation at the Sublime Porte of all the branches of the Greek Church in the empire was in the beginning through the ecumenical Greek patriarch, and thus the Bulgarians had had political representation only through a power which they considered alien—for religious differences among sects of what is essentially the same religion often seem even more vital to the people concerned than differences between different religions. In 1870 the sultan issued an imperial edict recognizing the separate existence of the Bulgarian national church, and from that time on, the Bulgarians had an official head, called an exarch, who represented his people politically at the Sublime Porte. In later years the number of Bulgarians in Turkey who came under the administration of this exarch diminished rapidly, as one province after another assumed its own control.

Midhat Pasha, who had been an honest governor, thought that he could see a way out of the political difficulties. The population in the provinces was of different nationalities, with the Turkish element sometimes even in a minority. While acting as governor, in coöperation with leaders in the communities he endeavored to win the loyalty of all the people to the Turkish Government. He brought the young people of the different nations together, and was the first to treat non-Moslems of the millets as politically equal to the Moslems, although they had often before been treated as equals socially, and even as superiors commercially.

At first Midhat Pasha had the confidence of the sultan,

and held the offices of Grand Vizier, Minister of Justice, and President of the Council of State, for in 1866 Sultan Aziz listened to him so far as to create a Council of State of which he made the reformer president. A Court of Justice to be composed of both Moslems and non-Moslems also was planned. In pursuance of his ideals, Midhat Pasha drew up a parliamentary constitution with proportional representation for all the nations of the empire. It was a remarkable document and destined to play an important part in Turkish history, even until the founding of the new Turkish Republic.

The influences that produced Midhat Pasha were new methods of thinking in Turkey itself and in the provinces. For these Sultan Aziz, himself, was not prepared. He had unfortunately been in the "Cage" twenty years before he became sultan, just when he should have been studying the best political methods of his time.

Until the end of the reign of Sultan Aziz, Constantinople continued to be, as of old, one of the most important commercial centers of the world. Through the waters surrounding the city came ships from the East and the South, laden with merchandise. All countries connected with caravan routes—Russia, Central Asia, Persia, Egypt, Syria, and Arabia—still contributed their share to the commerce of the Near East. The Turkish capital might have been called a sort of universal banker, for her coins were found in various countries from England to India, and in the city itself the coins of many other countries were in constant use.

With the opening of the Suez Canal, and the beginning of railway transportation, business methods changed, and financial experts were needed in high places. It was too late for the old-fashioned palace control in Turkey, and even the existence of a well-trained army and the

third most powerful naval fleet in the world did not help the situation. If Sultan Aziz had realized his own lack, and had appointed a trained and experienced financial expert to take measures toward decreasing the public debt, the outcome of his reign might have been different. But just at a time when the demand for reform was increasingly strong, he became increasingly unable to resist the exactions of his harem. Possibly the nine hundred women there were also acquiring modern ideas regarding their individual rights.

Money spent in the palace was not accounted for in detail in the national budget, and the large sum of a million pounds was so used just when the stringency was greatest. Any official who suggested economy in the personal indulgence of the sultan was in danger of being branded as a traitor. Gossip of the time attributes some of the financial tension to the extravagance of a beautiful Circassian slave, "with blue eyes, fair hair, red lips, and extreme grace." The carriage devoted to her use stood more frequently than any other of the palace equipages before the French shops in Pera, where rich silks and costly jewels were displayed.

There had long been dissatisfaction in the country because of the heavy taxes and the lavish expenditures of the sultan. The cost of his large harem, maintained in idleness and luxury, was increasingly great. The erection of palaces and kiosks was a constant drain on the treasury. During his reign and the previous one of his brother Medjid deficits in the royal treasury were met by extensive borrowings in London and Paris. Interest on these loans was always paid by negotiating new ones. This went on until the debts of the empire amounted to upward of two hundred million pounds sterling. Finally, in the autumn of 1875, great excitement was caused in the financial

world of Europe by the virtual repudiation of this debt by Turkey.

Ottoman securities had been considered a very good investment, and when the blow fell, as the Edict of Repudiation was issued, a large number of English and French bondholders lost heavily. It is said that among these was Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, a former British ambassador to the Sublime Porte. There was then a prosperous English colony in Constantinople, with beautiful residences in some of the most picturesque parts of the city. Among the members of this colony were many who suffered seriously in the debacle, for the value of Turkish securities went down to almost nothing. The news of the repudiation of the debt cast a deep gloom, and many of the best friends of the Scutari school were involved. This act was one of the many incentives to the organization, a few years later, of the Department of Public Debt under an international commission which eventually solved many serious financial problems but did not greatly help the small investors who had lost so heavily.

The dense cloud which overshadowed Turkey in 1875-76 was caused by other things besides financial troubles. There was always the problem of the millets, many of which were becoming an anxiety to the Porte. The year 1866 had witnessed the welding of two Danubian provinces into one, called Rumania, of which Prince Charles of Hohenzollern was in the following year appointed ruler, although it still nominally belonged to Turkey. That was the beginning of a new and distinct interest in affairs of the Near East on the part of Bismarck and the reigning family of Prussia.

In 1867 the Turkish garrison in Belgrade was withdrawn by the Porte, as a result of pressure by the great powers. Russia was then particularly active in the affairs

of the Balkan Peninsula, and in the autumn of 1870 repudiated a binding clause of the Treaty of Paris, drawn up after the Crimean War, which kept her ships out of the Black Sea. That treaty forbade both Russia and Turkey to maintain fleets on the Black Sea or build naval arsenals on its coast. Prince Bismarck had a hand in this act, and used it for his own purposes in the war of 1870 with France. The interest of all Europe was so concentrated on the Franco-German War that small attention was paid to what Russia was doing on the Black Sea.

From 1868 to 1874 Gladstone was in control in England, followed by Disraeli, and from 1876 to 1878 there was bitter opposition between these two men over the affairs of the Near East. Russia's breaking of the Treaty of Paris counteracted the most important results of the Crimean War. Notwithstanding the fact that Queen Victoria's enmity toward Russia was always strong, antagonism does not seem to have been aroused by this act. Be that as it may, Turkey had enjoyed a respite of fourteen years from the fear of the entrance of a Russian fleet from the Black Sea into the Bosporus. Besides, Russia, after breaking the Treaty of Paris, could not all in a moment establish a fleet on the Black Sea. We shall see later that even in 1877 no such fleet was available for her needs.

For years after the Franco-German War the reverberations of which were strongly felt in the embassies of Pera, echoes even reaching ordinary American residents like myself, there was a long period of high diplomacy and subtle machinations. Austria and Russia were straining every nerve to secure control of the Balkans. Disraeli, in England, shared with Queen Victoria a deep distrust of Russia. Bismarck was just at that time at the height of his power. While Russia and Austria were constantly inciting fresh rebellions in the Balkans, Bismarck decided

to take matters into his own hands. In September, 1872, with the coöperation of Count Andrássy, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Austria-Hungary, he formed the celebrated "Three Emperors League," consisting of Alexander II, Francis Joseph, and William I, representing Russia, Austria, and Germany.

"I am holding two powerful beasts by their collars, and keeping them apart for two reasons," he said: "first, lest they should tear each other to pieces; secondly, lest they should come to an understanding at the expense of Germany." Great Britain did not interfere with this action, which, after all, produced no results.

Bulgaria was coming into a new prominence in relation to Turkey. This was owing partly to the independent religio-political representation allowed by Sultan Aziz when he created the Bulgarian exarchate, but that in turn was the result of internal growth in Bulgaria. The spirit of nationalism had awakened there early in the nineteenth century. At the time the exarchate was created, printing-presses were beginning to function actively in the province. The whole aspect of the relations between Turkey and Bulgaria was changed by Midhat Pasha. His governorship over the vilayet of the lower Danube, with residence at Rustchuk, had lasted for four years, and his enlightened rule had been a great boon to the Bulgarian people. He also, himself, gained practical experience that helped him in drawing up his constitution on an international basis.

During the early years of his reign Aziz realized that his life was passing quickly by, and remembering with horror the Cage, where he had spent his youth, he tried desperately to change the order of succession. He had two fine sons with modern ideas—Yussuf Izzedin and Medjid, but there were four other heirs ahead of them in line of succession—the four sons of Abdul-Medjid, his brother

and predecessor. These afterward became, one after another, Sultan of Turkey and Caliph of the Faithful, for Sultan Aziz did not succeed in changing the law, and both of his sons entered the Cage and remained there until the period of the Young Turks, when they were released.

# PART III

# MIDHAT PASHA THE GREAT STATESMAN

## CHAPTER X

# THE SUICIDE OF SULTAN AZIZ

THE end of Sultan Aziz was approaching. The spring of 1876 was a time of suppressed excitement, dimly felt even by those who did not know its cause. The early summer marked the close of our first year in the new building in Scutari. Personally, I was very much engrossed in my teaching and in the study of modern Greek, which I had taken up the previous winter. We in Scutari were wholly ignorant of the great historical changes that were in the air, although we sensed an undercurrent of deep feeling everywhere. From our balcony we could see the fleet in the harbor below—a long line of ships extending from the upper Bosporus down into the Marmara. They were noble battle-ships and made a gallant show. Every Friday the guns boomed as the sultan went to the mosque to pray, and on other occasions of Moslem anniversaries or to announce political changes.

From the old point of view, the reign of Aziz was a marked success. It was a period of peace, the first and last respite from war in Turkey since early in the eighteenth century. The sultan had shown a distinct spirit of progress. He had visited London and Paris; he had improved judicial methods and the administration of the army; he had changed the legal system in various ways, introducing a larger proportion of civil laws in place of those of the sacred law, and had endeavored to treat the non-Moslems of all his provinces with fairness. The Coun-

cil of State, with Midhat Pasha as its president, had functioned eight years. Yet there was dissatisfaction both within and without the nation. Russia and Austria were constantly scheming; General Ignatieff of the Russian Embassy, so astute a diplomat that he was called the "Father of Lies," was bending all his energies to bring about an impasse, and Count Andrássy, the Austrian chancelor, was in constant fear lest Austria should suffer in the anticipated partition of Turkey. The people in the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina were armed for insurrection.

At this juncture Bismarck's interest in the Near East grew more intense. He invited the Austrian and Russian chancelors to Berlin, and he and they agreed to demand from the Balkan provinces a mixed commission to examine the situation. The Bosnian and Herzegovinian insurgents were to remain armed for two months. If at the end of that time the reforms promised by the sultan were not carried out, diplomatic action would follow. This ultimatum, which was called the Berlin Memorandum, received the approval of France and Italy but could not be sent to Sultan Aziz without the sanction of Great Britain. Disraeli, then in power, refused his consent, but took the precaution of sending a fleet to Besika Bay, which was on the Mediterranean, at the extreme end of the Dardanelles. There the British ships remained on guard for two years, ready to sail up into the Bosporus when occasion required.

In political circles the name "Bulgarian" was taking on diplomatic significance for the first time. Midhat Pasha was the only man among the Turks at that critical moment who was even partially conscious of the state of mind of European diplomats. Each one of these was thinking, "How much of Turkey can I get for my country?" On the

other hand, the diplomats did not understand the cause of the deep feeling among the Turks. A revolution was in the air, but for once the object was not known to the astute statesmen in the embassies of Pera. The Council of State, the cabinet, and all the Moslem authorities were united in recognizing a great crisis and were ready for action. For weeks we felt that some change was hanging over us. The unrest among the Doctors of Moslem Law and the students, or softas, was evident even to foreigners. There were many thousands of softas in the city, and Scutari was full of them; their long robes and white turbans were always in evidence, and we met them on the streets whenever we went out of our grounds.

It is possible that Sir Henry Elliot, of the British Embassy, knew what was afoot, but if so, he was too much of a diplomat to reveal his knowledge. Even General Ignatieff, of the Russian Embassy, with his army of spies and secret agents, professed ignorance of the real cause of the general excitement. He barred the gates of his embassy at night, as did all the other ambassadors except Sir Henry Elliot. The Turks who passed the British Embassy and saw the gates wide open, as usual, were much pleased at that subtle expression of confidence in their friendly feeling.

Finally the rumor was circulated that a massacre of the Christians was contemplated by the softas. In looking back over the history of that hectic period, it is easy to conjecture where such a rumor originated, but at the time we who were living there took the situation seriously, and it naturally caused us some troubled moments. Our school in Scutari was far away from other American colonies, with the Bosporus between us and them. We were surrounded by softas on every hand, and the strange sug-

gestions floating about were startling. During the day we were absorbed in our classes and the various interests of a busy life, but at night we were filled with vague alarm.

The irony of the situation was that the Moslem religious officials were not thinking about us, nor concerned in any way regarding foreign residents in the city. They were, in fact, more in sympathy with us just at that time than ever before. The problem in their minds was to find the best way to establish the constitution of Midhat Pasha, and to overcome the prejudice against it that still existed among many of the people. They looked to Midhat Pasha as the only one capable of finding a way to secure the rights of both Moslems and non-Moslems.

The strongest element of dissatisfaction was the financial condition of the country. The debt of Turkey stood at the appalling sum of two hundred and fifty million pounds sterling, and taxes were exorbitant. A sultan of more modern ideas than Aziz might be the only remedy. The first legal step toward change was to consult the Sheik ul Islam. The Minister of War, Hussein Avni Pasha, with Midhat Pasha sought an audience with that functionary, and though he knew perfectly well what was at stake, formally submitted their problem in a guarded way.

"Is it in accordance with the holy Moslem law to remove a sultan in case of necessity?" they asked.

The Sheik ul Islam replied, "It may be done in extreme cases."

He naturally understood the train of thought of Midhat Pasha and the experience that lay behind it. He knew that during the years Midhat Pasha had been President of the Council of State he had completed the draft of the constitution which history always connects with his name, and although his ideas were far ahead of his time,

they appealed to the Moslem hierarchy. Midhat wished to organize a national assembly—to be called a parliament—in which the non-Moslem millets should have equal representation with the Moslems, this body to be responsible for public expenditures instead of the sultan. The non-Moslems were also to have equal representation in the army, an idea that was a great step forward.

As has been said before, at first Midhat Pasha had real influence with the sultan himself. He owed the great strength of his position, however, to the Doctors of Moslem Law and the students, who were for the most part enthusiastic for the constitution. During the whole of the nineteenth century the representatives of the sacred law were the most enlightened class of Moslems in Turkey. Sir Edwin Pears is responsible for the story that during the excitement of the spring of 1876 a crowd of several thousand softas stopped a high functionary in the street and demanded the dismissal of two prominent officials who were opposed to reform. The sultan acceded to this demand and appointed in their places two men of whom the softas approved; one of these was Midhat Pasha himself. Many of the older officials, however, regarded with horror the details of the proposed constitution, which gave non-Moslems equal rights with Moslems. Sultan Aziz was not sufficiently en rapport with modern methods of government to take a decided stand.

The sultan now faced an impassable wall. It was beyond his power to penetrate it, largely because it had been created by his own nature. Later on, Abdul-Hamid II surrounded himself with many walls, of which he was ignorant, but Aziz was a greater man; he knew the wall was there, and wanted to surmount it, but could not. Midhat Pasha was determined upon the deposition of Aziz. His course proves him to have been a very brave man. He may

have thought that he had the coöperation of the heirs to the throne, Murad and Hamid, or that the strongest members of the cabinet stood with him; nevertheless he ran the greatest possible risk, as failure of his plan would have meant instant death.

His partner in carrying out the plan was the Minister of War, who with Midhat had finally obtained the necessary approval of the Sheik ul Islam and the grand vizier. Hussein Avni Pasha resided at Beylerbey, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosporus, nearly opposite the palace of Dolma Bagtche. Midhat Pasha spent the night at the minister's palace and about two o'clock in the morning started out with Hussein Avni Pasha on the fateful mission.

It was a dark night. Rain was pouring in torrents. To breast the stormy waves of the Bosporus was no easy matter, in a small open caïque, attended by a single servant. They had ordered carriages to wait for them at a certain point on the European shore, but alas! when they arrived the carriages were not there. Their position was a precarious one, for if any one had discovered them, standing there together in the middle of a rainy night, their presence would have been hard to explain. Finally their servant, groping around in the dark and the rain, found the two carriages. Midhat Pasha took one and drove to the Seraskierat, in Stambul, and the Minister of War drove in the other to the palace of Dolma Bagtche, where the sultan was. The Seraskierat was the central office of the ministry of war and had been built by Sultan Aziz, himself, six years before. It stood on the site of an older court building erected by the Conqueror.

As we study the later history of Turkey, we find that during the same month of the year 1908—thirty-two years later—others waited in the same place in similar suspense while Abdul-Hamid II met the same fate as that of his

MIDHAT PASHA

Great Statesman and Reformer

uncle, in an effort on the part of the people to establish the same constitution. Thus history repeats itself.

Of the positions of the two men, Hussein Avni Pasha and Midhat, that of the latter was by far the more dangerous. He had no official right to give orders to the troops. He appeared at the War Office in the middle of the night, unattended and wet to the skin, with a wild tale that might or might not be believed. Finally he succeeded in persuading the commanding officer to call out the troops and draw them up in the square. Then came a time of terrible suspense. Suppose that his colleague should fail to bring Sultan Aziz! At last, close upon daybreak, the signal was heard on which they had agreed, the firing of a single gun.

Hussein Avni Pasha, being the Minister of War, met with no difficulty in carrying out his part of the scheme. Securing a regiment from the barracks, he ordered the soldiers to surround the palace of Sultan Aziz. This was accomplished without raising an alarm. He then knocked at the gates and sent word to the sultan that he was a prisoner, promising to answer personally for his safety. The poor sultan, suddenly awakened in the middle of the night, at first resisted, but quickly realizing that it was his "kismet," sadly and silently yielded. When they arrived at the Seraskierat, Midhat Pasha addressed the troops drawn up in the square, and explained the necessity of the step that had been taken. The soldiers offered no resistance, and thus was completed the deposition of Sultan Aziz.

Strange to say, the Doctors of Moslem Law, the reform party—including Midhat Pasha—had absolutely controlled the situation, and it was by a bloodless revolution that Sultan Aziz was deposed. Of this act the fleet must have approved, as the ships were anchored just before the palace. The next morning the sultan was taken by

boat to a picturesque little kiosk on Seraglio Point, and afterward to the palace, where, it is said, his mother, in a room adjoining the one in which he was confined, watched over him. He is reported to have asked for a pair of scissors with which to trim his beard, and four days later he was found dead in his chair, with a vein severed.

The announcement of the deposition of Aziz and the accession of Murad, his nephew, was well received in Constantinople, as the press had been filled for weeks before with the statement that Prince Murad was a reformer. Thus it came about that a few months after the new school was opened in Scutari, we were awakened at early dawn, one May morning, by a crier who walked through the streets, striking the pavement with a heavy club and calling in a loud voice, "His Majesty, Sultan Aziz, is dead. May Allah have mercy on his soul." This was my first experience of the deposition of a sultan—an experience with which I afterward became quite familiar, as four of the five sultans under whom I lived were deposed.

It was amazing to see how little the city was affected by the news. After some excited conversations in our school we went on teaching our classes as usual. The streets were perfectly quiet, and the people continued their ordinary occupations. It was a significant fact regarding court proceedings at that time that they were carried out in absolute independence of ordinary life in the city. The palace of the sultan was a world in itself, quite separate from the affairs of the common people.

The death of Sultan Aziz brought a sudden and dramatic end to the manner of life of thousands of people. What was to be the fate of the multitude of wives in the palace? In the early days of Turkey the destiny of bereaved wives of the sultans was a doubtful one. In the case of the wives of Aziz, however, many of them were

subsequently married to officers in the army. They were all provided with homes but no longer royal ones.

All the palace officials, especially the dignitaries belonging to the sultan's entourage, and hundreds of servants and employees awoke that morning to find their occupation gone. There was the great problem of the powerful army and fleet. Could they be trusted to keep the peace? I presume the state of mind of all the inhabitants of Constantinople was a similar one that morning in May, 1876. I can recall exactly what it was like, as I have experienced the same uncertainty on many subsequent occasions. The situation was well expressed in the action of the common shopkeeper in the bazaar. After the crier had passed with his ominous announcement, he looked around anxiously, mused for a few moments, and then quietly took down his shutters and opened his shop as usual.

There was much discussion about the death of Sultan Aziz. Was it murder or was it suicide? An interesting item of internal evidence on that subject came to my knowledge. Under Sultan Aziz many non-Moslems were employed as state officials in various capacities. One of these, Musurus Pasha, a Greek, was at one time Ambassador to Great Britain. His name is a familiar one, as he built a picturesque palace on the shore of the Bosporus which afterward became the property of our college. This Musurus Pasha was once conversing with Sultan Aziz, after the fall of Sedan when Napoleon III was obliged to abdicate his throne. The sultan said, "And that man consents to live!"

Nineteen physicians examined Aziz after his death, and pronounced it suicide.

## CHAPTER XI

# THE SHORT REIGN OF MURAD V

On the same day that Abdul-Aziz was deposed Murad V was proclaimed sultan. We know comparatively little about the latter ruler. He was the eldest son of Sultan Medjid, and was born about 1840, which would have made him not far from thirty-six years of age at the time of his accession to the throne. He gave far more promise of intelligence in his youth than did his brother Hamid. During his early years in his father's palace he received some education under both Turkish and French teachers. He also had training as a soldier. He loved study and was eager to learn, but the advantages offered him were comparatively meager, as education everywhere in Turkey was in its early stages. Furthermore, contact with even such teachers as would have been available to a young prince became impossible when in 1861 he entered the Cage.

At the time of the memorable visit of Abdul-Aziz to France, the sultan took with him his two nephews and prospective successors, the princes Murad and Hamid—perhaps because he was afraid to leave them in Constantinople. Thus they were temporarily released from the Cage. Napoleon III is said to have been very favorably impressed by Murad, who was pleasing in appearance, affable and friendly, and who spoke some French. Had he had a suitable education, he might have coöperated with Midhat Pasha and continued the era of promise inaugurated by Aziz.

On returning from his short journey to Europe, Murad was again confined in the Cage, his particular Cage being the artistic palace of Tcheragan. The beauty of the Cage, however, did not prevent his being deprived of all knowledge of the outside world. As no books of any kind were allowed him, further education was impossible. He was surrounded by the usual large harem, and by eunuchs and slaves, all of them equally uneducated and all exposed to the same deadly influences of constant seclusion. In those circumstances he is said to have found some excitement in drinking champagne and cognac, and he may have stupefied his brain with too much of such stimulants. The Moslem religion forbade their use, and even their taste was unknown to most Mohammedans; yet sultans could secure alcohol, and more than one case is known where it was drunk to excess in the palace.

In the small hours of May 30, 1876, on a dull morning after a rainy night, Murad V awoke to enter upon the dreary routine of another day. There was nothing to indicate that it would not be like all days that had passed so monotonously in his eventless life. Suddenly soldiers appeared before the palace, and some one knocked violently. The astounded servants hardly had the presence of mind to open the gate. There stood Midhat Pasha with a guard of honor and an escort of soldiers. Prince Murad was stunned and speechless. He was ordered to accompany Midhat to the Seraskierat, where the deposed sultan had been taken as a prisoner. There, before the Minister of War and the assembled troops, he was proclaimed Sultan Murad V. The soldiers saluted, and the people, who had by that time begun to gather at the Seraskierat, joined in the acclamation.

The accession of the new sultan to the throne was officially announced by the booming of the cannon on the

war-ships in the harbor, on those anchored before the palaces, and on others at the mouth of the Marmara. The sound reverberated from shore to shore of the Bosporus, shaking the very walls of our new building in Scutari. Some days later, when it was necessary to confirm Murad's accession with the grand ceremony of girding him with the sword of Othman, it was said that he was not well enough to go through with it.

During the early days after his sudden accession to the throne, Murad V lived under a very great strain. He had apparently loved his uncle, who had evidently brightened his weary life in every way that was possible, and the suicide of Aziz, a few days after his deposition, was a great shock. Murad was not in the position of one who had schemed for the throne, but the honor had been thrust upon him. His sensitiveness and sorrow were increased by receiving a delayed letter from his uncle, which had been written the day after he was deposed.

On June 15, another event took place which upset Murad still more. The brother of one of the Circassian wives of Sultan Aziz, carrying six loaded revolvers, rushed into the room of a house in Stambul where the ministers of the cabinet were consulting. He fired at every one, killing the Minister of War and wounding two others. His motive was revenge for his master, Sultan Aziz, and his act was likewise an expression of the feeling of the Conservatives, who were hearing strange stories on all sides about reforms. Murad V was in no condition to meet such crises. His apparent mental aberration seemed to be growing worse, until his reason was said to be in danger.

During the period of Murad's short reign, the influence of Midhat Pasha was constantly increasing, eventually becoming so strong that it was virtually the controlling force in the cabinet. It was then that he added the

final touches to his constitution. He was so far ahead of his time, in his attitude toward national problems, that he seems to belong even to the present age. He openly stated that the teaching of the sacred law with regard to so-called "infidels," or non-Moslems, should no longer be obeyed. There were rumors that the giaours—or, as it was sometimes translated, the "Christian dogs"—were to be treated the same as the "Sons of the Faithful." As religion and nationality meant the same thing to the man in the street, this was terrible heresy.

The details of the great reform were kept strictly secret, and the press was forbidden to publish statements about it. Can anything ever be kept secret, especially a great political change? The leading Doctors of Moslem Law favored the policies of Midhat, and some of the ministers must have, but the masses of the people, as I knew them, could never have accepted such an assault upon their deepest religious convictions. Even the non-Moslem population—i.e., the millets—could not have joined in such a reversal of the common order. The dream was perfect, but with the material at hand its fulfilment was impossible.

Midhat Pasha frequently consulted with Prince Hamid, for the mental condition of Sultan Murad seemed increasingly serious. Prince Hamid assured Midhat Pasha that if he himself were sultan he would be only too glad to accept the new constitution, and to promote to the utmost the proposed reforms. Midhat Pasha believed him and consulted the Doctors of Moslem Law as to the advisability of making a change of sultans. They replied that it would be against the law to depose Murad V within a year after his accession.

Meantime our school in Scutari prospered and our first commencement advertised it widely. In accord-

ance with the prevailing custom, we conducted public oral examinations on that occasion. A large crowd gathered, eager to learn more about the new educational enterprise. It was a bright and beautiful day, and I remember that some of us young teachers had light silk dresses for the event and wore scarlet pomegranate blossoms in our hair. We were a happy group of young people; the political troubles on the horizon and the weakness of the new sultan gave us small concern. Indeed, we knew little of them, for freedom of the press was as yet only one of the new dreams of Midhat, and life in the palace was to us another world.

My part in the commencement program was to examine a geometry class, in one of the languages of the country. The rest of the program was given in English and showed great progress in that language. It had been the language of the school for only six months, although it had been previously taught to some extent. After the exercises a reception was held and refreshments were served in our new drawing-rooms. I am always amused when I remember an incident that occurred on one of the occasions of public oral examinations. We had a new teacher who was scheduled to examine a class in mathematics. She was shy and very much frightened. However, all seemed to her to be going well, but she noticed smiles on many faces in the audience. After she had finished the examination, as she thought successfully, she asked her friends what they had been laughing about. "Did you not know," they said, "that many of the answers were wrong?" Her face fell. She had never thought about the answers.

The simple, happy life of the Scutari school was far removed from the complicated problems of the palace authorities. The elements involved in the plots and schemes

across the Bosporus were bizarre. There were the harems of the three sultans—that is to say, the nine hundred wives of the dead sultan and the somewhat smaller number in the harems of Murad and Hamid, making the total number of inmates incredibly large, for all the important wives had attendants and in addition there were crowds of eunuchs and officials. Among all these intrigue was rife. There was Midhat Pasha advocating equality more idealistic than even the nations of to-day would accept. There were the religious leaders, including the Sheik ul Islam, himself, supporting with their influence a type of reform that would eventually shatter the political power of Islam. In the background was Hamid, who, tricky and insincere, secretly hated reform and the idea of equality between Turks and Christians.

Furthermore, General Ignatieff was still in the Russian Embassy at Constantinople, intriguing behind the scenes. He feared the constitution of Midhat Pasha, as he would fear any effort to relieve the situation between the Turkish Government and the provinces. He had defeated Midhat's plans in the provinces when the latter was governor. Ignatieff still hoped that Russia would some day possess the best of those countries, and little realized that his machinations would be frustrated by the independence of the very people whom he planned to use as tools of Russia. Sir Henry Elliot was still in the British Embassy. He was the last exponent in Constantinople of the ideas of Disraeli, and he himself was soon transferred to another post as a result of the rising power of the policy of Gladstone.

In the light of all these conflicting and bewildering circumstances, is it strange that Aziz committed suicide, or that Murad became deranged? Secret plots and counterplots were the daily experience of the multitudes behind

the scenes in the drama that was being staged by those in control of the government.

Outwardly the project of reform progressed with the necessary legal sanction. It was supported by all the non-Moslems connected with the administration, and thanks to the spirit of tolerance of Sultan Aziz there were in places of comparative power many from the various millets. Most important and hopeful of all, it was approved by the Moslem religious leaders.

Midhat Pasha, after discussing his perfected plan of reform, submitted it formally to the Great Council of the empire, which met for that purpose in the palace of the Sheik ul Islam. On that day many ministers and notables were present. After some consideration, the council accepted the project in principle. Some members objected on the ground that to treat non-Moslems, or members of the millet communities, in the spirit of equality demanded would violate certain sections of the Moslem sacred law, or Sheriat. This objection was finally met by the momentous decision of the council, remarkable for that time, to disregard those portions of the sacred law, and consider them inapplicable to the circumstances. It is stated that after the decision by the council the matter was submitted to Prince Hamid, who had become the legal crown-prince upon the accession of Murad V. Hamid not only promised to accept the principles of reform proposed but reiterated that should he come to the throne he would go even farther in the direction of liberal reform than Midhat Pasha asked!

With a mind confused by the sudden change in his own life, to which he was far from able to respond, Sultan Murad was now called upon to consider a serious situation abroad. In 1874 there had been a poor harvest in Bosnia and Herzegovina, where the soil was cultivated by the Slavs while the landowners were Moslems. No non-

Moslems, or representatives from the millets, were employed in the administration of those provinces. In 1875 there was an uprising of the common people against the landowners and the method of taxation, but it rapidly developed into rebellion against the government of the sultan. The insurrectionists demanded religious equality, as well as a commission, composed partly of Moslems and partly of non-Moslems, to look into their claim of unjust taxation.

The subjects of the sultan in the provinces in question insisted that one third of the land belonging to the Moslem landowners should be divided among the common people. The Bulgarians soon joined in these demands for fair treatment and reforms.

The Turkish Government was in too unsettled a condition to deal adequately with details in distant provinces, notwithstanding the fact that Midhat Pasha was alive to the situation. In fact, it was to meet just such crises that his new scheme was devised.

In early April, almost two months before Sultan Aziz was deposed, there had been an outbreak in Bulgaria. If a group of men like Midhat Pasha could have put through the scheme for justice in the provinces, the heavy storm then brewing might have been averted. Instead of that, a force of Turkish soldiers was sent to Bulgaria to quell the disturbance—and the trouble increased.

During the summer of 1876 heavy war clouds hung over the city of Constantinople. Midhat Pasha and the ministers of the cabinet were administering the affairs of Sultan Murad V, who was in no condition mentally to reign. They did the best they could when despatches came from Servia and Bulgaria, often almost ultimatums in character. It may be that they would have been able to meet the situation if the power had been given them.

Alas! their hands were tied; any final settlement must be authorized by the ruler of the nation.

While danger threatened, things in Constantinople apparently went on as usual. The cannon boomed every Friday; from the myriad of minarets in the city the muezzin gave his customary call to prayer five times a day; and gaily dressed women from the palace drove around in court carriages or sat in groups in the stern of the royal caïques on the Bosporus. As for me personally, political and national perplexities were far removed from my consciousness. I was in a new world of delight, for I had begun the study of Greek with a regular teacher. My life has been very fortunate in that I have had some small acquaintance with two wonderful languages, Turkish and Greek. Both were connected with the mysteries of the past, one with the world of Arabic learning and the other furnishing a key to the culture of Western civilization.

In order to make the best possible progress in Greek, I visited, as opportunity offered, villages where it was the only language spoken. One of these, called Perama, was very near the ruins of ancient Cyzicus, on the southern shore of the Marmara. It was also near the sea, and the boating and bathing there were delightful. There was a good school in the town for boys and girls, in which both ancient and modern Greek were taught. One of the teachers consented to help me. We had a well-bound, well-printed grammar of modern Greek, as well as some reading books. When I left the village I could write simple Greek from dictation, almost without mistakes, and could speak a little and generally understand ordinary conversation. For a satisfactory knowledge of languages foreign to us, however, at least one more lifetime is necessary!

In Perama I met several namesakes of old friends—Socrates, Pericles, Aspasia, Kimon, Sophocles, Euripides, and others—but I knew of no one named for Plato or Aristotle. Also, in that particular village, I did not see any one called Sappho, although in other places, especially on the Ægean, many namesakes of the great poet have been introduced to me.

One day one of my friends said to me, in Greek:

"You should meet Epaminondas. He has just come home, and he can speak English."

Epaminondas—called "Paminondo" for short—soon came to see me. His knowledge of English was almost too amazing to believe. He introduced himself in New England dialect, as I had heard it in my childhood:

"This mornin'," he said, "I wuz a settin' to hum, an' I heerd some un stompin' round, an' it wuz Socrates, an' he sez, sez he, 'I swan,' he sez, 'they's a woman in aour taoun thet knows English,' and so I come to saw ye. Be ye a-goin' to set long in this heah taoun? Wat-djer come fer, anyhaow?"

It seems that Epaminondas had been in Jerusalem, where he had met some Americans from Maine who had gone there in the last half of the century, to be on the spot when Christ should appear. They knew, as they supposed, the exact day of the second coming of Christ, and they had sold all their possessions in Maine, keeping of the proceeds just enough for the journey to Jerusalem. Alas! their hopes did not materialize, and there they were stranded, homeless and penniless. I heard afterward that some of them were obliged to do washing for their daily bread. The strength of character they showed in carrying through such an undertaking was inherited by their descendants, several of whom were later among the cultured and successful people in Jerusalem. It was from

those early visitors to Jerusalem that Epaminondas had learned his very striking and remarkable English.

I have always been glad of my experience in that simple Greek village. The people enjoyed religious freedom, and their school was amazingly good. The Greek spoken was almost untouched by other languages. The happy, free life there was typical of the best side of the reign of Sultan Aziz, although it was already threatened by the troubles so soon to arise in all parts of the empire.

With trouble within and trouble without the court, Midhat Pasha kept appealing to Prince Hamid, who repeatedly maintained that he was more than ready, that he was even enthusiastic, to carry out the reforms proposed. The Doctors of Moslem Law were again consulted, but again they protested that it would be illegal to dethrone Murad V before a year had passed. Some say that in order to overcome this objection Prince Hamid was induced to give a declaration in writing to the effect that if Murad subsequently recovered his mental equilibrium, he, Hamid, would abdicate in his favor. It was never known what became of this paper. Murad did subsequently recover, and nothing was done about the matter.

A fetwa was finally obtained from the Sheik ul Islam for the deposition of Sultan Murad V. On August 31, 1876, the boom of one hundred and one guns announced the event, and Sultan Murad V, with his family, left Dolma Bagtche Palace, returning to their Cage in Tcheragan. He had reigned just three months. He was again wholly cut off from the surrounding world, was not allowed to see the daily papers, and was even deprived of writing materials. He is said to have taught his children to read and write, using charcoal on the beautiful inlaid floors of the palace. Murad recovered, but

was still a prisoner, and was closely guarded until his death, which did not occur until 1904.

During those years he saw his children and grandchildren growing up around him without education or any training, except what he could give them; some were born and died and were buried in the garden of the palace, but no one of the occupants was allowed to leave. Often the food supply was short, and Murad, who had once sat on the throne of the empire, had no money with which to buy more. If visitors entered the palace, they did not see the royal prisoners in their secluded rooms. When Murad died, after having been in the Cage for twenty-eight years from the time he was deposed, his harem and his sons and daughters were still held. When the Young Turk Revolution occurred in 1908, those who had survived were free to walk in the streets for the first time since their sudden imprisonment. The women, dressed in the fashions of many years before, felt sadly out of place in a world that was new to them.

The rise of a statesman like Midhat Pasha was one of the most remarkable phenomena of the time. Although during a part of his career he was simply a minister, without a portfolio, his influence was tremendous. His greatest misfortune was his failure to understand the character of Prince Hamid, who was crafty and unprincipled. Thus was changed the dream of the history that might have been. Although the real control was in the hands of the Sheik ul Islam and the Doctors of Moslem Law, who had the final word with regard to the enthroning and deposing of sultans, it is possible that they did not know Hamid personally.

In the autumn of 1876 the Scutari school opened regularly for the first year on its new basis—i.e., the use of

the English language in all class rooms. The latter part of the summer had been spent in preparing for the school year. The school was still a new enterprise, with the possibility of a great future. We had inspiring associations on two sides of our campus, suggestive of the new era that was opening for women. On one side was the palace expressly prepared for the Empress Eugénie, at the time of her eventful visit to open the Suez Canal. On the other side, in a bay at the mouth of the Marmara (near the site of old Chalcedon), stood the hospital where Florence Nightingale had nursed sick and wounded soldiers during the Crimean War. At that time she had reduced the death-rate from forty-two per thousand to twenty-two per thousand, and she has with justice been called the real hero of that war.

To Florence Nightingale we owe the beginnings of our modern methods of nursing and a new conception of the educated woman's place in the world. Her life was one of the influences that led later to John Stuart Mill's movement for woman's suffrage, to the founding of women's colleges, and to higher education in general for the then neglected half of the human race. The Red Cross Society, organized in 1864, was indirectly due to her splendid work.

From these monuments on both sides of us, commemorating women's efforts for the public good, we drew courage to go on with our enterprise.

## CHAPTER XII

# SULTAN HAMID TAKES THE STAGE

THE disasters of the reign of Murad were far-reaching in their effects. Just at the critical period of the increasing troubles in the Balkans, and unrest in Turkey itself, a virtual interregnum in the government, of three months' duration, occurred. The hands of Midhat Pasha and other members of the cabinet were tied, and they sat by in inaction while the crisis grew more intense. Murad, who three months before had suddenly exchanged a prison for a throne, was again called upon to make a sudden change, this time from a throne to a prison. That very morning Hamid II was summoned from the Cage to sit on the throne.

As said before, Hamid was one of four brothers who each in turn became sultan, sons of Abdul-Medjid and nephews of Abdul-Aziz. We must remember, however, that in the Turkey of those days the term "brother" had a very different significance from our common understanding of it. In the case of these rulers the father was the same, but the mothers were usually different. After the character of Hamid II was understood, many stories were circulated concerning his possible parentage. It was said that his mother was a dancing girl in the palace, who may have been lax in character, and who was not a Turk. Official records of the time, however, do not hint of suspicion regarding the parentage of Sultan Hamid.

The gates of the Cage had hardly been closed upon

Murad V when the sword of Othman was girded on Hamid II. The ceremony took place on a beautiful day in August, 1876, in the Mosque of Eyub, a sacred place that no Christian could enter. Thus began the reign of Sultan Hamid II the tyrant.

The pageant accompanying the accession of the new sultan was one of Oriental grandeur, and I had the good fortune to view it at close range. A friend had secured tickets for seats on a scaffolding erected very near the mosque. All the élite of the foreign colony were present, but even the ambassadors of highest rank could not attend the final ceremony in the mosque, which was so closely guarded that were a foreigner even to enter its courtyard cries of indignation would arise from the Moslems.

Sir Henry Elliot had not yet left Constantinople. His powerful political opponent, General Ignatieff, one of the most able Russian ambassadors that ever represented his country, was still at the Sublime Porte. Both of these men were present on the great day of Hamid's accession, and with the French ambassador had the seats of honor on the staging where all the foreign visitors sat. I do not know which ambassador had the precedence, but perhaps their seats were as nearly equal in honor as possible, for the Turks were always skilful in satisfactorily meeting such questions of diplomacy.

Each ambassador was accompanied by all the members of his staff, and glittering orders, gold lace, and bright colors prevailed. At that time the United States had only a legation in Constantinople, for it was much later that our representative was promoted to the rank of ambassador. In the early days of my residence in Turkey, he was only a minister, and ranked with the representatives of the smallest countries on all public occasions, having to stand modestly in the rear when the ambassadors

of England, Russia, France, and Germany were present. Shortly before the middle of the last century the Hon. David Porter of Maryland secured a treaty of commerce and navigation with Turkey, and was appointed the first minister. The rank of our representative seems to have been a matter of indifference to our Government, and it remained that of Minister Plenipotentiary until 1908, when the Hon. John G. A. Leishman succeeded in changing the American legation to an embassy. He became the first American ambassador to the Sublime Porte.

On the day of the inauguration of Sultan Hamid II our American minister, the Hon. Horace Maynard, with his family and staff, sat near the rest of the American colony, considerably below the circle of the great ambassadors. Mr. Maynard was a man of noble character, and I am sure that he did not care about having a place of honor except for the sake of the country he represented.

The seats were filled before noon, and we did not have long to wait, as the preliminaries had been completed early in the day. Possibly the Sheik ul Islam had given his fetwa the night before. Very early that morning the Minister of War, with a troop of cavalry, had escorted Prince Hamid to the imperial palace, where the ministers and high dignitaries were assembled. With cries of "*Padishah Tchok Yashar* [Long live the Sultan]!" Hamid II was acclaimed sultan. The procession then continued to Seraglio Point, where a large number of court caïques were waiting. In one of these the new sultan seated himself, and was rowed to the palace of Dolma Bagtche, which it had been the sad fate of Murad V, but a few hours before, to leave forever, with his family and all belonging to him.

As we sat on the improvised seats, waiting for the ceremony to begin, we observed the advance guard of the

soldiers slowly proceeding along the highway below us. Regiment after regiment of infantry and cavalry, from all parts of the empire, marched slowly past to the music of the bands, in shining uniforms differing according to their nationalities—Turks, Albanians, Kurds, Arabs, Moors, and Bosnians. Then followed the carriages, in the first of which sat the new sultan. It was drawn by beautiful blooded horses, and both carriage and harness were trimmed with gold. Women of the harem, heavily veiled, also were present, in separate royal carriages. A cannonade from the ships on the Bosporus resounded through the air, followed by a solemn moment of prayer, as the cry of the muezzin was heard and silence fell upon the multitude. That was the first time I had ever looked upon royalty. Since then I have repeated the experience —sixteen times in all, I think. At present, however, kings and queens are somewhat of an anachronism.

The ceremony of girding a new sultan with the sword of Othman was always performed by the chief of the Mevlevi dervishes, who came from Konia for the purpose. All of the vast assembly were silent and solemn while the new sultan was in the Mosque of Eyub. Eyub, where this sacred mosque stands, is some distance up the shore of the Golden Horn, about half a mile beyond the Byzantine walls of Constantinople.

One wonders how much Prince Hamid knew of public affairs, shut up in his Cage without any daily papers. He certainly seems to have intrigued with great subtlety for the throne. We must not forget, however, in judging his character, that he was an ignorant man, without any preparation for large ideas, either by education, experience, or natural capacity. He cared much for display, and possibly he was sincerely devoted to the Moslem religion, but it is evident that the extent of his empire was not

his chief concern. On becoming sultan he inherited a navy which shortly before had been the third most powerful in the world. This fleet he shut up in the inner harbor, inside the Golden Horn, and the two hundred British engineers employed in the arsenal to keep the vessels up to standard were gradually dismissed. The naval academy at Halki was consigned to disorder and decay. These things prove that he could not have been ambitious to safeguard even the distant provinces that still belonged to Turkey.

The very day he became sultan Hamid encountered serious problems that threatened the integrity of his empire. Ideas of national independence had been spreading rapidly. A new understanding of nationality was growing with tremendous rapidity throughout the Near East. This idea was not yet clear-cut, as it became later in the time of Wilson's Fourteen Points and the founding of the Turkish Republic. It was but a dim foreshadowing of the full-grown principle, for it was still confused with the idea of religion.

Since the time of the Greek revolution, early in the nineteenth century, the creed of nationalism has been growing in the Near East, until now it is the chief motivating force. At present any intelligent citizen of Turkey, Greece, or Bulgaria will probably admit that the form of his religion is something for the individual to decide for himself. The Moslem, the Jew, and the member of the Greek or the Bulgarian church all now have this attitude, yet each one will say, "But for my nation I will give my life."

Still another idea is appearing on the horizon—that of internationalism. Among very modern thinkers there are even those who compare the spirit of exclusive nationality to a pestilence. If, however, religion and nation-

ality are both excluded as barriers between nations, there remain two others, linguistic and financial. The first is a beautiful barrier. To scale the walls of language and literature that divide the thinking of nations is one of the delightful tasks of life; to remove entirely those walls would make the world a dreary desert. Financial barriers, on the other hand, hinder nations from ascending to a higher plane of civilization, and lead to fighting for the control of mines and oilfields, high tariff, customs, and passport regulations.

On the morning of September 1, the day after his accession, the new sultan was not thinking of any such abstract principles, if, indeed, he was capable of understanding them. His ministers sought an early interview, to report to him the dangers that threatened. Among these officials was Midhat Pasha, still full of confidence in the young sultan and happy in the hope of establishing his constitution, which would give freedom and equality to all the subjects of Turkey.

The problems that confronted the empire were enough to dismay any young prince. Early in the summer of 1876, about the time of the death of Aziz, and while there was no real head of the government in Constantinople, the cruel manner in which an outbreak in Bulgaria had been quelled by bashi-bazouks aroused indignant protests in England and Russia, and excited Austria. Servia and Montenegro declared war against Turkey and a Turkish force defeated the Servians, who appealed to Russia for help. Seldom has a monarch in any land begun his reign under greater difficulties. Hamid was an astute and unprincipled master of intrigue, but his knowledge of the situation was limited. He found Bosnia and Herzegovina in open revolt, and Servia and Montenegro fighting in their behalf; while all of the other nations of Europe

were on the qui vive to secure some advantage for themselves.

Disraeli was Prime Minister of England, but Gladstone had a strong following, and the difficulties in Bulgaria intensified their disagreement. As is well known, they differed absolutely in their Turkish policy. In the background was Queen Victoria, then in her prime, with her deep hatred and fear of Russia.

Early in September, 1876, before our school opened, and shortly after the trouble in Bulgaria, this clash in opinion in England came to a climax regarding the course to be pursued. Both houses of Parliament demanded that a responsible man should be sent to Bulgaria, to obtain accurate reports on conditions there. Mr. Walter Baring was appointed commissioner to investigate the statements in the press. In the United States, also, exciting news was being published. Mr. Maynard, the American minister, thought favorably of sending an American official to Bulgaria to examine the situation, and Mr. Eugene Schuyler, the American consul-general, volunteered to go.

Mr. Schuyler was to be accompanied by a friend, and while the plan was still under consideration they spent the night at our Scutari school. As we were rather short of guest-rooms, I gave up my room to the friend. To facilitate my language study I had copies of the Bible in several languages. In the morning, at the breakfast table, a lively occasion, as our breakfasts usually were, Mr. Schuyler's friend said to our principal, Mrs. Williams:

"What monster lives in the room I occupied last night?"

Mrs. Williams was surprised at the question.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Some monster must live there," the gentleman replied, "for I found Bibles in every known language."

It required a great deal of courage on the part of Mr. Schuyler to go to Bulgaria on this mission. No trains were running. The country was in possession of the army, whose officers might reasonably resent any such visit on the part of a stranger. He went, notwithstanding, on horseback, and the trip took several weeks. Later he confessed that when he started out, sitting with apparent nonchalance in the saddle, he really was trembling all over.

English newspapers spread more and more alarming reports of the war in Bulgaria, and the press of other countries also was active. A conference was called by Russia and England, which opened in Constantinople in December. The reforms there demanded were approved by the two Turkish delegates, who represented the prevailing sentiment of the people, then friendly to reforms of all kinds. From that time on these delegates were under the sultan's disfavor. Mr. Schuyler, being American consul-general in Constantinople, took an important part in the conference, as an unofficial delegate. This was in accordance with what was even then the policy of the United States Government. England was represented by Lord Salisbury and Sir Henry Elliot. Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy all sent representatives, but the strongest of all was General Ignatieff from Russia. Bismarck's policy at that moment was to lie low. Lord Salisbury was never a very strong exponent of his own or any other political views, such as either Disraeli or Gladstone would have been.

The conference outwardly expressed the hope of being able to harmonize the situation, and to preserve the Turkish Empire intact. It was proposed to secure for Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria some local control of their own affairs under the Turkish Government. In this an-

MURAD V

HAMID II

nouncement of the aim of the conference, some of the delegates were sincere and some were not.

Abdul-Hamid came into his position of power without the background which a knowledge of the meaning of events preceding the conference would have given him. His last intimate experience in connection with the Turkish Government, before he went into the Cage, was in the palace of his father, Abdul-Medjid; as he remembered a sultan's method, it was "heads off" if people did not obey. But while Hamid was in his Cage the old order had passed away and the new was appearing.

During the epoch beginning with the Franco-German War, the great intriguer was Russia. The Czar of Russia, foreseeing that with a weak Turkey the next outbreak would be in the Balkans, looked about for a point of vantage. What could be better than to adopt the new principle of nationalism? Russia would stand for Pan-Slavism and become the savior of the Slavic provinces in the Balkans. While openly expressing sorrow and surprise, Bismarck was secretly stirring Russia up. The outcome might have been very different had it not been for England. Disraeli, as a Jew, did not believe in nationalism. He believed in the power of race in a cosmopolitan government, a principle for which there is much to say. His own race had succeeded in expressing itself without being a nation, and he thought the best solution of the troubles in the Balkans would be for Turkey to continue to rule over Serbs, Greeks, and Bulgarians. Although a great statesman, he failed to foresee the unconquerable power that the idea of nationality would develop in the Balkan people. He feared a Bulgaria freed from Turkey, as an appendage to Russia. His fear was Russia's dream, but it was never to be realized.

Disraeli not only sent British ships to Besika Bay, but even began his preparations for moving Indian troops to the Mediterranean should they be needed. His strongest fear was of Russian power, which he believed to be a menace to Europe, and still more to be dreaded in India, where British supremacy would be threatened if Russia should carry out her schemes.

Nine formal meetings were held during the conference in Constantinople, at the close of which an international council was proposed to control the Balkan States, with power to select the governors of those provinces. This proposal was presented to Midhat Pasha, as the strongest man in the Turkish cabinet. He received it in the most conciliatory manner, but objected to a permanent foreign control, suggesting a similar temporary council, with both Moslem and non-Moslem members who should be freely elected by the provinces themselves. The foreign delegates to the conference were not very patient men, and they regarded Midhat Pasha's answer as an absolute rejection of their demands. The last meeting of the conference took place on January 20, 1877, and broke up without anything definite having been accomplished.

Thus was foreshadowed the astute diplomacy of Abdul-Hamid II at the outset of his career as sultan.

## CHAPTER XIII

# THE TRAGIC END OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT

THE character of Sultan Hamid was fully formed, and the leading principle of his policy remained unchanged throughout his reign; it was a combination of deceit, subtlety, and cruelty. To him the constitution of Midhat Pasha was simply a "trick," to be used in deferring action on the part of the European powers. To Midhat Pasha it was an attempt to promote reforms for which he had repeatedly risked his life. To the Doctors of Moslem Law, and to all the progressive Turks of the time, it represented their only hope of real progress. For the members of the European conference assembled in Constantinople during the winter of 1876-77 it had had no significance.

While history was thus in the making, Midhat Pasha seemed to be guiding the bewildered sultan. In October of 1876 his Majesty had been persuaded to accept the constitution as the solution of all difficulties, promising as it did reforms and a share in the Government to all the provinces of Turkey. As we have seen, the foreign powers did not have much faith in it; they considered it merely a *beau geste* on the part of the Turkish Government. Nevertheless it partially tied the hands of Russia, not because it halted the czar and General Ignatieff in their policy of conquest but because it influenced the Russian press. Apparently Sultan Hamid did not in the least comprehend what an upheaval in his Government the acceptance of such a constitution would cause. Sub-

sequent events proved that he considered it merely a promise that would bring an end to the difficulties which threatened him but need never be kept.

Meantime, Midhat Pasha was at the zenith of his power, almost delirious with hope and happiness. He still believed in the sincerity of the sultan. He had been made grand vizier. He foresaw the speedy victory of democratic ideas in the country that he loved. On the very day that the conference was arranging its program—the twenty-fourth of December—the boom of a hundred guns was heard announcing the birth of the constitution. "What is that?" was asked on all sides, as the salvos of artillery shook the windows; in a year that had already marked the deposition of two sultans, almost anything might be expected. Sir Henry Elliot, who had been previously advised of what was about to happen, arose and said:

"Gentlemen, our work is at an end."

For the constitution promised wider reforms than even the conference had contemplated. Midhat Pasha explained that its basis was equality, liberty, and justice—that is, the triumph of civilization. The machinery of government was to be vested eventually in two chambers—one of senators, nominated by the Government; and the other of deputies appointed by the people of all the nations in the empire. It included freedom of the press, and made education obligatory. Actually, the proclaiming of the constitution nullified the deliberations of the conference, and the people were more and more excited over it.

The sultan's eyes were open to the situation. He had no intention of fulfilling the promises represented by the constitution, and he also understood that the members of the conference had not for a moment believed in his sincerity in granting it. In short, his trick had not worked.

He therefore called his grand vizier to the palace and dismissed him in disgrace. That was the beginning of the martyrdom of Midhat Pasha. From that day he was a doomed man, whatever form his end might take. During the very month that the European delegates left Constantinople, after their futile conference, Midhat was suddenly exiled, never to return. Thus his downfall ended his service for his country and the career of a true patriot.

If this reformer had lived a century earlier, before the national awakening of the provinces, he might have succeeded, but, on the other hand, a century earlier the thoughts and plans of Midhat Pasha would have been psychologically impossible. As it was, he failed because of the clash of national interests. To-day one of the two provinces to which he gave his best efforts belongs to Bulgaria and the other constitutes the Arab national state of Irak.

The sultan was in a dilemma. He was amazed to see how the very idea of a constitution had stirred the whole country. The progressive Turks still believed in him, and he heard expressions of pleasure on every hand regarding the new constitution. He dared not reverse his proclamation suddenly. He decided to let the parliament convene, and hoped that by a system of manipulation he could himself control the meetings. As the constitution had already been announced, there remained only the task of assembling the delegates, and this was accomplished before the end of March. From many distant provinces they came, some by carriage, some by steamer, and some even in caravans of horses and camels. Parliament opened on March 19, 1877.

The appearance of the delegates was amazing, coming as they did from Bagdad, the coast of the Black Sea, Syria, Macedonia, and North Africa, as well as the vari-

ous Balkan provinces. All were interested and happy. A description of the costumes worn by the members of the first parliament ever convened in Constantinople would have made the fortune of a modern daily paper. Prominent in this picturesque gathering were the Doctors of Moslem Law, in their white turbans and robes of different colors, according to their degrees. This parliament was to be the lower house in the final scheme.

From the time of the opening of the parliament the whole tone of its proceedings was that of complaint against wrongs, and testimony to the need of absolute change in methods. Delegates from cities far distant from one another such as Saloniki, Erzerum, Bagdad, and Jerusalem told the same story—of abuses by the governors of their sections of the country. Although the parliament was conducted rather informally, it was composed of earnest men, all clamoring for reform.

The President of Parliament was Ahmed Vefyk Pasha, whose sister was one of my personal friends. She was even then a leader in the effort to secure education for women, and their emancipation from the unjust laws regarding them. Ahmed Vefyk Pasha was an educated man, and had been Turkish ambassador in Paris under Napoleon III. He spoke excellent French, and knew how to conduct public meetings. His only fault as a chairman was that he was too dictatorial. Sometimes he would stop deputies in the middle of their somewhat long-winded speeches, telling them that they were talking nonsense. One day when a Doctor of Moslem Law was speaking rather prosily, he called out, "Shut up, you donkey!"

However, Ahmed Vefyk's methods did not seem to discourage the deputies, who, as the days went by, took courageous action. They examined carefully the charges of wrong-doing in the different provinces, and brought

definite accusations against three ministers, passing a resolution that they must appear before the chamber to answer for their conduct. This terrified the sultan. If deputies had the power to stop abuses, what would become of his government? The day the resolution was passed was the last day of the parliament. The night after that memorable meeting the deputies were visited, one by one, by officials from the palace, who hustled them out of the city in various ways, without any possibility of their consulting with one another. The next morning there were no deputies in the city, and there was consequently no parliament. The nearby war clouds also complicated the situation and were partly the cause of the dismissal of the parliament.

The chamber which had opened on March 19, 1877, sat a little less than two months. An imperial edict followed, suspending that part of Midhat's constitution which had brought about such unheard-of insolence as criticism of his Majesty's governors. No meeting of advocates of a representative government was again allowed by Sultan Hamid. The next one that took place was in 1908, over thirty years later.

Sultan Hamid never forgave Midhat Pasha for what he tried to accomplish, and was always jealous of his power over the people. Some years later he charged Midhat with the murder of Sultan Aziz. Midhat was still in exile, and was tried *in absentia.* At the trial paid witnesses perjured themselves and Midhat was pronounced guilty. His trial took place in June, 1881, four years after he was exiled; as was always the case, the judges were Doctors of Moslem Law. One of them valued honesty more than his life, and refused to join in the verdict. Ever afterward Sultan Hamid did all in his power to injure that man. Midhat Pasha in his distant place of exile was sentenced to death. All the powers of Europe protested,

but they were unable to save him. With much difficulty they succeeded in getting the sentence changed to exile to Arabia for life. The sentencing of this patriot aroused tremendous sympathy in England, and was discussed in both houses of Parliament. The sultan, however, could not rest with Midhat Pasha still living, so in 1884 he had him quietly strangled, in exile; and to make sure that it was done, ordered his head to be embalmed and sent to him in a box.

# PART IV

# THE DARK AGES

## CHAPTER XIV

# RUSSIA AT THE GATES

THE stage of Europe was set for war. It would seem almost as if every possible step had been taken to bring about hostilities. The failure of the conference at Constantinople to take any definite action, and the subsequent lack of agreement among the great powers of Europe, left Russia the opportunity she had been hoping for.

It is almost impossible for us of this generation to put ourselves in the atmosphere of the secret and subtle statesmanship of that period. The arbiter of all Europe was Bismarck. Only a few years had elapsed since the capitulation of the French at Sedan, and the crowning at Versailles of William I as Emperor of Germany. Disraeli was a worthy coadjutor of the great "war lord," and neither one of them intended to allow Russia to take over the Balkans. According to the spirit of the time, the plea of Russia was religious. "Our fellow-Christians in the Balkans" . . . "Pan-Slavism" . . . these were the watchwords of public agitation in Russia. No power in Europe foresaw the absolute independence of an awakened Bulgaria, which we of modern times have witnessed. Bulgaria would never in any circumstances have been a tool in the hands of Russia.

Russia declared war on April 24, 1877. There followed months of fighting, both in the Balkans and in the provinces of Asia Minor, on which Russia always had an eye. Shipka Pass and Plevna have become historic names as

steps in the great struggle. Rumania assisted Russia, with the result that she became an independent state. On January 31, 1878, an armistice was signed. The Russian army pushed on as far as San Stefano, within twelve miles of Constantinople.

During the long months of the Russo-Turkish War our city slowly filled with people fleeing from their homes. For the first time in recent history Turkish refugees streamed in from the European provinces. They came on foot or possibly on donkeys and in ox-carts, with their beds and clothing rolled up in large bundles, leading goats, lambs, calves. Tired and hungry, they camped on the bridge across the Golden Horn, in the square beyond the bridge, and in the courts of all the mosques. Crossing the bridge, in addition to the former objects of interest, one ran into a stray animal, or stopped to give some bread to a hungry child. All Moslems took as many refugees as possible into their homes. Halidé Edib, the author and statesman, heard in her childhood stories of this exodus. Her family had taken in eight of these poor homeless people.

The rapid advance of the Russian army had been accomplished without railways or the help of a fleet, as the Russian ships in the Black Sea had not been completed. There were then between one and two hundred thousand Russians almost at the gates of Constantinople. There is a beautiful lighthouse at San Stefano which constantly flashed the beams of its revolving light into our windows at Scutari. Each flash of the brilliant light seemed to say, "The Russians are here." The proud grand-duke in command of the army telegraphed to the czar: "Our troops can see the dome of St. Sophia. They wish to pray there. Shall we occupy the city?" It was a marvel that they did not.

All Europe was agog, and Austria, mindful of her own subjects in the Balkans, was mobilizing. Apparently Bismarck alone kept quiet and did nothing—except to send a secret telegram to Austria to do nothing also and to let England manage the situation. This, England was ready to do. In February the British fleet steamed up the Marmara from Besika Bay, and anchored off Prinkipo, the finest of the Princes' Islands, where there were many British summer residences. The fleet was composed of four large war-ships and seven smaller ones. Indian troops also were hurried to the island of Malta. Diplomatic society in Constantinople was made very gay by the presence of many British officers, as well as the officers of the Russian army who had free access to the city. Frequent dances were given at the Russian and British embassies. Surely there was an opportunity for great diplomacy in the ball-rooms of Pera, where the officers of the rival armies met.

The famous Treaty of San Stefano was signed on March 3. The great problem was that of proper boundaries of the provinces that were to be signed away, Geography was never the strong point of Sultan Hamid, and probably the Turkish and the Russian officers knew but little beyond the dividing lines of those provinces through which they had led their armies. The British officers were not parties to the treaty, but I doubt if even they were experts in the geography of the Balkans. Who should help in this dilemma but the American consul-general, Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who had just returned from his mission to Bulgaria?

The Russian troops remained near San Stefano for more than six months, and before their departure a grand review of the whole army was held, including regiment after regiment of cavalry in brilliant uniforms with shin-

ing weapons. At no time during the long months of Russia's presence in the suburbs of Constantinople was there any material obstacle to her entering the city. The way was open. The obstacles were the powerful ships of the British fleet near by in the Marmara.

The Treaty of San Stefano virtually did away with the Turkish provinces in the Balkans and made it possible for Russia to reach the Mediterranean. This was very objectionable to the British. English bands played music-hall songs; the chorus of one of these was sung with great gusto: "The Rooshuns shall not have Constantinople."

These were anxious days for Queen Victoria, who was not afraid of the growing imperialism of Germany but very much resented any increase in the power of Russia. Had not Albert always said that danger would come from Russia? The general objection of the powers to the Treaty of San Stefano overruled Russian statesmanship and resulted in the Congress of Berlin, in June-July, 1878, over which Prince Bismarck presided and which greatly reduced the losses of Turkey in the war with Russia.

Turkey was represented at the Congress of Berlin by Ali Pasha, originally a German, and Caratheodory Pasha, a young black-bearded Greek who was in the Turkish service. Neither of these two men was a Turk. Among others present, besides Bismarck and Disraeli, were Lord Salisbury, Prince Gortchakoff and Count Schouvaloff from Russia, M. Waddington from France, Count Corti from Italy, and Count Andrássy from Austria. Russia was frightened by the British fleet at Prinkipo and the Indian troops at Malta. Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian delegate to the conference, said, "We have sacrificed one hundred thousand soldiers and a hundred million rubles for nothing." England received the island of Cyprus from Sultan Hamid as a suggestive gift; and although the truth

of the statement has been questioned, Disraeli is said to have promised in return to help the sultan should Russia push on too far in Asiatic Turkey. The terms of the "Cyprus Convention" mention armed help in case Russia should seek to take more Turkish territory. Disraeli believed that by the measures which he advocated at Berlin he had "restored the European power of Turkey." Bismarck said, "There is again a Turkey in Europe." When Disraeli alighted from the train in England with the island of Cyprus under his arm—so to speak—he remarked that he had concluded a peace with honor.

The Congress of Berlin thwarted the fulfilment of many dreams. The saddest disappointment was in Bulgaria. The great Bulgaria of San Stefano was no longer to be. The smaller Bulgaria was divided; the northern division was a principality tributary to the sultan. The southern part was called "Eastern Rumelia," and was directly under the suzerainty of Turkey. Serbia and Rumania were recognized as separate nations; Montenegro's independence, which had existed before, was accepted; Bosnia and Herzegovina were promised to Austria; France was assured that Egypt and Syria would not be discussed. Alexander II of Russia was bewildered; he had had reason to expect coöperation from Bismarck. Bismarck, however, had suddenly turned about-face and decided to choose Austria as a more amenable ally than Russia. He did not state this in the congress, but, on the contrary, preserved the dignity supposed to be the necessary characteristic of a chairman. He said nothing, but left it all to Disraeli: "The old Jew!—let him attend to the matter," was his inward attitude. When the congress was over, Turkey and Queen Victoria gave thanks respectively to Allah and Beaconsfield, each in a different way to each.

The details of Turkey's loss of her European provinces during the reign of Sultan Hamid II are not of as much interest to the modern historian as is the psychology of the whole period. The idea that Russia would eventually take Constantinople was deeply imbedded in the minds of many thoughtful people, but she never again came as near to the attainment of that purpose as at San Stefano. Only the threat of a general European war—made by England and supported by Germany and Austria—prevented.

The British fleet remained in our harbors until October, 1878. This was my first experience of seeing a foreign fleet surround us. It was in evidence every time we walked on our roof, or sat on our balcony, both of which overlooked the Marmara, the Bosporus, and the Golden Horn. This fleet was prophetic of many others which since have occupied the historic waters surrounding Constantinople. In later years they have included not only ships belonging to various European powers but also those of the United States, Japan, and other countries. Their appearance has always added to social and political interest, yet those of us who loved Turkey never felt that the foreign vessels steamed into our harbor for the primary purpose of helping the Turkish people but rather in pursuance of their own national aims—often commercial.

Sultan Hamid always kept Turkish war-ships on duty, but he never ordered impressive naval displays, as Sultan Aziz had done. His reason for keeping many war-ships shut up in the Golden Horn was probably the fear he always felt of the large fleet which had taken prominent part in the deposition of two sultans. No effort was made to keep these ships in repair. The result of this policy was that at the end of his reign Turkey had no fleet.*

* The admiral of the Turkish fleet at the time of the Russo-Turkish War was Hobart Pasha. He was the son of a British earl who had been a successful

A PICNIC PARTY IN THE COUNTRY IN THE TIME OF SULTAN AZIZ

There was a distinguished American educator in Constantinople whose intimate acquaintance with European politics was well known. He said to me on various occasions that it was perfectly useless for me and my friends to try to build up a large college, for the city would eventually be in the hands of Russia, who would never be a friend to American education. The gentleman in question had a dogmatic way of speaking that was very convincing, as well as an unusual command of the English language. He instinctively used the shorter Saxon words, instead of those of Latin derivation, which characteristic made his opinions carry uncommon weight. My reason, as far as I could understand, concurred with his statement, yet I felt inwardly that he was wrong.

"Do you think so?" I replied.

"I do not think," he said. "I know."

There were many moments in the early history of our college when I should have wholly lost courage except for a certain intuitive belief in the future success of the higher education of women in Turkey. I do not agree, however, with those who contend that intuition is stronger in women than in men. I am sure that it is just a simple human characteristic, and depends for its strength on the power of keeping an open mind, as far as possible free from the control of strong subconscious prejudices.

About the time that the Treaty of Berlin was signed our first Bulgarian students arrived. The next year so many bright-faced Bulgarians came up to our front entrance, besieging the walls of American education, that we were obliged to change our newly furnished drawing-room into a dormitory. Thus the cosmopolitan character

blockade-runner in the American War of Secession. He published a little volume containing sprightly descriptions of his adventures, under the title "Never Caught."

of our enterprise was broadened. Some of those early students have been my lifelong friends. They have also been strong forces in the development of education in Bulgaria. In those days it was not easy to conduct a foreign school in Turkey. The events of 1876-78 were followed by epidemics of various kinds and the old happy atmosphere of sunshine and liberty was often replaced by suffering and gloom during the reign of Hamid II.

## CHAPTER XV

# THE RULE OF SPIES

During the early part of Abdul-Hamid's reign the spirit of progress was rife in the provinces, especially in Bulgaria. Sofia, hardly known until then, was coming into prominence as the growing capital of that country. The geography of the Balkans in general had become less hazy in the minds of the diplomats of Europe, and it was no longer possible to sign treaties without exact knowledge of the location of the territory involved.

Hamid II began his reign with all the facilities for success, notwithstanding the loss of some provinces. Turkey had a good army and a fine navy, and the people were eager for advancement in education, commerce, and international relations. What did the new sultan do? He shut up the fleet in the Golden Horn, inside the bridge. He discouraged the army. He put out of office or exiled many progressive Turks. Although he was soon known as one of the shrewdest rulers in Europe, he never used his power to build up his own empire.

The Turks would gladly have combined to dethrone him, but that they could not do, for he was so adept at preventing discussion that no two people could confer without suspicion. This was shown by the way in which he broke up the first parliament. Throughout his reign there was an atmosphere of distrust within and without his palace. He employed a multitude of spies to help him in his system of tyranny, and a multitude of other spies to

watch them. The people were under constant surveillance and never knew when they might safely express their opinions. Freedom of the press was but a Utopian dream. Such words as "progress," "freedom," "liberty," and "equality" were forbidden. It was believed that many progressive Turks shared the fate of Midhat Pasha and were secretly executed. Letters and papers passing through the Turkish post-office were examined, and no foreign periodicals of any kind were allowed to enter the country. Turkish boys and girls were forbidden to study in foreign schools.

Thus it came about that the students in the foreign colleges came, for the most part, from the different millets in the country. The extreme degree of censorship in the Turkish post-office would have made it impossible to build up an educational enterprise, had there not been foreign post-offices in the city which were inviolable.

Foreign residents in Turkey were comparatively well protected by the old capitulations. All foreign embassies had their post-offices from the beginning. It would be interesting to know in just what form a post-office existed in the walled town of Galata, on the Golden Horn, when it was occupied by the Genoese in the fifteenth century. The Venetian colony higher up in Pera must also have had a post-office, of the same type as that of the Genoese. The British post-office, used by American residents in Turkey, dated back to the sixteenth century, when the first British ambassador went to the Sublime Porte. It was closed only recently, when the Turkish Republic was established. All American residents in Turkey in the old days owed much gratitude to the British, for the constant courtesy received in their post-office.

The extreme espionage of publications or mail in Turkey is illustrated by the following story: A Greek Society

published a verse from the Bible, putting as a reference at the bottom of the page, "Epistle of Paul to the Galatians." The boy who set up the type was summoned and asked to give the present address of this Paul who had dared to write a letter to Galata. It was impossible for the boy to answer this question, and when he said that Paul had died long before they would not believe him and put him in prison.

The discord and unhappiness involved in the political history of the reign of Sultan Hamid colored the outer atmosphere in which the inner life of the Scutari school developed, yet the school was always a center of peace and happiness. Ambitious ideals, high standards of scholarship, and broad vision grew apace, notwithstanding the fact that everything outside seemed prohibitive.

There were many restrictions to travel; it always seemed as if they were worst about the time the school opened in the autumn, and prevented enthusiastic students from different parts of the country from entering the city. The matter of passports was a vexatious one. In fact, difficulties in connection with passports have darkened long periods of my life, and have developed in me a strong conviction that they should be abolished. At one time one of our graduates went to the passport office seven days in succession before she succeeded in securing permission to leave the country, so that toward the end, when she said good-by to us in the morning we fully expected her to return in the evening.

A few Turkish girls of high class braved all dangers to attend the school in Scutari. The first of these was the daughter of the Circassian woman in the harem of Sultan Aziz who after the death of the sultan married a colonel in the army. The girl's name was Gulistan, or Rose Garden. In spite of all the post-office restrictions we had

managed to collect a good working library, which was well arranged in a reasonably large room containing reading tables. We had also a number of daily papers. One day spies from the palace appeared, unannounced, to investigate the school. At that time Gulistan Ismet was our only Turkish student. To save her father from any more trouble than he had already experienced, we sent her to the private room of one of the teachers. We also took the precaution to lock the door of the library. We were surprised that the spies did not ask to see this room, but a little thought showed us that such a thing as a library in a girls' school could not have entered their minds.

We took the visitors over that part of the school devoted to educational purposes, and around the grounds, and then invited them into the drawing-room for coffee. Apparently they were well satisfied with their visit. It was quite evident that they were friendly, and not at all anxious to find anything to report. Yet I must confess that we breathed much more freely when they finally departed with polite salaams.

Gulistan had entered our school against the personal protest of the sultan, and there was great excitement when she received her diploma some years later, not on the platform with her classmates, but handed down to her in the audience, where she sat with her mother, heavily veiled. That was indeed a happy day for her father, for he felt that he had accomplished something distinctly important. While I was dressing for the commencement exercises some one knocked at my door. Thinking it was the maid, I called out, "Come in." To my astonishment a colonel of the army stood at the door, in uniform, with his sword at his side. His face was beaming as he said, "I just wished to see you for a moment before going into the hall, to thank you for all that you have done for us." His daugh-

ter Gulistan is one of our most honored graduates, but he, poor man, died in exile, as a penalty for his radical ideas.

The number of our students increased rapidly, until our buildings became inadequate. With funds contributed by a benevolent tourist, a Mr. Wilder, Mrs. Williams added a fine new building as the crowning gift of her administration. It was erected rapidly and was ready for occupancy in an unbelievably short time. Mr. Wilder named this building Barton Hall, in memory of his wife. One year later Mrs. Williams resigned and returned to America, to the deep sorrow of all who knew her. She had done so much for the education of girls in Turkey, that it was hard to believe she had been there only seven and a half years. The daughter of Cyrus Hamlin, Clara H. Hamlin, a scholar and linguist, was appointed, with me, to take her place. After some years Miss Hamlin married and left me alone at the head of the school.

Education seemed at a standstill in the country. Even the comparatively new enterprise at Galata Serai was checked by the destruction of its building by fire. This catastrophe was supposed to have been ordered from the palace. People said, "It will never be rebuilt," and during the reign of Sultan Hamid it was not. Yet the spirit of progress, awakened in the latter part of the reign of Sultan Aziz, was much too strong to die out utterly. People began to wish to educate their daughters. As it was against the law for either girls or boys to attend foreign schools, governesses were employed—French, English, German, Swiss, and others. Sultan Hamid took fright at this, and finally gave orders that foreign governesses should not be employed in any family.

Among others who braved the sultan's anger was a very pleasant gentleman who appeared one day with his daughter.

"This is an English school, isn't it?" he asked.

"No," was the reply, "this is an American school."

"Never mind," he said. "English or American, the teaching will be clean and good."

Even in his own family Sultan Hamid met with progressive ideas. He had a sister living in a palace on the Bosporus who decided to send her sons to Robert College. The sultan soon found it out through his spies, and a royal decree forbade their continuing. The princess was not wholly controlled by the sultan, however, for in that age of deep seclusion of women she frequently rode horseback across the hills behind Pera, dressed in a European riding costume. What was worse, she was often accompanied by foreign ladies and gentlemen.

During Sultan Hamid's reign there was improvement in one direction at least, when measures were taken for the protection of public health. A sanitary board was appointed, and quarantine regulations prescribed. The plague and cholera, which had previously ravaged the city with more or less regularity, nearly disappeared. Also it was during the reign of Hamid that the medical school in Haidar Pasha was opened. The instruction of the midwives, or women doctors, generally employed in the harems, was somewhat improved, and regular lectures were given for them in the medical school.

The proposal to use the Latin characters in writing and printing the Turkish language, in place of the Arabic, was made even as far back as that day—an idea which had frequently been discussed but never, before the régime of the republic, adopted. Arabic characters somewhat resemble those used in shorthand, and are so difficult to master that the learning of them retarded the education of children. Handwriting was particularly hard

to decipher. We constantly received telegrams in the Turkish language which we could scarcely read. Often we would ask for help from some one familiar with Turkish writing. The person in question would take the telegram and study it.

"Were you expecting a telegram?" he would ask.

"Yes," we might reply, "we are expecting a guest to-morrow who promised to telegraph."

"Oh, that is what it is; he is coming to-morrow." He might add, "What was the name of the man whom you were expecting?"

"It was So-and-So."

"Oh, yes," he would reply, "that is the name on the telegram."

Seclusion of women continued throughout the reign of Sultan Hamid, and the white veils made of two triangular pieces of semi-transparent muslin, draped over the forehead and mouth and showing only the eyes, were worn by them until nearly the end of that period. Physicians were not allowed to enter strict harems. If a medical man was consulted at all, the usual procedure was for the patient to thrust her hand out through a curtain. Our doctor, a Hungarian who spoke both French and Turkish, was one day walking alone outside the city. Passing a Turkish country residence, he heard fearful screams, and turning a startled face toward the grounds surrounding the house, he saw a servant stolidly standing there.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor. "What do those screams mean?"

"It is my mistress," replied the servant. "She is very ill." The doctor said, "Go quickly and tell your master that I am a physician and would be very glad to aid his wife."

The boy disappeared within the house, but soon returned, saying, "My master says he would rather his wife should die than see a man doctor."

There was, therefore, nothing to do except leave the poor woman to her fate.

The basis of national growth has often appeared to be either military or financial. The nation with the money-bags comes to the top. Under Sultan Hamid, Turkey had no money-bags. The idea of conquest of other nations also was waning, although it was still the case that a large number of men were drafted into the army, which even as late as 1904 numbered about two millions.

As the sultan had never made any plans for reform, in 1881 finances were finally placed under the partial control of a foreign council. This council included British, Dutch, French, German, Austro-Hungarian, and Italian members. It was a very interesting addition to the social and financial life of the city. In Stambul a large building was erected called the Public Debt. The Government handed to the council of the Public Debt revenues from tobacco, salt, wines and spirits, commercial stamps, fisheries, and, in certain provinces, silk-tithes. This resulted both in increasing the income of the Government and in gradual payment of the debt. This system was continued even after 1907, when the Young Turks came into power.

Meantime all the old customs—so hampering to Western methods of thinking—were retained. The Turkish reckoning of time was perhaps the strangest and most difficult. Twelve o'clock came at sunset. A Turk once asked me:

"Why do you keep changing your time? According to your method, the sun sets at a different time every day, but by ours, it always sets at twelve o'clock."

What could one say to him? It was difficult to explain

that even before Einstein made all things plain with his theory of relativity, the time of the sunset was regulated by the relative position of certain heavenly bodies to one another. The ferry-boats on the Bosporus ran by Turkish time, in our college the clocks were all set by European time, and so we were often asked questions, by bewildered new-comers from America, that were not easy to answer.

"If the sun sets at twenty minutes past seven according to our time," one would say, "when must I be on the Scutari wharf to catch a boat that touches there at half-past three in the forenoon, Turkish time?"

Even now I find it difficult to solve that problem off-hand.

The calendar was equally complicated, for the Turkish one observed the lunar year, and all dates came eleven days earlier each year. The month of Ramazan was sometimes in summer and sometimes in winter, and during that month Moslems were obliged to fast from sunrise to sunset; the strict ones did not even refresh themselves with a drink of water during the day. In Ramazan, guns were always fired at sunset. In the summer, when the days were long, it was a touching sight to see men who had toiled all day stand or sit with perhaps an olive or a piece of bread in one hand and a gourd of fresh water in the other, waiting for the sound of the gun. This was especially noticeable among the boatmen who rowed the caïques on the Bosporus.

Ramazan was always a difficult month in which to do business with Turkish officials, for a hungry man is never easy to deal with, especially in the late hours of the afternoon. The morning would have been better for business, except for the fact that the officials were very likely to be sleeping in consequence of having feasted throughout almost the whole of the preceding night.

The difference in reckoning time was very confusing. A Turkish birthday revolved through the whole year. The Moslem era is reckoned from the Hejira, in 622 A.D., so that all dates in Moslem history had to be translated into dates of our era to harmonize with other historical facts. The matter of the Sabbath likewise was complicated. The Moslem Sabbath came on Friday, the Jewish on Saturday, and the Christian on Sunday. I knew of one firm in the bazaars, composed of a Moslem, a Christian, and a Jew. Each could observe his own Sabbath, and, what was more important, the shop could be kept open every day of the week.

Many of the best attitudes of thinking, however, preserved their old Turkish character. Just living was much more than money to the Turks, who loved life rather than the hustle and bustle of commerce. Their old houses and palaces often contained many real treasures, but they never seemed to make any desperate effort to add to these. Possessions in themselves had small value. The Turks loved to frequent the beautiful resorts around Constantinople, to sit under the trees and smoke the pipe of contentment. I asked a Turkish friend in New York City how he liked the United States. He thought a moment and replied, "There seems to be no time here for just living."

One of our graduates, on leaving college, thought she would arrange her room in the American style, so she hung up pictures and other decorations and put in some modern furniture. She said that when she looked around the room she did not like it at all. Later, when I visited her in that same room, the Turkish divans had again been placed against the walls, some fine large Oriental rugs were on the floor, while a table in the middle of the room and one or two chairs completed the furniture. Eastern houses have more windows than those in the United States.

In the room I am describing all the windows were open, and there was a sense of large spaces that one almost never has in Western homes.

One strongly developed characteristic of the Turks was their reverence for their sacred buildings. The beautiful old mosques were still in good condition, and were always open during the day, and thus the sultans who had built them lived in the hearts of the people. In the reign of Hamid II there were almost continuous wars, and the city was usually full of unhappy refugees who had been driven from their own homes. For these the hundreds of mosques furnished a never-failing asylum.

A custom of the past that continued during the reign of Hamid was that of celebrating with brilliant illuminations on the Bosporus, and cannonading from the warships, all Turkish feast-days and the anniversaries of memorable events. Nature had made it possible for such celebrations to be more effective in those surroundings than almost anywhere else in the world.

During the early eighties the sultan remained at Dolma Bagtche, although the suspicions and fears that possessed his mind constantly increased. While he was still living in this palace he developed one of the finer sides of his nature—his love of good pictures. There were some paintings in his collection that were really works of art. When Lew Wallace was American minister in Constantinople, Sultan Hamid took great pleasure in showing him his gallery, and even wished to present Mrs. Wallace with one of his most beautiful pictures. Lew Wallace was a very honorable man, and he refused to accept the picture as it would be against the laws of diplomatic etiquette.

Sultan Hamid became so obsessed by fear that in the late eighties he removed to Yildiz Palace, with his harem and his entire entourage. There he added to the buildings

and to the walls around the grounds. Near the palace was a small lake where different kinds of boats were at his service. Here and there, in secluded places, he built picturesque kiosks, arranging inner walls within the outer ones in a kind of labyrinth, as a protection against sudden attack by enemies. Yildiz Palace was on a high hill and was ablaze all night long with electric lights, whose rays streamed into our windows as well as into many others throughout the city. Electricity, however, was not allowed elsewhere, as the sultan was afraid of it. He connected the word "dynamo" with dynamite, which might be used to blow him up!

The European railway to Vienna was completed in 1888. From that time on we were more closely in touch with the outside world. At the beginning of our summer holidays it was a delightful experience to take a through car to Vienna. Our course was a constant zigzag for the first stage of our journey; it is said that that part of the road was paid for by the mile. As a result we would look out of a car window to the north, and a few minutes later, from the same window, to the south.

After Sultan Hamid permanently established his residence in Yildiz, the tyranny of his reign increased. The organization of his system of spies became more intricate. New groups were added, and the spies themselves never knew when or by whom they were being watched. All spies sent long reports, called journals, to the palace, and the sultan spent many hours each day in reading these.

The atmosphere of general fear and political troubles was felt in the Scutari school; yet we struggled on successfully. In 1890 the school became a college and received its charter from the Legislature of Massachusetts under the name "American College for Girls." A cable from the United States announced this triumph. We celebrated by

having a grand dinner at which one hundred persons were present, and enthusiastic speeches were made in a number of different languages. I remember particularly the address of the Greek professor, whose four daughters were afterward graduated from the college, and of the professor of Bulgarian and Slavic, who for over thirty years taught our Bulgarian students the modern and ancient forms of their language. I was appointed president of the new college, and Florence A. Fensham was made dean. Miss Fensham held this office for fourteen years and was well beloved by the students and alumnæ.

The basis of the college charter was distinctly cosmopolitan, the student body containing at one period in later history as many as twenty different nationalities. Thus has developed during the passage of years a strong alumnæ association. The central body of this association is in Constantinople, and its president is Mebrouke Ahsen. In Sofia, Bulgaria, there is an important branch with four hundred members, with Sonya Kraeva as president. In Athens a thriving branch exists, whose president is Despina Michaelides. The fourth branch is in New York City, and the president there is Electra Theocharides.

Caroline Borden, one of our trustees, who had worked enthusiastically to secure the charter, came to deliver the commencement address at the end of the first college year. She was with us several weeks, and, all unconsciously, demonstrated the best way to secure publicity in the press. She was so greatly interested in the Turkish people that whenever the parents or friends of the students came to visit the college she would enlist the aid of an interpreter and sit down with them to discover, in a sympathetic and friendly way, their interests, pleasures, and difficulties. The result was that after her commencement-day address the city papers, of their own accord, published

articles praising this wonderful woman who loved the people of Turkey, and expressing unbounded admiration for her.

During the thirty-two years of Sultan Hamid's tyrannical reign, Midhat Pasha's constitution did not fade from the minds of the people, nor could the sultan himself ever forget it. Some time after his deposition there was discovered in his palace a painting of a boat full of Moslem holy men crossing to a shore where pink angels beckoned; among the faces depicted were those of Midhat Pasha and other reformers. Notwithstanding all the strategies of Sultan Hamid, the day was soon to dawn when censors and spies would disappear from Turkey's political life, and dogs and beggars would no longer be seen in the streets of Turkish cities. Telephones, motor-cars, and electric lights were waiting admission, and a spirit of education and progress hovered over the empire. Sultan Hamid tried to keep the "old," but it had to go.

## CHAPTER XVI

# THE KAISER APPEARS

THE great drama of Sultan Hamid's reign was played by Emperor William II, with the tremendous prize of the Bagdad Railway in view; that of the time of Aziz had been founded upon the Suez Canal. This central waterway to the Far East, together with the new European railway to Vienna, was rapidly threatening the power of the camel. Nevertheless, caravans still had their rendezvous in the suburbs of Constantinople until nearly the end of Hamid's reign. The camel had exercised a control over commerce and travel that the more frivolous horse had never had, but now its established reign over the finances of the Near East and the industrial life of Turkey was still further menaced by the project of a railway all the way across Asia Minor to Bagdad, and even beyond to the Persian Gulf.

The kaiser's three visits to Constantinople were from many points of view both picturesque and dramatic. The idea of a greater Germany seems to have been in the mind of William II even at the time of his accession. Like many another European ruler, he thought what a fine thing it would be to take over Asia Minor as an adjunct to his empire and make Constantinople a suburb of his capital. To this end he never wearied of paying court to Sultan Hamid.

The kaiser paid his first visit to Constantinople in 1889. By that time the sultan was firmly intrenched on

the hill in Yildiz Kiosk, and was almost never seen except on Fridays in the Selamlik, and when he went to pray at St. Sophia once a year. The Emperor of Germany announced that he would arrive in the imperial yacht, and requested that Sultan Hamid receive him on the front portico of the palace of Dolma Bagtche, a few feet only from where he intended to anchor in the Bosporus. This was a difficult proposal to meet, for to accede to the request of the kaiser would be to substitute Western politeness for the Eastern custom of subservience of all others to the sultan.

Hamid II finally consented. He ordered two court carriages to be prepared to head the procession to Yildiz, after the ceremony of reception, the first being finer than the second and intended for the kaiser and himself. To his horror, European customs were to be still further introduced, for Emperor William insisted that the empress drive in the first carriage with the sultan, and proposed to take the second carriage himself. In this later age of freedom it is difficult to imagine the consternation of the sultan at being obliged to drive through the streets in an open carriage, seated beside a woman—and she a Christian!—even though she was an empress. The people in the streets could hardly believe their eyes. Doubtless the sultan received many other shocks during that visit, but they occurred in private and the world knew nothing about them.

During his first visit to Sultan Hamid the kaiser succeeded in securing a promise of the extension, as far as Konia, of the railway line already existing in Asia Minor. This promise was afterward ratified in writing, and thus was created the beginning of the Bagdad Railway enterprise. It would seem that the kaiser had a larger scheme in mind than the simple annexation of Turkey, and that his

was a dream expressed by the words "World Dominion." It is said that he casually mentioned this idea to Bismarck, in their first quarrel, and that Bismarck replied, "There is no such thing as 'world dominion.' "

Abdul-Hamid had a great deal of subtlety in his make-up. His personal fears were especially centered in his own capital. Although he dreaded the influence of would-be Turkish reformers, such as Midhat Pasha, and in very cruel ways eliminated as many of them as possible, he never forgot his power as caliph. He had a strong conviction that, should he become great as caliph of all Moslems, he would thus establish the glory of old Islam as well as secure his own personal safety. Early in his reign he chose a grand vizier from Tunis. In the formal appointment of this official he emphasized the statement that in the world of Islam all were his subjects. For this reason he gave prominence in the army to Arabs, Syrians, Kurds, and Albanians.

Hamid eagerly turned to William II as one who could help him in his scheme of restoring the power of Islam. Consequently he not only gave the kaiser the concession for the Bagdad Railway but accepted his assistance in reorganizing the Turkish Army as well. A distinguished Prussian soldier, Baron von der Gozl, whose name afterward became very familiar to us, appeared as the organizer of the new Turkish Army. Other favors, one after another, were granted by Germany to Sultan Hamid. A loan to Turkey was floated by Berlin bankers; Krupp guns were placed in the Dardanelles, guarding its most dangerous points; and some old German war-ships were turned over to the Turkish Navy.

Thus both of these great rulers followed chimeras—one to gain autocratic dominion over the whole of Islam, the other to sway the entire world, beginning with Tur-

key. The visible sign of these plans soon appeared at Haidar Pasha, the Bosporus station nearest to Scutari. It took the form of an imposing German railway station, where one saw cars bearing the startling words, printed in large letters, "Constantinople to Bagdad." On our daily horseback rides from the college we often stopped near them and, I must say, read with skeptical amusement the words painted on them. We knew very well that those pretentious cars really went a very short way into the interior, hundreds of miles this side of Bagdad. The coöperation of Emperor William and Sultan Hamid in this enterprise created great excitement in Austria, Russia, England, and France, but finally the Bagdad Railway became wholly a German undertaking, without any immediate international aspect.

It would be difficult to find out how great an influence the potential control of Asia Minor by Germany had in creating conditions that made the World War possible. After his first visit to the sultan, the kaiser returned to Germany eager to study the situation more thoroughly. An investigation made it evident that the sources of wealth in Asia Minor were varied in kind and large in possibilities. It was plain to the most casual observer that the islands of the southern part of the Ægean—at that time under Turkish sovereignty—as well as the western coast of Asia Minor, constituted a vast and fruitful garden. Beauty of sky and sea; abundance of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, besides all kinds of fish, at the very door, made life luxurious without too much effort. A German technical commission reported that Mesopotamia was a real "lake of petroleum." A second explorer found many other varieties of mineral wealth. Further study of the soil and climate in the "land of the two rivers," i.e., the Tigris and Euphrates, revealed a region of tremen-

dous fertility, capable of producing vast quantities of cotton, and also of becoming one of the great granaries of the world.

While Hamid II feared progress of all kinds that might limit his autocratic rule, he thought that railways would help him to strengthen his position as caliph, by enabling him to control Mohammedan nations at a distance. It is therefore easy to understand why the Sultan of Turkey, as well as the Emperor of Germany, was eager for the construction of the Bagdad Railway. Bismarck was very much disturbed by the kaiser's visit to Constantinople. He not only disapproved of German interest in Turkey but even went so far as to apologize to the Czar of Russia for the visit of the Emperor and Empress of Germany to the Turkish capital, saying that it was only a "sight-seeing trip." The following year the great Bismarck, who had controlled so many difficult diplomatic situations, was summarily dismissed from office and the kaiser was free.

During the nine years that elapsed before the second visit of Emperor William to Constantinople, work on the railroad progressed somewhat, but what was far more significant, the importance of the German Embassy in Constantinople was enormously strengthened by the erection of the largest embassy building in the city, on a commanding site. From the time of the kaiser's visit, the German ambassador became more and more a diplomatic power. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein was appointed to the post by the emperor, and made his presence decidedly felt in Constantinople society. He was a man of powerful physique, his face scarred in many student duels. He openly expressed his belief in a world policy for his country and pretended to favor a strong alliance between Germany and Turkey. He was a bitter opponent of Eng-

land. One gets an insight into the German diplomacy of that period through stories accredited to him. It seems that, like some other European diplomats, he thought it easy to tell the truth but difficult to get it believed. Marschall von Bieberstein was a very hard-working man, and wholly devoted to the interests of his country.

I was invited to the German Embassy and found the social circle more formal than that of the British Embassy, and with somewhat less of the refinement of inherited traditions. The prestige of Germany was universally accepted at the time William II became emperor. It was then considered a great advantage, in educational circles in the United States, to have studied in Germany, although later our American universities began to rival all others in opportunities offered for research work.

During several of the early years of our college, when my duties were limited by obstacles in high places, I was to some extent absorbed in university life in Germany. German universities were easily accessible to Constantinople, but in those days women were not regularly admitted to the courses. It was less difficult for foreigners, however, than for German women to pursue the studies there. Any one visiting the University of Berlin, where women now crowd the halls and the class rooms, can hardly realize the obstacles at first encountered.

I attended as a listener a course in psychology in Leipzig, given by Wilhelm Wundt, the great pioneer in modern psychology, and took several courses, in the same way, at the University of Berlin. This was the day of that distinguished group of German scholars which included Wilhelm Wundt, Helmholtz, Külpe, Kuno-Fischer, and others of their type. On one occasion I asked the famous Dr. Kuno-Fischer, in Heidelberg, if I might attend a lecture on Helmholtz which he was scheduled to

give. He replied very emphatically that I might not. But this was not so bad as the experience that one woman had when a professor, seeing her in his audience, solemnly walked down the aisle, offered her his arm, and escorted her to the door. I asked Dr. Kuno-Fischer when women would be free to take degrees in the University of Heidelberg, and he replied, "Never, Fräulein, never." To my great delight, however, notwithstanding this dictum, before five years had passed a young friend of mine took her degree at that same university.

My own university experience in Europe culminated with a year in the University of Berne, Switzerland, where women have always been welcomed. There I took my Ph.D., under Dr. Ludwig Stein, afterward editor of "Archiv der Philosophie," in Berlin. Dr. Stein was a scholarly German Jew, and at the time I studied with him in Switzerland, a Jew was not *persona grata* in universities in Germany. Years later, during the World War, Dr. Stein visited our college and spoke at our Sunday morning service on the subject of religious tolerance. The language of our public exercises was usually English, but as he did not speak English fluently, he addressed us in French. I shall never forget his opening sentence. He said: "I am a Jew. I am speaking in a Mohammedan country, in a Christian college, in a Protestant service, in the language of my enemies, on the subject of religious tolerance."

I was much pleased to be able to attend three of the early international congresses of philosophy—one in Munich, one in Paris, and one in Bologna. In each of the two latter I read a paper on "Certain Phases of the History of Greek Scepticism," a subject in which I had become much interested during my university work. This experience in the early international philosophical con-

gresses made the sixth one of the series, held at Harvard, in September, 1926, of especial interest to me.

During the administration of Sultan Hamid, the American legation was in charge of many distinguished statesmen whom it was an honor to know. Among them was the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, twice appointed to the post of American minister to the Sublime Porte, and later American ambassador. This position he filled most ably. There was, however, one exception to the wisdom of the choice of personalities to represent the United States in Turkey. This was the appointment of a politician from Texas, a blustering representative of the class that smokes and expectorates indiscriminately. He did not enjoy visiting our college, for, as he openly remarked, he could not obtain any whisky there. On one occasion he offended the sultan himself, who was very particular in his personal habits, by his untidy way of smoking; in fact, he injured a valuable Oriental rug. That day the American minister had been accompanied to the palace by a cultured young student dragoman from Princeton University, who was deeply mortified by the experience, and by the veiled sarcasm of the sultan in speaking of it.

Our college in Scutari then had no Turkish charter, for the Government was not very strict about the charters of foreign schools, as long as they were not attended by Turkish youth. Yet we very much needed one, and the American minister from Texas thought that he would procure it for us and thereby add to his prestige.

Just then there were serious disturbances in the eastern part of Asia Minor, particularly in places near the Russian boundary. It was the general opinion that Abdul-Hamid was responsible for the extermination of many industrious and loyal non-Moslem subjects, in the very region where the early years of my life in Turkey were

spent. The grand vizier protested against the course pursued by the sultan, lost his portfolio in consequence, and was obliged to take refuge in the British Embassy. One of the Doctors of Moslem Law, a preacher in a mosque, ventured a public protest from his pulpit, and the better class of Turkish people everywhere were horrified to learn what was taking place.

There was one circumstance that mitigated the blame due the sultan on account of these disturbances, and that was the obscure share which Russia had taken in the proceedings. Russia had never forgiven the European powers for the checkmate which she had received at San Stefano in 1878. Furthermore, she was passing through a fanatical period in her own history. She had fixed the condition of membership in the Orthodox Russian Church as the price for any help given to the non-Moslems in Turkey. Whether she went farther than that and conspired in visiting retribution on those who were not willing to join that church, I cannot say. In any case, the press of the whole world came out in open criticism of Sultan Hamid's policy toward his non-Moslem subjects in Asia Minor, and American papers were full of the topic. Although Hamid did not allow foreign newspapers to be circulated in Turkey, he himself studied them carefully, through an interpreter.

One day the sultan sent for the American minister, our friend from Texas, and pointed out to him that the American papers were full of lies about his Majesty, and that it must be stopped. The minister replied that he would be glad to attend to the matter, and that if the sultan would grant a Turkish charter to the American College in Scutari, the president of the college, Miss Patrick, would write to the American papers and bring an end to the slander. Of course I knew nothing about this absurd

promise. It is impossible to conjecture the degree of the gullibility of the sultan in an affair of this kind, yet one can hardly believe that he would for a moment suppose that I had the power of influencing the American press to any extent. Nevertheless he granted the Turkish charter, and invited me to a private audience. Mrs. Potter Palmer, from Chicago, who was in Constantinople on a visit, was invited with me, and Miss Dodd was to accompany us.

The American minister then requested me to write a letter to the American press such as he had promised to the sultan. For my part, I believed that Abdul-Hamid had been greatly to blame for the suffering endured by his subjects—Turks as well as Christians—and I could not write the letter. However, with the aid of good advice from our Turkish friends and others, a polite and respectful letter of thanks was sent to the sultan, which evaded the principal point at issue. Needless to say, our representative from Texas was greatly displeased with me. When the day arrived for Mrs. Potter Palmer, Miss Dodd, and me to be received in private audience with his Majesty, we were met at the gates by a polite aide-de-camp in a palace carriage, who said that the sultan was indisposed and could not see us. We were then taken for a drive through the grounds of the palace and entertained in a picturesque kiosk; there we sat on an Eastern sofa covered with rare Oriental rugs, and, like others before us, drank tea from golden glasses. Presently we made our adieus and came away. How much Sultan Hamid understood of the whole affair was a mystery. He probably thought that in any case it was a polite gesture for him to grant the Turkish charter to an American college, and that this act might possibly offset some of the criticism in the American press.

Eastern diplomacy is very subtle. Moreover, in our

legation, and even in the long established and influential embassies of the European powers, there was never to my knowledge a single ambassador or minister who spoke Turkish, with the exception of an occasional one from some Balkan country. I doubt if the United States Government and the American people, to say nothing of the governments of Europe, ever realized the tremendous power that was placed in the hands of interpreters. The dragoman of an embassy was the man who wielded this power, and in all cases it was he who had the clearest idea of diplomatic issues. When I first went to Constantinople, Mr. Gargiulo, an Italian gentleman, who had held the position for many years, was the dragoman of the American Legation. At that time there were many intelligent Italians in Constantinople, a heritage from the Genoese and Venetian colonies. They were well fitted for the position of dragomans, for which a good knowledge of spoken and written Turkish, French, Italian, English, and Greek was essential. One can well imagine that a dragoman of one of the various embassies could amass a fortune by using the knowledge he had gained of the secret diplomatic projects of the particular embassy which he served.

At any time when relations with the Sublime Porte were strained, for any political reasons whatever, the atmosphere of the foreign embassies was tense; foreign residents in the city read with anxious forebodings European papers, received through the English, French, or Italian post-offices. At such times—and they occurred with periodic frequency—the ambassador accompanied by his dragoman visited his Majesty, Sultan Hamid. On his return to the embassy the secretaries and other officials anxiously waited to have their fears allayed. Even the wife of the ambassador asked, "My dear, how did you get along with the sultan to-day?" To all such questions

the ambassador must give an evasive answer, for diplomatic problems were always kept secret and not discussed even with members of one's own embassy. All this time the dragoman, sitting in an outer office, knew more about the Turkish side of the matter than the ambassador himself; for he had understood, in the language of royalty, even the limits and implications that it was impossible to translate. These he could discuss on a basis of common understanding with his fellow-dragoman in the adjoining embassy. It is possible to imagine his even talking them over with a dragoman belonging to an enemy embassy.

Some of our United States ambassadors and ministers, although cultured and distinguished men, did not speak French with any degree of fluency—much less languages with which the civilized world is quite unfamiliar. American citizens, when greeting an ambassador returning from any European country, seldom realize that their representative may never have had one direct conversation with the ruler of that nation, unless the latter happens to understand English. Sultan Hamid was very far from knowing English—even his knowledge of French was slight—and all diplomatic conversations with him took place in Turkish. In one respect the American ambassadors decidedly led the others, for the United States had no political objects to promote. She was not desirous of annexing land or of obtaining colonies. Thus it was much easier for the American representative than for the others to pursue a direct, straightforward, and friendly policy with Turkey.

In 1897 there was war between Turkey and Greece. Troubles had broken out in Crete, and the ambassadors of the so-called "great powers" in Constantinople did not leave Sultan Hamid free to settle the matter but together held many conferences on the subject. Emperor William

II became much excited. He called one ambassador after another in consultation. It seemed to be a problem that each of the great powers felt was its own especial province to settle. The Turkish Army had been trained by German officers for some years, and in addition the kaiser sent an able general especially to assist his friend the sultan. The Turks were victorious in this war, and on November 9, 1897, a treaty was drawn up at Constantinople defining the terms of their victory. This was the occasion for an international fleet to appear again. A story is told of two peasants who saw this fleet for the first time. They looked with surprise at the impressive war-ships belonging to the great nations of Europe.

"What are those ships?" asked one peasant.

"They are the ships we took from Greece," replied the other.

Symbolically the story was true, for any disturbance in the Near East brought the fleets of foreign nations into our harbor. It would be interesting to know how many times foreign diplomats presented an ultimatum to Sultan Hamid. In the exercise of that privilege England perhaps took the lead, and Sultan Hamid is reported to have said, on one such occasion, that he should be glad to see London destroyed.

In the early autumn of the year of the kaiser's second visit to Constantinople, just before college opened, I returned from a summer in Europe. As I drove up the hill in Scutari, with my friends who had met me at the station, I noticed a new wooden fence by the side of the road, which was painted red and yellow. To my laughing, eager question came the reply that it was in honor of an expected visit from the German emperor, and that the whole city was similarly decorated. The painters must have been sadly grieved, for his Majesty delayed his appearance

till November, and before that time the gay colors had been considerably dimmed by mud and rain.

The German emperor's second appearance in Constantinople did not create any special excitement in the city. Hamid II drove down the hill to the Dolma Bagtche Palace, stood in front of the gate opening on the Bosporus, to receive the royal guests, and, as a matter of course, stood back politely while the empress was assisted to her seat in the first carriage. By that time the sultan had been trained to play his part. The emperor entered the second carriage and the procession, with its outriders, slowly passed up the hill. I went to a friend's house overlooking the street through which the cortège drove, and had a good view of the entire party.

All the details of this visit to the East had been carefully arranged in a way to assist both Emperor William and Sultan Hamid. While in Damascus, before going to Constantinople, the emperor declared that he was the friend of Hamid II, and forever the protector of the three hundred million Moslems in the world. After arriving at Constantinople, he was promised the extension of the railway to the Persian Gulf, and the formal concession was signed a few years later. England and France regarded with comparative indifference the plans for the development of German interests in Turkey in connection with the Bagdad Railway. Russia became greatly alarmed, and demanded, through her ambassador, that all railway concessions in the northeastern part of Asia Minor should either be given to Russians or made with the consent of the Russian Government. After a strong protest Hamid conceded to this demand.

The German emperor always treated Sultan Hamid with courtesy and outward respect, and seemed to be for-

warding the growth of Turkey by his projects, for he did not ask for any small favors, such as gifts of islands or provinces. What need had he of asking favors? He expected to secure control of the whole empire.

## CHAPTER XVII

# THE OLD COLLEGE AND THE NEW

WHILE the reign of Abdul-Hamid was slowly dragging along, two Turkish families besides that of Gulistan Ismet braved the sultan's anger by sending their daughters to the college. In one case it was the father of the girl who took the initiative, and in the other, the mother. The first of these daring parents was Edib Bey, an official in the palace itself, and a trusted servant of the sultan. Edib Bey brought his little daughter Halidé, while she was still a child, to our introductory department. She was charmingly dressed in red silk; a shy and modest little girl with bright and shining eyes.

After a time the sultan's displeasure regarding the matter was so great that Halidé was temporarily taken from the college. Meanwhile, however, she had learned to speak and read English freely.

At the college she had read a very old book in our library, called "The Mother in the Home," which impressed her youthful mind as beautiful. While at home she translated this book into Turkish. Her father was so much pleased that he had a thousand copies printed and distributed among the wives of the soldiers and even Abdul-Hamid seemingly approved. Indeed, the sultan decorated the young girl for her work.

A few years later Halidé returned to the college, where she was the first Turkish woman to receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In consequence of his disobedience to

the sultan in sending his daughter to a foreign college, her father never received the promotion which was his due. Since that time Halidé Edib has had a very distinguished career. She has become a woman statesman of world reputation. She is a well-known author, teacher, and lecturer, and her writings are renowned in Turkey, the United States, and various other countries. She was one of the first Turkish women to speak in public, and during the World War addressed crowds of soldiers in the streets of Constantinople. She was appointed corporal in the army, and later promoted to the rank of sergeant-major. With her husband, Dr. Adnan Bey, she was of great assistance to Mustapha Kemal Pasha in organizing the new republic. At one time Dr. Adnan was Vice-President of the National Assembly, and he has filled other important posts. Halidé Edib was the first woman ever invited to take a prominent part in the Institute of Politics, in Williamstown, Massachusetts. That was in the summer of 1928.

The third graduate who suffered under the displeasure of Sultan Hamid was Nazli Halid. In her case it was the mother who especially wished to have the daughter educated. Nazli's mother was an able and beautiful woman, the daughter of a rich and influential official under one of the powerful sultans of the past. This official lived in a palace on the upper Bosporus, and had six wives, the youngest of whom was a Circassian slave, chosen, of course, for her beauty. She was the grandmother of Nazli. Nazli's mother remembered seeing as a child her father riding into the court of his palace, on a richly caparisoned horse, and especially remembered the one or two occasions when he stooped down to speak to his little daughter. I knew her as the mother of Nazli, and esteemed her greatly as a friend.

Sultan Hamid's spies discovered that Nazli was in our

college, and in consequence her father's life was so frequently threatened that several times he took her home. There she would use the old-time weapon of weeping, her mother would join her, and her father would say, "Very well, then, what is my head to me, if my wife and daughter weep at home?" To the delight of both her father and her mother, Nazli Halid was finally graduated. She is now married to Yusuf Kemal Bey, a member of the cabinet at Angora and a recent ambassador to England.

During Hamid's long reign the college graduated other distinguised women. Albanian was just then becoming a written language. Among our first graduates were two Albanians, Sevastia and Paraskevi Kyrias, who returned to their native land and established a school for girls which was a literary center. There were then no textbooks in Albanian; therefore they translated books for use in their own school and for others gradually coming into existence. Paraskevi Kyrias was the first graduate of the college to study for a master's degree, and, after the great war, she was one of the few women delegates to the Peace Conference in Paris, and was elected chairman of the Albanian delegation.

Early in the history of the college an Armenian graduate, Zarouhi Kavaljian, studied medicine in the United States, and returned to practise for many years in Asia Minor. An Austrian graduate, Amalie Frisch, studied medicine in Vienna, and was later on the staff of the Austrian hospital in Constantinople. A Greek graduate, Cleoniké Clonari, who had studied nursing, was invited by Queen Sophie of Greece to take charge of a training school for nurses in Athens.

The faculty of the college was in early days a changing body. It contained, however, two remarkable women, who from the first exercised a strong influence, and who

remained to share in the development of later years—Dr. Isabel Frances Dodd, whose work in archæology is well known and who built up our museum, which was the delight and joy of the college, and Ida W. Prime, our treasurer, who not only was a marvel in keeping down expenses but was much loved by both faculty and students.

Numerous events of importance in the transition period of the college were connected with money-raising—a sorry subject to contemplate. Our college then had no one magically to fill its coffers and inspire our souls; it was the president who had the work to do. The task involved pleasant association with congenial friends, the zest of making plans, and the joy of ultimate success. To be sure, I was once turned away from the door by a woman who afterward gave a building, and on another occasion politely requested to leave the office of a prominent financier in New York City, but that was all in the day's work. In fact, in the latter case, my sympathies were with the financier, as I believe there were sixteen college presidents simultaneously begging him for money.

I followed the vocation of beggar, at different periods, for four years, beginning my efforts in a small room in lower New York, without backing or even much financial support for personal needs. The first year I raised only fifteen hundred dollars; the second time I tried, three years later, there were more friends to help, and over sixty thousand dollars poured into the college treasury. Then I returned to Constantinople, and deferred further efforts for some years.

In 1905 we lost one of our two buildings in Scutari. We were often awakened at night by the heavy pounding of a club on the sidewalk and the shrill cry of "Fire," to which we paid small attention. There came a night, however, when the cry was a personal concern, for one of our

own buildings was on fire. We were far away from all American friends, with the Bosporus between us and other American colonies. It was a night of great confusion but not of panic. The members of the senior class proved fine—calm and efficient. The other students were sent to the house of a friend near by, and for many days after, the neighbors talked of the orderly procession walking calmly through the streets at night to a place of safety. The news that the college was partially destroyed spread rapidly among the parents of the students, and one father came from a distant province to see for himself what had happened. After the usual greetings, I said to him:

"I am sorry that your daughter has lost all her clothes."

"Madam," he said, "what should I have done if I had lost my daughter herself?"

After the fire our college facilities were much limited. Laboratories had been burned, and Miss Dodd, our archæologist, had no place to arrange her treasures. The Egyptian mummy, a present to the museum, had to be kept under the bed—which proved disastrous both on account of rats and because of the superstitious fears of young students.

Few colleges have the opportunity of constructing an entirely new group of buildings. We heard of a large property for sale at Arnautkeui, on the European shore of the upper Bosporus, extending from the heights, down to the water's edge, with shady walks, and planted with rare trees and shrubs. This estate had belonged to a distinguished family for about a century. At the Bosporus entrance to the property was a small *konak,* or lodge. A winding road led to the park above, where a second dwelling was occupied, at the time of our purchase, by the British consul-general. Built over the gate, as one entered the upper park, was a tiny circular room

with a lounge around the wall, where guests were taken for a cup of Turkish coffee after climbing the hill, before undertaking the few further steps to the second lodge, on the hill. Among other groups of trees on the estate was a large chestnut grove; farther on was a labyrinth of trees called "The Maze" planted in the form of the sultan's cypher, around a circular spot of green. Beyond was a plateau directly overlooking the Bosporus and furnishing one of the finest views in Constantinople. We greatly desired to obtain this beautiful site for the college, and negotiations for its purchase were soon entered upon by Dr. W. W. Peet, a resident member of our board of trustees and a distinguished financier. In order to secure the necessary funds for the purchase of the property and the erection of college buildings, I again took up my profession as mendicant in New York, and this I continued for two years.

Under the reign of Sultan Hamid there was no law by which we could purchase such a property for a college, although the owner, an Armenian who lived in Paris, would have been glad to sell it for a fair price, for he had no direct heirs to inherit it. On my way to New York, in 1907, I visited this gentleman, with whom negotiations had already been begun. The only way in which the land could be purchased was to buy it in the name of an individual. By paying down the full amount asked for the property, we could secure a personal deed from the owner, a kind of certificate of sale. This would not insure legal possession unless ratified by the Turkish Government. The price was $57,200. Our course was plain. We must pay the money and take the risk. The sum was paid and the certificate of ownership secured. Dr. Peet was an astute lawyer, both keen and honest, and had the reputation of never losing a case. When, how-

ever, he made his first attempt to secure a legal deed to the property, the matter was immediately reported to the sultan himself. The result was an absolute refusal to ratify its transfer to a foreign purchaser. The reason given by Sultan Hamid for this decision was that he wished to present the wonderful site under discussion, as a dowry, to one of his daughters.

In the United States a gradual change took place in the control of the college. An advisory board was formed in New York City in 1904, of which Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall was chairman. Later it became a board of trustees, under a new charter. This group, in course of time, included some of the foremost scholars and philanthropists of New York and Boston.

As Sultan Hamid was obdurate in his refusal to allow us to purchase the property and we seemed to have reached an impasse, it was decided to make the question an international one. Therefore an appeal was made to the United States Government. As a first step I went to Washington and saw President Roosevelt. One reason for hoping that we should get immediate aid was that we had an influential friend in the cabinet, the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, who had already represented the United States twice at the Sublime Porte, and was at that time Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Through him we formally requested the United States Government to assist us in procuring the ratification of our purchase of the land. The Hon. John G. A. Leishman, our minister to Constantinople, was then in Washington to secure the change of status of the representative of the United States in Turkey from that of minister to that of ambassador.

After some weeks, having received no reply from the Government, I again went to Washington. Mr. Robert E. Ely, one of our trustees, accompanied me. Elihu Root

was at the time Secretary of State. Mr. Ely and I called upon him and presented our cause. Apparently he was not interested; our college was then not so well known as it is at present, and very likely he had never before heard of it. Shortly after that, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, also a trustee, prepared a scholarly memorandum in which he outlined the whole case of the purchase of the land and requested the assistance of the Government to accomplish its completion. Several of the trustees, among them Professor Hart himself, went to Washington to present this document. On that occasion I had a second interview with President Roosevelt, in company with various members of our board. This was in April, 1908. As a casual observer of the attitude of public men in Washington, including the President, I did not discover any marked interest in international education. Change in that direction on the part of our Government has been very great during the last twenty years.

Presumably Professor Hart's well-written statement was examined in Washington. Notwithstanding all these efforts the outcome was a sad one. In April of 1908 the Department of State sent us a telegram which contained an official command to give up the property. On the face of the matter, that would seem to involve the loss of the money we had paid to the owner, but Dr. Peet had guarded against that danger by including in our certificate of purchase a paragraph stating that the property could not be transferred. We could not, therefore, legally give it up to his Majesty, Sultan Hamid II, even at the command of our own Government. There was nothing for us to do but wait.

# PART V

# THE BIRTH OF MODERN TURKEY

## CHAPTER XVIII

# THE REVOLUTION OF THE YOUNG TURKS

THE revolution of the Young Turks is one of the remarkable events of history. According to our human judgment, the principles on which it was based come very near to perfection. The only flaw in the judgment of its leaders was a lack of understanding of the weakness of human nature. High ideals cannot be suddenly grafted on society but are evolved through a slow process of growth. As we have seen, during the latter part of Sultan Hamid's reign it was not safe for any two men to discuss a political subject. That condition existed for many years, but some of the nation's finest men managed, one by one, to steal away to Europe, where the coup d'état of the Young Turks was planned. This group of enthusiasts was called the Committee of Union and Progress.

The constitution of Midhat Pasha, still a living power in the minds of the people, was the basis of the revolution. The motto of the Young Turks was "Liberty, Justice, Fraternity, Equality"—all words forbidden to be spoken even in a whisper. Some patriots, who could not leave the country, went about in disguise, in order to be able secretly to discuss their plans. Women helped everywhere. No policeman or spy could attack a Turkish woman, and anything could be concealed under her full robes and behind her veil—documents and books, and even the alert expression on the face of a lover of freedom. They carried letters, or delivered messages with-

out any written word to betray them. Gulistan Ismet, our first Turkish graduate, was then in Saloniki. She had married one of the young men working for the new Turkey, and she herself took part nobly, writing articles for the papers, and helping in other ways.

Paris and Saloniki were centers of the campaign. The motto of the Young Turks was used everywhere as the password to introduce to one another those who were secretly promoting the revolution. Naturally, it could not succeed without the help of the army. This the Young Turks found easy to gain, for the soldiers had small reason to support Abdul-Hamid: their wages were always in arrears; they were constantly called upon to enforce cruel measures; and they were tired of the system of espionage to which they were obliged to submit. The Second and Third Army Corps were stationed at Saloniki, and the officers joined in the consultations and attended the meetings of the Committee of Union and Progress. It is a noteworthy fact that the Doctors of Moslem Law also were strong in their support of the Young Turk movement; Midhat Pasha's constitution had become a tradition with them.

The sultan had relied most of all on his body-guard of Albanian soldiers, whom he called "the Hamidieh." These were the troops that protected Yildiz Palace, and some of the trusted officers owed their positions to the favor of his Majesty. Yet even the Albanians failed him, eagerly agreeing to help in the fight for reform. The unhappy sultan was indeed bereft, and almost without friends or supporters.

July 23, 1908, was the great day of the proclamation of freedom. A revolution was announced in Saloniki, and the troops stationed there declared their intention of marching to Constantinople, to force upon the sultan

the adoption of Midhat Pasha's constitution. It was their plan to allow him to remain on the throne if he would not only accept but establish the constitution. Friends of the Young Turks describe a secret council held at Yildiz on the night of the twenty-third, when Abdul-Hamid received an ultimatum—dethronement or the constitution. The tyrant almost fainted. His fear and anger knew no bounds. He turned to the Albanian soldiers, but finding that they also were on the side of freedom, he pretended to yield. On the morning of July 24, with the customary ceremony, he went to the mosque to pray. Instead of showing the ordinary attitude of fear and suppression, some non-Moslems, standing on the side, cheered him. His Majesty's strong guard looked troubled but did nothing. What could it mean? Non-Moslems, belonging to the hated millets, cheering the sultan! What an unheard-of thing! Yet no one dared question.

At first the papers published only the bald statement that the constitution was reëstablished. People did not know what to think. The suppressed excitement in the city was very great. The final demonstration had originally been planned for the anniversary of Abdul-Hamid's accession, but various incidents hastened this program, and as early as July 22, his Majesty had begun to receive telegrams from many of the important towns of Macedonia, demanding the constitution and threatening uprisings if it were not forthcoming.

The Selamlik on the twenty-fourth was not conducted with quite as much grandeur as usual, for the sultan was paralyzed and all the people were in suspense —those who knew what was in the air, as well as those who were mystified by signs of some kind of uncommon change. Hamid certainly never dreamed of the length to which the Young Turks would dare to go.

The next day the whole city was gay with flags; bands played; the press was free, and many editions of the daily papers were published. The motto "Liberty, Justice, Fraternity, Equality," was heard everywhere. Emancipation had come. For more than thirty years the people had been constantly watched and all ideas of progress suppressed, but now they gathered in crowds on the street corners to shout for freedom. Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews embraced one another, and many wept openly with happiness and excitement.

"Henceforth," they said, "we are all brothers. There are no longer Greeks, Jews, or Moslems; under the blue sky we are all equal. We glory in the name of Ottoman."

Moslem women, still in their veils, with tears pouring down their faces, embraced in the streets. In many prominent places priests of the different religions stood and prayed, or a Doctor of Moslem Law raised his hands to heaven and thanked Allah for the constitution. History might well be challenged to produce any occasion parallel in its wonder-working possibilities.

The Committee of Union and Progress went to the various ministers of the cabinet to demand their oath, on the Koran, that they would maintain the constitution. The sultan himself was obliged to take the same oath. For days the people crowded the streets; priests of different religions exchanged greetings. If any one was in trouble, or in need, the hat was passed around to collect money to help him. All spies and censors were dismissed. Exiles who were within reach were freed. The sultan was terribly frightened. He could see the excited crowds, a vast cheerful mob, in the streets. The things that he most feared were openly encouraged and he was powerless. The next Friday, when he went to the mosque to

pray, he was obliged to wear on his shoulder the red- and white badge of the constitution, as well as to receive congratulations and to regard with apparent complacency the crowds in the streets. Friendly deputations soon came from Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece, and other countries, bringing felicitations.

Astounding statements made in the Constantinople press were cabled all over the world. At that particular time I was in the United States, in Northfield, with Miss Helen Gould. We were attending some meeting. On my way to the platform I was stopped in the aisle by a friend. I looked at him in amazement; his message must be urgent. He said, "Have you seen the evening paper?" I had not. In a few words he told me enough of what the papers contained to make my head whirl. Later on, that same evening, public announcement was made of the astounding news that the "Young Turks" were in control of Constantinople, that the sultan had been compelled to restore the constitution of Midhat Pasha, and that a new freedom reigned.

As soon as Dr. Peet, in Constantinople, found that the Young Turks were in power he went to the department of archives, where he had an especial friend, and together they succeeded in securing an immediate deed to the property in Arnautkeui. Fearing that some change might occur that would retard the matter, they hurried from office to office, without stopping to eat or to rest until the deeds were signed and sealed, according to all the necessary legal formalities. In an amazingly short time after that, Dr. Peet cabled, "The land is ours." Within a fortnight after freedom was declared the Committee of Union and Progress was everywhere recognized as the real Government of Turkey.

Simultaneously with the transformation of the Turk-

ish Empire into a kingdom, on modern lines, a great change was taking place in the control of our college. On March 20, 1908, a new college charter, on a much broader basis than our first, was passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, the first president of our new board of trustees, was largely instrumental in bringing about the new organization. He died in the same month that the charter was granted, but shortly before his death he held in his hands the letter announcing it, and sent me his congratulations. Dr. Borden Parker Bowne the philosopher succeeded him as president of our board of trustees.

The members of the new parliament were elected as soon as possible, and the first session opened on December 17, 1908. The sultan wished this body to assemble in the throne room of the Dolma Bagtche Palace, but the committee was obdurate on that point and insisted that it should open in the same place where the parliament of 1877 had been disbanded—in a building at the southeast end of the Mosque of St. Sophia, called in Turkish "The Fountain of Learning." The second opening of a parliament in Constantinople, after a period of thirty years of darkness, was one of the epochs of history.

Besides the delegates, there were present all the notables of the city. First in the long procession came the diplomatic corps, led by Marschall von Bieberstein—every ambassador in uniform. The Persian representative wore a coat almost wholly covered with gold, wide scarlet trousers, and a black astrakhan cap. The patriarchs of the churches of the various non-Moslem millets also were in the procession, in their showy priestly robes, the Apostolic Delegate of the Church of Rome in flowing violet, with the usual long train prescribed for that office. Then came the green turbans of the Moslem hierarchy, and

among the delegates a surprising number of the white turbans of the Doctors of Moslem Law, for the Sheik ul Islam and his chief officials were present. The members of the new parliament took their places rapidly. They included not only Turks but Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Syrians, Albanians, Bulgarians from Macedonia, Arabs, Kurds, Tripolitans, and Moors.

The sultan himself was of course obliged to open parliament. The first person to be seen in the royal box was a eunuch, his white eyeballs shining in his black face. The band played the Hamidieh march, and five sons of the sultan entered the box, accompanied by Abdul-Medjid Effendi, the second son of Sultan Aziz. Neither the heir to the throne nor the eldest son of Sultan Aziz were allowed to be present. Sultan Hamid II was a quarter of an hour late. He looked, as some one has said, "like a wolf in a cage." The secretary read the message from the throne; a Doctor of Moslem Law offered prayer; the sultan made a short speech; bands played and cannon boomed. Hamid quickly disappeared from his box and drove back to his palace, having made a very unprepossessing impression on the parliament. He appeared weary, old, and shrunken, and his hooked nose seemed unusually prominent. His figure was bent, and his face was ashy. His fez and overcoat were much too large. Yet so deeply seated was the habit of fear of royalty that no one treated him with disrespect.

The change in the relation of the college to the Government was dramatic. The fear of former years was replaced by confidence and loyalty. Notwithstanding all the excitement attending the establishment of a new government, one of the first acts of the leaders was to send us friendly messages. Then came an official announcement that the new government had established several scholar-

ships in our college. Other scholarships were added, from time to time, in response to appeals from young women who wished to attend.

The fashion in Turkish dress at that time no longer included the gay colors and white veils of the early days; loose black outer garments and thin black veils were worn. It constantly thrilled us to welcome groups of these black-robed students, eager for a life of study. Once across the threshold, the black veils disappeared, and modern seekers for knowledge came to view.

The sultan still had on his side all the censors and spies who had been dismissed; one or two of his sons; the chief eunuch of the palace, with his assistant, and a very few officials. On the whole, although no one really trusted him, it seemed as if the new state of things would be permanent. Trade began to flourish, and foreign relations to improve. It could not be expected, however, that a man of Sultan Hamid's character would relinquish his autocratic rule without secret plotting.

## CHAPTER XIX

# THE DEPOSITION OF SULTAN HAMID

During the latter part of his reign Hamid II must have felt that his power was waning. It was then that he began to emphasize the fact that he was caliph of all Mohammedans, and their number was estimated at between two and three hundred millions. He formulated a plan for the construction of a railway which would reach the very center of Moslem inspiration; it was to pass from Damascus to Medina and Mecca in Arabia, directly southward through Palestine, connecting with the road, to be built to carry out Germany's plans, from Constantinople to Bagdad. It was to follow the shores of the Red Sea, about two hundred miles east of the Suez Canal. At that time the sultan's private secretary was a clever Syrian capable of assisting him in carrying out his wishes.

The aim of the Bagdad and Hedjaz railways was manifold: it was to provide easy communication with all Moslems in the east and south; it was to secure access to the Suez Canal, Red Sea, and Persian Gulf, in case military transportation should ever be required in those directions; and, perhaps most important of all, it was to gain the gratitude and loyalty of the hundreds of thousands of Moslem pilgrims who every year journeyed southward from all the countries of Islam to the sacred city of Mecca.

The pilgrimage to Mecca was one of the four prin-

cipal requirements of all true Moslems. Even in Scutari we used to see a branch of this solemn company starting out, annually, on its long and arduous journey. The ceremony attending the departure of the long line of camels, horses, and earnest pilgrims was one of the impressive sights of our life there. From the Asiatic shore of the Bosporus, at Scutari and near-by Haidar Pasha, one saw the new and the old methods of travel. From one side of the town trains steamed out from the railway station; from the other, caravans of camels and horses set forth, bearing pious pilgrims. Both were bound for the most important cities to the east and south. At Damascus many additional thousands from other Mohammedan countries joined the steady stream of believers journeying to the Moslem Holy Land. From that point onward, thought Sultan Hamid, all would gratefully welcome the convenience of railway travel through the heat and the dust of the far South.

The money for the Hedjaz Railway was raised by private subscription, the sultan himself heading the list with a large contribution. Later on, his Majesty was accused of showing a deficit of seven hundred thousand pounds sterling in the accounts of the scheme, but we hope this was a false indictment. Devout believers from all over the Moslem world contributed to the project, and all Turkish officials were taxed ten per cent of their salaries to promote it. This railway from Damascus to the Hedjaz was begun in 1900 and completed, as far as Medina, on August 31, 1908, the thirty-second anniversary of Sultan Hamid's accession to the throne. This, by the irony of fate, was about the time the revolution of the Young Turks culminated.

During the early months following the sudden change in government, Hamid II withdrew more and

more from public life, and was constantly scheming and plotting. How could he be sure that the cruel revolution through which he had passed represented the wishes of all the Moslem people? Was he not caliph as well as sultan? He would make one final effort to regain his power. Suddenly, on April 13, 1909, he launched a counter-revolution. The morning papers openly came out against the Committee of Union and Progress; and there took place what seemed to be a general revolt of the troops in the capital. Cries were heard from the troops of "Down with the constitution!" . . . "Down with the committee!" . . . "Long live the sacred Moslem law!" The office of the "Tanin," the leading newspaper, was wrecked, as well as the general office of the Committee of Union and Progress, a Turkish woman's club, and various other less important places.

The next day, a new grand vizier appointed a ministry in which no Young Turks were found. A large number of troops had been stationed at the Seraskierat in Stambul, under Mahmud Muktar, a loyal member of the Young Turk party. He received orders from the palace which he could not obey. By that time the streets were in the hands of a mob which had been provided with money by the sultan's party. Mahmud Muktar succeeded in disguising himself, and the next day, with the help of the British and German ambassadors, he escaped to Saloniki, there to join Mahmud Shevket Pasha, another of the leaders of the Young Turk régime. For a short time there was a genuine reign of terror. Many of the progressive Young Turks were assassinated. On the proscribed list were the names of two of our graduates, Gulistan Ismet and Halidé Edib. Meantime, all the telegraph wires to Saloniki had been cut. When the news of what was going on reached Saloniki, Mahmud Shevket

Pasha gathered an army, consisting largely of Albanians and non-Moslems. On April 16 it left Saloniki for Constantinople. Some days had already passed since the outbreak. All the cabinet members of the Committee of Union and Progress were in hiding.

Dr. Roxana H. Vivian, of Wellesley College, was acting president of our college in Constantinople during my absence in New York. The position was a precarious one, for every one there, the faculty, the students, and even the servants, had waved flags and displayed the utmost enthusiasm for the Young Turks, whose program —Liberty, Justice, Fraternity, Equality—had exactly expressed the ideals of the college. Edib Bey, father of Halidé Edib, had declared openly for the Young Turks, and, like many other palace officials, was in great danger. All expected the moment to arrive when the command "Heads off!" should be heard. For several days Edib Bey, Halidé, and her two little sons took refuge in the college. Later they were able to escape to Egypt. As in other times of danger, so now the college carried on as usual, and an atmosphere of calm pervaded all its class rooms. Even in the dining-room, at all tables, was heard the customary animated talk, without any reference to the possible danger hanging over the college. Thus the days passed heavily by.

The last Selamlik of Hamid II was thrilling, historically speaking. The sultan's cortège, in brilliant array, emerged from the palace gate as usual. The groom, wearing a robe with long blue-and-silver sleeves, was there, leading the Arab horse. The sultan appeared, looking haggard, although he was heavily rouged to hide his pallor. When he realized that no foreign ambassadors were present his face fell. The foreign representatives in Constantinople were probably sympathetic with the Young Turk

party, but no diplomat can take sides in an uncertain conflict in any foreign country, and in this crisis all stayed at home to await further developments. Early on the morning of April 25 Mahmud Shevket Pasha entered the city with a conquering army. The Young Turks were again in power, and freedom reigned. Mahmud Shevket's secretary was Mustapha Kemal Pasha, now President of the Turkish Republic.

That day was one of the greatest in Turkish history. No Bosporus steamers were running. Carriages were constantly leaving the palace, crowded with Turkish women, with eunuchs on the box. The bridge across the Golden Horn was closed. The army of Shevket Pasha had marched all that last night, besides having had little rest or sleep on the other nights after they left Saloniki. From the college on the hill in Scutari the firing could be both seen and heard. The deep voices of cannon meant something more serious than the usual announcement of the cheerful events of daily life. The sound filled the hearts of all with courage, and hope that the Young Turks would succeed.

All these things happened so suddenly that Sultan Hamid could not decide on any course of action. By evening of the day that Mahmud Shevket Pasha appeared with his army the city was again in the hands of the Committee of Union and Progress. The college rejoiced, and once more raised the Stars and Stripes in sympathy and enthusiasm.

The Committee of Union and Progress obtained from the Sheik ul Islam the usual fetwa, necessary when a sultan was deposed, and went to the palace to inform his Majesty that his days as sultan were ended. They found him in a room the walls of which were lined with mirrors, so that he could see immediately any weapon that

might be pointed at him. The sultan gave a cry of despair, and collapsed utterly. His beard had lost its dye and his hair had turned gray. His favorite son was with him during those last moments. As the delegation left, after communicating their final plans to the sultan, the last thing they heard was the voice of the little boy, weeping as if his heart were broken.

That night the usually brilliant palace of Yildiz was in darkness. The sultan's wives were, many of them, in terror, for mercy in a conquering army had not been customary in the history of Turkey. Hamid's harem was much smaller than those of previous sultans, numbering somewhat less than four hundred, but the household included, besides, officials, eunuchs, servants, and the sultan's body-guard. There must have been more than five thousand people in the palace, not including those who had run away during the day.

Hamid II was the last sultan to possess a large harem of the old style. Some time after that terrible day in Yildiz Palace, I was in a caïque on the Bosporus, and the boatman, looking up toward the old palace on the hill, said with a thrill of excitement in his voice:

"I was up there when the sultan was taken. I was the porter in the palace and had the keys."

"What happened to you?" I asked.

"I was afraid to be found with the keys," said he, "so I threw them down and ran away."

"What became of the wives?" I asked.

"Their fathers came down from Russia," he replied, "and took them back to their homes."

The fathers of all the sultan's wives could not have come immediately from Russia to take them home, but many of the harem were removed temporarily to Tcheragan Palace, or to the old imperial buildings on

THE PALACE OF DOLMA BAGTCHE

Seraglio Point. The next day the people of Pera saw a long procession of eunuchs, spies, and slaves being marched through the streets, guarded by a detachment of soldiers.

The sultan was taken to Saloniki, where he remained for several years. He was allowed to take with him three sultanas, four concubines, and in all a retinue of about thirty people—also an Angora cat of which he was very fond. Thus Abdul-Hamid II dropped out of public life. After he left Yildiz Palace, money and diamonds to the value of over a million pounds were found there. A sum of two million pounds sterling had been deposited in German banks, and a large amount was said to be legally in the hands of the German emperor, probably in connection with the accounts of the Bagdad Railway project.

Did the German emperor send messages of friendship to his friend Sultan Hamid, now the hero of a lost cause? The kaiser gave his friend no support in the time of his distress—quite the contrary. From the beginning of the rule of the Young Turks he had tried to gain their favor, and he had succeeded in doing so, to a certain extent, for some of them had received their military training in Berlin. At the last moment, however, the German sovereign did insist that the sultan's life should be spared. The Committee of Union and Progress had never had any other intention than to pursue a course of clemency.

Hamid II was the third sultan to be deposed since my arrival in Turkey. The deposition of Sultan Aziz was viewed with sadness because he was unable to rise to the level of the constitution of Midhat Pasha. The deposition of Murad V awakened sympathy. That of Sultan Hamid was hailed with delight, as the first real evidence of the new freedom.

After the World War broke out the ex-sultan was brought back to Constantinople, and occupied the charm-

ing palace of Beylerbey, which more than thirty years before had been the bright and cheerful scene of Empress Eugénie's picturesque visit to Sultan Aziz.

At a later date, when Constantinople Woman's College was well established, there was among our students a clever, independent looking Turkish girl of the modern type, who might even have been called a flapper. I was much interested in her appearance.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"In Beylerbey," she replied.

"What is your father's business there?" I pursued.

"Oh!" she replied, "my father is one of the guards over old Hamid, in the palace of Beylerbey."

The flippant tone in which she referred to the former tyrant well illustrated the change from fear to disdain that may take place in public sentiment in a short period of time.

## CHAPTER XX

# A PARADISE ON EARTH

With the departure of Hamid II from the city, and the absolute downfall of his obstructive and tyrannical policy, the whole atmosphere changed. One of the characteristics of political transformations in Turkey which greatly impressed me was the suddenness with which they took place. Ordinary affairs moved with extreme deliberation in the old Turkish days. *"Yahwash, yahwash,"* expressed all the habits of daily life; yet, strange to say, when a sultan was to be deposed, or a new one installed, it was done in a flash. One day the old sultan would be on the throne, and the next, the new one. Moreover, in the early days a change of sultan involved the transferring of a household of several hundred wives with all their attendants; it was consequently not an undertaking to be lightly contemplated. The final act itself was simple. The Sheik ul Islam issued a fetwa (order); his dictum no one could dispute; once the fetwa was obtained, the thing was done.

Possibly the student of history is surprised that in a country where religion was the basis of government, and of the common law, of language and of social life, a revolution like that of the Young Turks could have been successfully carried out. It was possible only through the power of the Doctors of Moslem Law, who in every political crisis during my residence in Turkey stood on the side of reform. At the time of the revolution the Sheik

ul Islam was a liberal man; otherwise such a miracle could not have been accomplished. One cry of "Religion in danger," in the streets, would have been the signal for an uprising. The new Sheik ul Islam, after the counter-revolution, was Sahib Mollah, the man who had angered Sultan Hamid by refusing to consent to the death sentence of Midhat Pasha. Throughout the reign of Hamid he was in disgrace, but the sultan did not dare put him to death, and the Young Turks were glad to appoint him as the head of the Moslem hierarchy.

On the day after Hamid drove to the railway station, as the final act of his dethronement, Reshad, his brother, became sultan. People in the streets, if they happened to be up so late, could have seen the unhappy Hamid being conducted, by a guard, to the station. The drive took place about midnight, and his train left for Saloniki between two and three o'clock in the morning. For the first time in his life he drove through the streets in the same carriage with his wife—shall we say? There were three sultanas in the large landau, and two little princes. He had never before been in the Stambul railway station; he had not even been in a train since his youth, when he went on the journey to Europe with his uncle, Sultan Aziz.

When the inhabitants of Constantinople awoke, the next morning, there was a new sultan in power, Mehmed V. For forty-eight years Prince Reshad Effendi had been living in the Cage since the death of his father in 1861 —the latter part of the time in close confinement. He was always surrounded by spies who acted so secretly that, although he knew of their existence, he did not know who they were.

The day that Hamid II was taken from the palace

a deputation called upon Prince Reshad to inform him that he was Sultan of Turkey, under the title of Mehmed V. He could not believe it. The next morning, however, he was the reigning monarch. The people who had occupied the palace of Sultan Hamid in the great park at Yildiz, comprising the harem, palace officials, servants, and slaves, had disappeared over night. Their removal was accomplished with remarkable secrecy and thoroughness. If any one asked the man in the street where they had all gone, he would give the usual Turkish shrug and say, "Do I know?"

When he became sultan, Mehmed V was a man sixty-five years old, of noble character and with a sincere desire to become a wise ruler. On the morning after Abdul-Hamid II left the city the main streets of Constantinople were filled with soldiers, the bridges across the Golden Horn had been cleared of the crowds, and batteries of guns had been moved into the square south of St. Sophia, to be used should occasion require. These were stationed on the very site of the ancient Augustaion of Byzantine days, a spot which could reveal many historical secrets.

Troops were lined up on both sides of all the streets through which the sultan was expected to pass, and all the roofs, windows, and sidewalks were crowded with joyful people who felt that freedom had now come. Cannon were fired every thirty seconds, and each boom was followed by applause from thousands and thousands of people. As the new ruler drove by he was greeted with happy, democratic cheering. There was joy on every face.

The sword of Othman was girded upon Mehmed V, in the old Mosque of Eyub, on the Golden Horn. The new sultan was by nature a democrat, and the ceremony of his accession was a contrast to the one which I had

attended on the accession of Hamid II, more than thirty years before. Mehmed V went in an automobile to the sacred mosque, for the ceremony. In his hand was a magenta-silk flag with the Tughra, or Sultan's Cypher, on it. There was no grand scaffolding, there were no lines of diplomats in shining uniforms, and no attendants with flowing embroidered sleeves. The sultan looked like a kind old man taking a drive. The most significant part of the procession was formed by the carriages of the Doctors of Moslem Law.

Mehmed V was the first Turkish ruler to welcome a parliament; a brilliant reception was given by him to its members, in the throne room of Dolma Bagtche Palace. In those early days his Majesty was very happy, and he made a genial host. For a sultan to give a reception to the parliament of the country was an event indeed; this was the first time that such a thing had ever been thought of. The members of the cabinet stood on one side, and the ranking officers of the army and navy on the other, with much gold lace in evidence. The deputies to the parliament were in European evening dress and wore white gloves. Their president was shown special honor by the sultan.

One of the Doctors of Moslem Law opened the reception with prayer. Then came the wonderful procession of all the holy doctors walking up to kiss the hand of his Majesty, with the Sheik ul Islam, robed in white, at their head—for had not he himself created the sultan? The Minister of the Holy Foundations wore green. He was followed by a long line of holy men, each dressed according to his rank, in green, fawn color, purple, dark blue, and one even in black. Following the Moslem hierarchy came the patriarchs of the Eastern churches in their impressive priests' robes. To them Mehmed V spoke with

gracious cordiality, for the policy of the Young Turks included equality of the different religions.

The Greek patriarch, as the Dean of the Christian Foundations, made a short address to the sultan. The representatives of the different religions of the empire were followed by the diplomats and their suites. As Mehmed V stood there to receive his guests, a few days after the sudden change in his life from Cage to throne, he was an interesting subject for character study. He had lived a sad life, most of it spent in confinement, yet he was happy. He was surrounded by the princes of the royal family, for the doors of the Cage were opened forever as soon as Hamid left the palace. The faces of the princes expressed joy and surprise, and a kind of confusion, as if they were in a dream. For them the Cage no longer existed. They were free to study, to enter society, and to make the most of what was left of their lives.

The general term for the movement of the Young Turks was *"Hurriet,"* or "freedom." The plan of the party was not to do away with all politico-religious representation, and separate Church and State. That plan might have had a better chance of succeeding. The idea was to maintain the rule of the sacred Moslem law for the Turks, and religious representation for the millets; that is to say, a united government, to contain all the old religious elements on the basis of freedom and equality. It was an attempt to put into practice the highest moral and religious ideals conceivable. For a time great happiness prevailed. In any case, freedom from such tyranny as that of Sultan Hamid would have seemed an almost miraculous relief. In addition to the sudden deliverance from the fear that had existed among the people for over thirty years, the highest ideals were sponsored by the Government. A sort of ecstasy filled the minds of all. Visits

were exchanged between high officials of different nationalities, and a new sense of security was reflected on every face.

I returned to Constantinople in September, 1909, to open the college year, after spending two years raising money in New York City. I felt that I was in a new world. During my whole experience in Turkey we had not been able openly to receive Mohammedan students. Now they were coming up the college walk in large numbers. When the veils were thrown back, happy and eager faces were revealed; freedom and education were now possibilities for Mohammedan women.

The attitude of the Government toward the college also was of a sort hitherto unknown. For the first time in our history we received all kinds of encouragement from high officials. Representatives were sent to inquire regarding our needs; and what seemed most wonderful of all to me were the scholarships founded by the Government, the candidates for which were very carefully selected and sent to us. Such students were expected after graduation to teach in government schools, thus increasing our opportunities for friendly relations with the other schools of the country. The new land on the Bosporus was ours and we were free to visit it, to take friends there, and to speak openly about it as our future site. The Young Turks seemed pleased and proud to have our college situated on one of the finest spots in the neighborhood. It was like the fulfilment of a dream to walk around our extensive new grounds and picture the future when the new buildings would arise on different picturesque sites on the new campus.

A distinguishing feature of the whole period of history under the Young Turks was the cosmopolitan parliament which existed from 1908 to 1920. Tcheragan Palace was

appropriated for its place of meeting, and it was without question, in construction and situation, the most beautiful House of Parliament in the world. The members of the parliament included deputies from all the millets which still belonged to the Turkish Empire. They usually dressed in native costume. The language used was Turkish. The representatives of other national millets had been educated in their own language, but were also sufficiently familiar with Turkish to use it in their political relations.

Any foreigner who had studied the languages of the country could distinguish the accents of the non-Moslem deputies. There are certain sounds in Turkish that the Greek, Armenian, Bulgarian, and Jew could never properly pronounce. It was amusing, as well as interesting, to listen to the serious addresses of these men, who were earnestly thinking of the subject on which they were speaking and unconscious of their different peculiarities of accent. Possibly each one would have been eloquent had he been speaking in his own tongue. When the Turk arose it was a different matter. There were some Turkish deputies who were real orators, and there is no language more beautiful than Turkish when it is well spoken. Perhaps it seems especially euphonious because its construction and idioms differ very decidedly from those of Western languages. Furthermore, it is susceptible of great subtlety, owing to its wealth of participles and gerunds.

It was a delight to take distinguished American visitors to the Turkish parliament. The president was our friend, and a note to him at any time would secure a cordial invitation to attend a session. The generous policy of the Young Turks was long felt in the genial atmosphere of the House of Parliament. There was always a porter ready to show visitors the rare antiques and ornaments in Tcheragan Palace, and the beautiful views from the

upper windows. No official employed in the service of the parliament would have accepted a fee.

It was decided later to put steam heat into the palace of Tcheragan. Alas! the building was not constructed in a manner favorable to such an innovation and it was subsequently destroyed by fire. That day I happened to be in the vicinity, and was one of the sad and silent crowd that witnessed the destruction of the palace. The police and fire brigades did their utmost, but they had no adequate apparatus. The whole of the interior of that wonderful building went up in smoke. The marble walls still stand, one of the landmarks of the old grandeur of the Bosporus. After that, meetings of the parliament were held in a palace given by a royal princess for the purpose.

The Young Turks began immediately to introduce great reforms. They had come into power with a vision of Paradise—that is to say, a reign of perfect justice under the control of the ideal. As long as the vision lasted remarkable changes took place. Honest governors were sought for the provinces, and in the most distant corner of the empire the effects of the revolution were felt. Some of the governors were full of progressive ideas, including plans for repairing roads, building bridges, and constructing railways, founding schools for both boys and girls, improving sanitation, and carrying on an enlightened press.

The majority of the leaders of the revolution were military men and they immediately turned their attention to the army. It was too late to save the naval fleet, which had been a strong element in the power and prestige of Turkey, but it was not too late to build up the army. We in Constantinople saw an immediate change in the gendarmerie. General schools were opened for their train-

ing, and even in the provinces they proved a forceful factor in promoting plans for reform.

Possibly the Turkish women formed the most triumphant element of the new life. Even in those periods which were darkest, Turkish women had always had one very important form of training: they controlled their own property under the law of the Koran. With the new freedom came a decided movement for the education of women. Classes were held for them in many subjects. About that time Miss Isabel Fry of England went to Constantinople and was invited to consult with some of the important Turkish women regarding plans for new schools.

From a professional point of view, the women were much interested in medicine. During the dark days when they were shut up in harems, there was always a class of so-called women doctors among them, to meet their extreme needs. Responding to this bent on the part of Turkish women, the professor of biology in our college organized public lectures for them on sanitation, hygiene, and preventive medicine. Some of the Turkish doctors of the city approved of the idea and offered to give the lectures. Large crowds of eager women came from all parts of Constantinople to attend.

The reforms advocated by the Young Turks included extensive plans for improvement in methods of education. Throughout their whole system, from the Turkish University in Stambul down to the elementary schools, a new impetus was felt.

One of the sore spots of the old régime was the custom-house. It was a place that was always dreaded. The problem was how much could be concealed. How judiciously could the grim officials be bribed? And how quickly could one get out? It was a difficult feat to disembark

from a steamer—in a small boat, with one's luggage—and land at the crowded pier of the custom-house; and it was equally difficulty to embark for a trip abroad. Examination of both outgoing and incoming luggage was demanded, and the struggle in the crowded saloon involved encounters not only with customs officials but with one's own conscience as well. This was all changed under the new order of things, and for a time honesty and politeness were the rules of conduct even in the custom-house.

One of the striking events of the rule of the Young Turks was the removal of the street dogs. These were rightly considered to be out of place in a civilized city, and an edict was issued against them. The visitor to Constantinople no longer finds dogs in the streets, except in very obscure quarters.

Another reform that made the daily life of foreigners much simpler was the change in reckoning time, from the Turkish to the Western method. The sun no longer set at twelve o'clock, and time-tables were comprehensible. Nevertheless one poor bewildered old man, hearing of the change, asked in a troubled tone, "But, Effendi, how shall I know when to pray?"

The question naturally arises: What was the attitude of the sultan toward the amazing innovations and reforms taking place around him? Mehmed V did his best to respond to the demands made upon him. Possibly his first royal act had been to open the doors of the Cage. The sacred Mosque of Eyub, the threshold of which no Christian had ever crossed before, was open to the public from the time the ceremony took place of girding the sword of Othman.

The family life of Mehmed V was very simple. I do not think he was a monogamist—for he had yielded to

the custom of his race—but there was no harem in the usual sense of the term. It was reported at the time that he had two wives. He went to the mosque to pray on Friday but without the attendant display demanded by the previous sultans. I personally had a very interesting experience in that connection. One Friday, about noon, I had taken an open carriage in Pera to drive to Beshiktash, there to take a boat across the Bosporus to Scutari. I was driving along rather absent-mindedly, thinking of other things; presently, looking down, I perceived that the street was sanded, and glancing up, I saw that I was surrounded by a cordon of soldiers; inadvertently I had driven into the place the sultan's carriage should have occupied. His Majesty was on his way to the mosque for his formal prayer; he had selected a mosque in Beshiktash, not far from Dolma Bagtche Palace, and I had interrupted the cortège. If such an incident could have occurred under one of the early sultans, it might have meant disaster. Much embarrassed, my driver stopped his horses; a soldier quietly stepped forward and stood at attention until my carriage had hurriedly retreated.

"I beg his Majesty's pardon," I said to the soldier. "I greatly regret my carelessness in driving here." The soldier saluted politely, his Majesty smiled and bowed, and I drove away in confusion. However, I did not regret my experience, for I had had personal evidence of the monarch's kindliness.

Those were happy days for our college. The freedom of spirit which we enjoyed came from many sources. Our new charter established the college on a modern basis. A line of distinguished presidents of our board of trustees followed; they not only inspired progressive ideas in the college but also promoted the friendship and financial assistance of an influential circle of friends. Borden

Parker Bowne the philosopher was himself an impetus to scholarship that is still felt. After his death Grace H. Dodge became president, to be followed, later, by the Hon. Charles R. Crane.

We had at the time Miss Dodge was president a board of trustees consisting of twenty members. The first thing she did was to organize the board into committees, as had never before been done. She kept in touch with the chairman of each committee in such an intimate way that the business in hand was reported promptly and followed up conclusively. I had never attended such meetings as she conducted. They opened punctually, Miss Dodge stated the agenda, and called upon the chairman of each committee in turn; everything went off in a friendly as well as businesslike way, and the meetings came to an end so promptly that everybody was astonished. We were surprised at the results, as well, for money came in, new members of the faculty were appointed, and the college grew apace.

As a result of four years of money-raising, and the influence of our new board of trustees, there was a generous fund at our disposal, which paid not only for the new site but for the erection of five fine buildings—the gifts of Helen M. Gould, who later became Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Henry Woods, Miss Olivia Phelps Stokes, and John D. Rockefeller. The buildings were, respectively, Gould Hall, the administration building; Russell Sage Hall, a dormitory; Woods Hall, a science building; Mitchell Hall, a refectory named by Miss Stokes; and the Rockefeller power-house.

We were so fortunate as to have a trustee who was a member of the firm of architects—Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge (as it was then called) of Boston. This firm had erected some of the finest college buildings in the

United States. Mr. Rutan offered to oversee the construction of our new buildings without personal fees, and he visited the college twice to study the campus and decide on the form and arrangement of the buildings. A foreman and other workmen were sent over from the United States. Adjoining our new site were the grounds and palace of Musurus Pasha, the former ambassador of the Sublime Porte in London. This property we rented for our Introductory Department, which was immediately moved from Scutari and established in the palace, under the direction of Dr. William S. Murray. Thus we secured a *pied à terre,* from which we could visit and inspect our building operations. The Musurus property was subsequently purchased by the college.

The Boston superintendent of construction and his workmen rapidly carried forward the work on the new site and it soon became possible to lay the corner-stone of the central building, Gould Hall. On Thursday, November 9, 1911, a large company assembled for that purpose. Many guests were present, including the Hon. William W. Rockhill, our American ambassador; representatives from the Turkish Government and from the different communities and educational institutions of the city. Scattered around in the audience or grouped on mounds surrounding the growing buildings were the faculty and students of the college. In the opening address I outlined briefly the different lines of progress we planned for the future, some of which have already been realized as we gradually passed into larger spheres of influence. The representative of the Department of Public Instruction made a notable address in Turkish, expressing the interest of the Government in the event we were celebrating. Other brilliant speeches were delivered in several languages, offering congratulations and felicitations.

Mr. Rockhill, with a few well-chosen words, laid on the mortar, and the audience watched with breathless attention while the box containing college documents and coins of the realm was put in place and the corner-stone slowly lowered. It has the simple inscription: "A.D. 1911," and the ceremony stood for the other buildings, two of which were being erected at the same time. The papers in the box were a statement of the gift of Helen Gould and an account of the purchase of the land by William W. Peet.

Following the exercises, a reception was held in the marble hall of the Musurus palace, after which the guests returned to Scutari on a steamer chartered for the purpose. It was one of the happiest days of my life.

The American architects erected the first four large buildings of our college group; Miss Grace Dodge, the president, donated up-to-date furnishings for all of them. There was one building only for which the funds were under-subscribed. One summer day in Maine, two years before, accompanied by one of the trustees, I had gone by motor to lunch with a possible donor. The distance traveled was eighty miles each way, and, as it happened, rain poured down all day. I presented to our hostess our need of buildings for the new campus. She was a fine, generous woman, and, stipulating that her name should not be mentioned, she promised to give half the cost of one building.

The architects said that they would erect the lower half of a building and put on a roof, as it was necessary in that place to complete the desired effect of the group; it was also needed for use. The result was that when the buildings were ready for occupancy, one of them stood half completed, in spite of its roof, in the line with the others. Everybody laughed. It looked like a practical joke,

such as might have been planned by Nasr-ed-Din Hoja, the great Turkish humorist. There was so much amusement expressed over the half-building that its echoes reached across the seas to the United States, and the donor almost immediately sent the necessary funds for its completion.

## CHAPTER XXI

# AWAKENING FROM A DREAM

THE constitution of Midhat Pasha, dating from 1876, was one of the most profound plans for the advancement of internationalism ever designed. Its main principles were as follows:

I Confirmation of the prerogatives of the sultan.
II Constitutional government to be carried on by a parliament to which the ministers were to be responsible, and composed of representatives of all the nationalities of the empire.
III Change of the office of grand vizier to that of prime minister, to be answerable to the parliament.
IV Change of the name "Turkish Empire" to "Ottoman Empire," all subjects to be called Ottomans, and to enjoy civil and political equality.
V Regular budget of finance to include palace expenses.
VI Control of the tribunals by civil instead of religious law.
VII Mixed schools in the provinces inhabited by both Moslems and non-Moslems.
VIII Decentralization of the administration of the provinces.
IX Abolition of the slave trade and emancipation of the slaves in the palace.
X Equal drafting, for the army, of Moslems and non-Moslems.

This constitution has been criticized by historians as being in reality an attempt to Ottomanize all the nations of Turkey. It is not certain what Midhat Pasha really had in mind regarding that point. He had seen the Russians at the gates of Constantinople, and had watched

the breaking away of Bulgaria from the old political group. The conferences in Constantinople, San Stefano, and Berlin came in his day, and Turkey had been temporarily saved from dissolution by the united efforts of Disraeli and Bismarck. In his mind the carrying out of his constitution must have been his last hope of saving the empire. It is evident that he expected the Government to continue to be Turkish, as a reigning sultan was one element of his plan.

If, however, his constitution could have been in effect for a period of fifty years or more, some form of democratic government must have evolved. There could have been no other outcome of a parliament in which freedom of speech and equal representation of all nationalities existed. Such a government would have been under the leadership of the strongest statesmen regardless of nationality.

Before drawing up his constitution Midhat had studied contemporary principles of government in Vienna, London, Paris, and Brussels, and to a certain extent had the assistance of the far-sighted Disraeli. If the people of the Near East had been free from national and religious jealousy, they might have developed under so broad a constitution.

It must be conceded by all that its basis was an honest desire for justice, regardless of nationality and religion.

A very significant omission was made in the plan. There was no allusion to military conquest or military control, but the emphasis was rather on the conquest of ideas. Such a platform could have been carried out only under some form of world religion and world politics, that would have left the people free from religious and political prejudice. Only under such conditions could the different nationalities have united to promote the progress

in education, agriculture, commerce, and mechanical inventions, that was so much needed. It was a dream centuries ahead of the time.

The whole thought of the people in Turkey and in the provinces still centered in religion. If a peasant or the man in the street were asked to what nation he belonged, he would reply in terms of religion: "I am Moslem," or "I am Orthodox [Greek]," or "I am Gregorian [Armenian]," or "I am an Israelite." or "I am a Catholic." It is evident that Midhat Pasha himself must have been too trusting regarding the psychological results of a constitution such as his. Both he and his fellow-Turks, while showing a new spirit of tolerance to their non-Moslem subjects, had in their minds, after all, the vision of creating a united Turkey.

A new spirit of national consciousness awoke instantly and equally among the Turks and the people of the millets. The movement of the Young Turks was really the foundation both of the independence of the provinces and of the later platform of "Turkey for the Turks." The inception of the idea of nationality began with the attempt to create civil laws to replace religious ones. After the first inspired idealism of 1908 the Young Turks, whose intentions were still admirable, found themselves confronted with unforeseen difficulties. Very fortunately these were not military, or the whole country would have been in confusion. The army was in harmony with the new régime, and some of the leaders of the Young Turks had received specialized military training in Germany. On the new basis of justice for all, the soldiers were doubtless far better and more promptly paid than they had been previously. Thus the army was still under good control and there was no dissension among the troops. Its

organization remained unchanged; non-Turkish Moslems, such as Albanian, Moors, Kurds and Arabs were still in separate regiments, wearing their own national uniform. The new constitution demanded equal drafting, for the army, of non-Moslems and Turks. Fortunately that feature of it was not immediately put into effect, for had even a small proportion of the army been Bulgarian, Jewish, Greek, or Armenian, great confusion might have followed.

The navy was virtually non-existent, for even the enthusiasm of the Young Turks could not suddenly recreate the old fleet, which had gone to ruin under Sultan Hamid.

The fundamental difficulty in all crises of human affairs always seems to be financial; the movement of the Young Turks was no exception to this rule. They had inherited an impoverished country. Among their leaders was one able financier, Javid Bey, and he was made Minister of Finance. He was a liberal-minded man, and familiar with financial conditions in Europe. We at the college had a delightful acquaintance with him, as he, like all Young Turks, was much interested in the education of women. At the end of one college year early in the life of the new government he gave our commencement address. On that occasion he spoke in the Turkish language, although he was familiar with both English and French.

There was no progressive financial policy in working order. There were no large national industries, although the country possessed some of the richest lands and best waterways in the world. The shores of Asia Minor and adjacent islands are celebrated in history for the wealth and intelligence of the inhabitants. It was in that region that Crœsus amassed his fortune, that Sappho wrote her poems, and that Greek philosophy had its birth. There the majority of the Seven Wise Men originated, and there

Pittacus organized his ideal government. The olives and wine, alone, produced in that part of the world were sufficient to create many a fortune.

Unfortunately, wealth and progress were not available through the old arts or by the old methods, the supremacy of which modern competition had destroyed. Olives and wine from the Mediterranean, exquisite fabrics from Bagdad, beautiful glass and delicate work in silver and gold from Damascus could not compete with the products of machinery. All the economic conditions of the country were discouraging, and it was impossible to change them at once. Agriculture was carried on in a manner primitive beyond belief. There was no system of irrigation or of drainage. One look at the implements employed would have paralyzed a modern farmer. The plows were probably like those that Abraham and Isaac had used—if as good—the same wooden affairs that one sees in the old pictures of the Hittites. In the far south of the Turkish Empire I have seen these archaic implements in use. The wooden plow was dragged along, perhaps by a camel and a donkey or possibly a cow and a donkey, and was held upright by a girl or a boy or a woman. The crops accorded in amount and quality with the primitive methods employed.

In the interior of the country there were few good roads, Sultan Aziz having been the last ruler who tried to improve them. Brigands still existed in many places, and could not be suddenly done away with. Rich mines there were, but no facilities for working them, or even exact knowledge of their location. Because of the lack of railways and good roads, markets were inaccessible and the wealth of Asia Minor was not available. Even the fact that oil was supposed to exist there in large quantities, while it had caused some excitement, had yielded no other results.

Under these difficult conditions, Sultan Hamid had tried to increase the revenue of the state by heavy taxes on all forms of business. Internal and external duties paralyzed trade. To meet the financial crisis the new Minister of Finance went to London to secure a loan—but without success.

Meantime the Government continued to struggle to carry out its original plans. The leaders were sincere, but they were not political experts; they might have been clever enough to accomplish their ideals if the financial situation had been different. A large palace crowd still existed, accustomed to live above the laws, without any exact accounting for funds expended. There were also the officials, no longer employed, proficient in intrigue and gossip and eager to create discord. There was an army of street vendors, of beggars, and of public criers; many of these found their income gone. Some, however, succeeded in carrying on their old occupations, as, for instance, the night-watchman on the streets. For years after the revolution of the Young Turks, this functionary continued to pound the sidewalks with his club, all night long, waking everybody up to assure them that it was perfectly safe to go on sleeping.

The difficulty of carrying out civil improvements was increased by the fact that labor had gradually been organized, from the beginning of Turkish history. Even under the early sultans each class of laborers had a definite though rude form of organization. These primitive guilds for social protection functioned very quietly, and with a spirit of unquestioned obedience to unwritten laws, demonstrating the power of custom in society. Changes to modern methods of living upset the habits and destroyed the income of hundreds of law-abiding people.

The difficulties confronting the new Government were

manifold—financial, political, civil, religious, and even personal. The problems of daily life, however, were not for a moment so serious as under Sultan Hamid, for the new spirit of freedom was not destroyed. Yet the obstacles that stood in the path of the Young Turks were so specialized and fundamental that the survival of their government seems phenomenal. It not only lived on but left behind many changes that formed the basis of future national progress. The constitution of Midhat Pasha remained the platform of the Government, and the international parliament functioned until 1920. From the point of view of the historian, the whole movement of the Young Turks was a great triumph, and formed an epoch in the evolution of national progress.

A STREET IN ONE OF THE VILLAGES ON THE BOSPORUS, SHOWING LATTICED WINDOWS OF THE HOUSES

## CHAPTER XXII

# THE SHOCK OF REALISM FROM WITHOUT

THE effect of the new government of the Young Turks on the millets was instantaneous, but exactly opposite of what had been intended. The revolution had aroused all the different nations in the empire to think and to question. The non-Moslems in the various millets welcomed the principles of the constitution of Midhat Pasha, but historically these came too late. After the revolution of the Young Turks each nation began to plan for independence. National patriotism was always a strong undercurrent in the common thought of the people, but the millets had not been allowed to wave a national flag distinct from the Star and Crescent of Turkey. Nevertheless, each nation possessed such an emblem, although it was not in evidence; and each individual man, woman, or child had a distinct picture in mind of the colors and form of that flag.

For approximately six weeks after the revolution of the Young Turks the idealism of brotherhood prevailed. That was really a long period for it to continue, considering the inflammable character of the elements of society involved. Moreover, it was not only the Near East that was unable to join permanently in a platform of universal tolerance—there was no nation in Europe far-seeing enough to recognize the possibilities of Midhat's proposals. The secret activities of the great powers constantly frustrated the efforts of the Young Turks to re-

form their country. There was no single one of the powers that really wished them success in their idealistic plans, and there was no favorable reaction anywhere in Europe to the international spirit of their constitution. Each nation sought some selfish advantage as the result of the Turkish awakening. Speaking in the large, the attitude of the powers never changed toward the Eastern question during the whole of my residence in Turkey. Their diplomacy was for the most part secret, but always expressed the ambition and hope of some specific gain on the part of each nation.

Thus it came about that in 1908, shortly after the revolution, when the people of Turkey were beginning to enjoy their new freedom, the news was received that Austria had boldly annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. At almost the same moment Ferdinand, Prince of Bulgaria, decided that circumstances were auspicious for him to make a move. He hurried to Vienna for advice. Then, returning to Sofia, his capital, he announced himself King of Bulgaria. Bulgaria had been autonomous since the Russo-Turkish War, but was nominally under the sultan. King Ferdinand now repudiated the relation.

In spite of these things there was peace for a time. International difficulties subsided somewhat. This period was spent in an earnest effort on the part of the Young Turks to master the financial and social problems of their new task. While the dreams of the early days were a little dimmed, a spirit of hope and courage lingered.

The first great calamity from without came from Italy. In September, 1911, the Government in Rome demanded the right to occupy Tripoli, then under the suzerainty of the sultan, and set a forty-eight-hour limit for the reply to their demands. The Turks indignantly refused. Italy then declared war and sent an army of one hun-

dred thousand across the Mediterranean to Tripoli, supporting the army with a naval fleet. The Turks were in no position to resist this outrage. They had virtually no navy, and whatever the strength of their army may have been, they could not transport their troops to the scene of action.

Not one of the great powers offered Turkey any assistance. England was at the time the real ruler of Egypt, although that country was still under the suzerainty of Turkey. The British Government refrained from helping Italy, but assumed a semi-hostile attitude toward Turkey. However, England did not try to change the status quo in Egypt, and that was possibly somewhat to her credit. Russia was not especially interested. Germany, with the Bagdad Railway in mind, professed to be the friend in need, but offered no positive assistance. France stood aloof.

In those years I had a private boat with a Turkish boatman. It was not a caïque but a rowboat, with a comfortable carpeted seat at the stern just under the Turkish flag; the Stars and Stripes flew at the bow. My boatman, named Hassan, was a cheerful, appealing young man, who knew how to row a boat skilfully but when not thus occupied sat in the coffee-house smoking, and drinking that harmless beverage Turkish coffee. Such a boat furnished the easiest and pleasantest way of reaching our new campus at Arnautkeui, where, during the construction of the buildings, I went several times a week to oversee certain details, although there was a very efficient American foreman in charge. The most vivid recollections I have of the Italo-Turkish War are connected with my conversations with Hassan, as he rowed me back and forth. Every day he would refer with anger to the war with Tripoli. Doubt-

less many of his comrades were in the army sent across the Mediterranean and, like all others, Hassan watched the daily papers for news.

There could, of course, be but one outcome. The Tripoli-Benghazi provinces were lost from the outset. The Treaty of Ouchy—or of Lausanne, as it is often called—of October 15, 1912, brought the war to an end, and the whole line of provinces in Africa, from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, once under the sway of the sultan, passed into foreign hands. The Ottoman Government surrendered its political sovereignty over those provinces, but retained the right of appointing the Mohammedan religious functionaries for the Islamic subjects. The ethics of the Italian Government in the Tripolitan war do not bear investigation. It was a case of military conquest by the strongest, for which no excuse was ever given.

The next outbreak was in the European province of Albania. From the time of my first residence in Constantinople I had admired the Albanian soldiers. Their regiments were in remarkably fine condition from a military point of view—well drilled, with shining weapons and brilliant national uniform—and had always formed an important element in the Turkish Army, even from the time when Islam became in part the religion of Albania.

The first Balkan War broke out before Albania was subdued. Four Balkan allies united against Turkey—Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece. At that point in history Venizelos comes into international prominence as having been influential in bringing about the war. Fighting began on October 18, 1912, shortly after peace was signed with Italy. The Turkish Army still lacked suitable equipment, and many regiments were in almost a starving condition when they entered the war. Over thirty years had elapsed since there had been danger

of fighting with a foreign power in Constantinople itself. Now conflict was again at our gates. The Balkan troops gained one victory after another. The Turkish army of about ten thousand troops had not returned from North Africa, and the fleet—composed of the few ships that could keep afloat—was on its way home.

With a cosmopolitan student body, containing representatives of all the nations that were then fighting, we in the college were in rather a difficult position. Bulgarians and Turks ordinarily slept side by side in the dormitories. Among the students was a very lively and mischievous Bulgarian girl, whose bed was near that of a Turkish student. One morning the Turkish girl, Bekiré, went to the dean and said that all through the night her Bulgarian neighbor had repeated the words: "I am going to kill Bekiré. I am going to kill Bekiré." The Bulgarian girl, on being questioned, looked perfectly innocent and replied, "It must have been in my sleep that I said it." What could be done in such a case? For the most part the students of the warring nations tried their best to get along together, but presently the Turkish girls sent me word that they would like to speak to me in a body. I went to the drawing-room, and there they were all assembled, wearing their black gowns and veils, the street costume of the time. They were a solemn group.

"We are leaving," they said; "we cannot stand it any longer. But when things are quiet, we shall return." Which they did after a few weeks.

Panic reigned in the city, in the usual controlled form of a Turkish panic. We in Scutari, far away from other Europeans, were not afraid; we had lived through many other panics, and had always emerged triumphant; besides, the warring nations, Turks and Bulgarians, were both our friends. Mr. Rockhill, as our ambassador, was still

in charge of American interests in Turkey. As the Bulgarian army drew nearer, he felt that we were in danger, and one morning he sent his secretary to order us and all our students to leave Scutari that day, and go to Arnautkeui on the European shore, where our Introductory Department was already established.

This flight, which in the beginning seemed absurd, appeared increasingly so as days passed. It was the first time the college had ever paid any outward attention to war conditions. Some of our professors ridiculed the order of the ambassador, and the Governor of Scutari indignantly protested.

"Have we ever failed," he said, "to protect the American college?"

There seemed to be nothing to do, however, but obey our ambassador. That very afternoon a long line of faculty, students, and servants marched in a quiet procession to the Bosporus and crossed to the other side, where we were temporarily installed in rather crowded quarters. To the students in general the occasion was a grand picnic. In Arnautkeui there was a large new campus on which to wander about; lessons were interrupted and irregular; the future was delightfully uncertain. In the Bosporus, before our gate, the historic *Scorpion,* our American *stationaire,* was anchored, ready to take us all on board, should need arise.

Miss Dodd and Miss Prime had not joined the exodus; they had lived through too many such experiences to be thrilled by the idea of flight, and they remained in the quiet and comfort of their own quarters. As we started on our march down the hill, they bade us good-by, with a quiet smile of something that was partly amusement and partly scorn. My sympathies were with the protest of the Turkish governor, rather than with the fearful attitude of Mr.

Rockhill, as we had been quiet and undisturbed in Scutari through many crises.

From our upper property in Arnautkeui we could hear the fighting at Chatalja, a few miles distant, and we saw thousands of wounded soldiers brought into Constantinople—men who had bravely fought for progress and freedom. Constantinople was the chief objective in the minds of those in command of the Bulgarian forces, but though they could have entered, they did not. The reason why is another evidence of the domination of the Near East by the great powers. This time it was Russia that interfered. At the critical moment she informed Bulgaria that entrance into the city would not be allowed.

When a foreign army no longer threatened Constantinople we returned to our college in Scutari, rather shamefaced and quite convinced that leaving it had not for a moment been necessary. Mr. Rockhill never referred to the subject, in subsequent conversations. He was not so familiar as we were with life in the Near East, where at the last moment there is always a way of escape from disasters that seem inevitable.

There were other reasons why the Bulgarians could not enter the city. The war had been undertaken by a group of Balkan states not unanimous in agreeing to such a step. All the European powers interested helped to stir up the belligerents.

The first Balkan War was ended by the Treaty of London, in May, 1913. The second one began in June of the same year, and ended with the Treaty of Bucharest, a little more than a month later. The causes and results of all these wars were similar—throughout the Balkans and in Turkey. Each small country had its own purpose to fulfil and each one of the great nations of Europe tried to control events to suit its larger dreams of ultimate

power. Albania gained her freedom, but the Treaty of Bucharest worked havoc in many directions. Turkey in Europe now included only a small part of old Thrace. The ambitions of Bulgaria were shattered. Austria was angry at the new power of Servia. Servia was resentful because she had failed to obtain a seaport. Germany quietly waited, hoping to remold the whole Balkan Peninsula.

# PART VI

# EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN WAR-TIME

## CHAPTER XXIII

# THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW COLLEGE

HUMAN psychology is such that we may know the past but not the future. Thus, two months before the seeming order of eastern Europe was turned into chaos, Constantinople Woman's College took up its abode on the new site at Arnautkeui in serene unconsciousness of heavy war clouds. The various halls that had existed in our imagination when the corner-stone was laid, three and a half years before, had entered the domain of reality, and formed an imposing group of buildings of which any college might be proud. Had a delay of even a few weeks occurred, disaster would have overwhelmed us.

Moving from Scutari involved many amusing incidents. Between the two sites, one in Asia and the other in Europe, lay two long steep hills and about five miles of the Bosporus. On the two hills buffalo carts were used for our moving. (Do not smile, gentle reader, at the idea of buffalo carts. They were very picturesque, and the buffaloes usually wore flowers behind their ears.) Large open boats on the Bosporus completed the method of transportation.

In any case there was not very much that was worth the trouble and cost of transporting. Things that we had valued in Scutari looked decidedly shabby when thought of in connection with the new college and in contrast to the complete furnishings which had been sent out from the United States. After the limited conditions of the

previous years, to move suddenly into beautiful college buildings was a thrilling experience. The transporting of furniture, books, and people was finally completed. On April 21, 1914, the faculty and students assembled for their first dinner in the new dining-room.

The college now found itself in truly academic surroundings. The formal inauguration took place on June 3. We were by that time fairly well accustomed to our new environment, and were ready to welcome distinguished guests. At the time of the occupation four buildings had been completed. The dedication of the buildings took place just six weeks after their occupation. Our faculty was not large, but it expressed both scholarship and efficiency. Dr. Louise B. Wallace, of the Department of Biology in Mount Holyoke College, had recently been appointed dean of our college. Seven of our professors had the degree of Ph.D. and there were others equally able, from good American colleges. Our archæological collection, no longer kept under beds or in dark closets, made a display quite worth while in the new museum. Two members of the board of trustees came from the United States for the inauguration—George A. Plimpton, a trustee and chairman of the finance committee, and Walter B. Walker, who represented Mrs. Finley J. Shepard in the formal dedication of Gould Hall.

Our ambassador at that time was Henry Morgenthau, who, by his sympathetic attitude to all alike, had won the loyalty of the Turkish Government and of the many races represented in Constantinople. After he resigned his post in the early part of the war, Turkey expected great things of him in the reconstruction period. On the occasion of the inauguration of our buildings he represented the United States, and with the officials of the Turkish Government led the other guests in the academic procession,

which included the trustees present, representatives from other colleges, the speakers, the faculty, the senior class, and a chorus chanting a processional.

Our ambassador made the first address. It was a eulogy of the æsthetic character of the buildings and grounds and an expression of the speaker's interest in education in the Near East. He called the dedication "The coming-out party of beautiful Constantinople Woman's College." His was followed by an address, in Turkish, by the Minister of Public Instruction, and one by the Prefect of the City of Constantinople. Dr. Plimpton then spoke on behalf of the trustees, formally expressing thanks to Mehmed V, the reigning sultan, and to the Turkish Government, for the protection and assistance which had always been granted to the college. He closed by conferring upon me, in absentia, the degree of LL.D. from Smith College. Appreciation of the college by the Government was shown by a decoration sent to me by the sultan.

Then followed an amusing ceremony—the presentation to the college of the keys of the property. The keys in question were the old original ones to gates in the walls around the grounds, a very shabby, rusty, old-fashioned looking bunch; they did not look as if they could unlock anything, even although tied with the college colors.

All public occasions in Turkey are interesting, if only because of the many races and various foreign interests represented. Speaking at the inauguration ceremonies at Arnautkeui were representatives of other colleges and diplomats from various embassies and legations, including two loyal friends, Consul-General Ravndal, and Dr. William W. Peet, our resident trustee. The most colorful address was by Halidé Edib. It is difficult to realize that even as recently as 1914 she did not venture to sit on the platform with men, but took a place below, lightly veiled,

according to the custom still existing at that time. When called upon she came forward gracefully and as the first Turkish graduate of the college expressed her congratulations to her Alma Mater.

After the formal exercises, we adjourned to the beautiful spot on the campus called the Maze, to witness a pageant of the different nations represented by the students.

First in order of precedence came the Turkish group, in national costume, bearing the Turkish flag. Then, from the opposite side of the terrace, a herald approached, escorting the American students. The standard-bearer was Inga Ravndal, representing Liberty and carrying the United States flag; three others followed, dressed respectively as a Puritan maiden, an American Indian, and a modern scholar. The Hebrew group then appeared, led by two girls taking the parts of Ruth and Naomi.

Britannia was represented by Gladys Thomson, an alumna. Next came a French student, carrying the flag of the French Republic. After her came the Armenians, in various gorgeous costumes, who gave us several national songs and dances. A German girl in German peasant dress was followed by a Swiss group in Swiss peasant costumes. The Bulgarians filed in in characteristic costumes, in the rôles of an ancient king and queen, courtiers, gentlemen, monks, and peasants, and closed their part with a charming peasant song and dance. Then followed an Albanian group in typical national dress. The last group to appear was the Greek, who entered as a Pan-Athenaic procession, and then gave a national song and dance.

The pageant closed with all the students joining in the singing of the college song in the English language, and then, as on all future public occasions in the college, a reception was held in the Marble Hall.

## CHAPTER XXIV

# THE FIRST THUNDERBOLT OF THE WORLD WAR

THE college had moved to its new site. The buildings had been dedicated. Commencement had been held. Faculty and students had departed for various resorts. Vacation was in force. Why remain? I left by an early steamer for Genoa, en route to Chamonix, where I spent the first weeks of vacation under the shadow of Mont Blanc.

In the early part of the summer of 1914 Constantinople was quiet and peaceful; there were no rumors of war. The kindly old sultan, Mehmed V, lived in the calm surroundings of Dolma Bagtche Palace, grappling as best he could with the problems of government. The constitution of Midhat Pasha was still in force, and the cosmopolitan parliament met regularly. Order reigned in the city. At our new college the American workmen still remained, to complete some final tasks. Two valuable shipments had not yet arrived. As a matter of fact, it was several years later that we received them, after the end of the World War.

That year, as usual, Chamonix was full of hustling tourists with one idea—mountain-climbing. There were many Germans. I remember one of them in particular, so tall and strong that when he started forth of a morning he gave the impression that he was about to stride over the mountains instead of climbing them.

We read the papers every day, but in a very cursory way, I fear. Mine were brought to me with my breakfast,

and, although through a mist of mountain-climbing, I began to feel uneasily that a great danger threatened Europe. It was, however, vague, unreal, and far away. The important realities of life were for the moment those dazzling mountains around us. One low peak had long allured me. On the very morning that mobilization was ordered by France I had set forth early, with an enthusiastic party, without even glancing at the morning papers. It was on the return road, that, footsore and hungry, we were met by French friends who called out to us: "Hurry! You must pack up and leave by the first train, or you will be too late. Mobilization begins to-morrow."

My possessions were in the disorder that the atmosphere of a summer resort induces. Fortunately my money was in the safe of the hotel. No bank would have disgorged it, for all the banks had been closed with almost miraculous promptness. Even as it was, I had some difficulty in securing it. This done, I paid my bill, threw my things hastily together, and started for the station. The streets were already filled with a motley crowd of excited people loaded with bags and bundles. Porters had disappeared as if by magic. My luggage was too heavy for me to carry; besides, there being too many pieces to pick up at once. That was my first war experience of doing the impossible. I somehow gathered my things up and started, dropping a shoe here and a stocking there but managing to arrive at the station with most of them, just in time to catch the last train for Geneva, although too late to secure a seat. It was not uncomfortable, however, sitting on my luggage on the platform between the cars.

There were many Germans around me, some of them friends whom I had met in Chamonix. At first they were as cordial as usual, but as the hours wore by their faces gradually assumed a suitable war expression.

CONSTANTINOPLE WOMAN'S COLLEGE, AT ARNAUTKEUI ON THE BOSPORUS, SURROUNDED BY A CAMPUS OF OVER SEVENTY ACRES

Geneva was neutral territory but very much upset. Banks were closed, and many rich Russians and Americans were stranded there, penniless. The old Russia then existed and wealthy cultured Russians were an important element in European travel. There was one American in Geneva at that time whom I shall never forget, although I do not remember his name. He went around offering to lend money to any of his stranded countrymen who were in special need.

Two members of my faculty were in Geneva, and we had enough money among us to get us, with economy, to Constantinople. Thus we were able to start without delay. We did not dare to wait for the weekly boat from Venice, as rumors were insistent that Italy would be one of the first group of belligerents. We therefore rushed through Italy to Brindisi, changing cars now and then as need required. While we were waiting in the station at Bologna, in the middle of the night, an Italian officer assured me that Italy would enter the war within a month.

In Brindisi we met some excited American travelers just arrived from Constantinople.

"You needn't think you will open any college there," they said. "It is the last thing you could do. The whole city is in confusion. Bread lines are being formed in front of the bakeries, and the markets are closed." I thought to myself that I knew of one college that would open.

Everything on our journey cost more than we expected, and we were obliged to travel from Brindisi to Athens in a third-rate Greek boat, in which we took second-class passage. The dirt and discomfort were indescribable. The boat was so slow that it took two nights to reach the Piræus. There were other refugees besides ourselves, in a similar situation, including wealthy Russians who were already almost penniless from the financial upheaval of

Europe. The four days of waiting in Athens were full of interest, for even then the Greek press was tinged by the coming conflict between King Constantine and Venizelos.

Fortunately, one of the best Mediterranean steamers stopped a few hours in the harbor of the Piræus before going on to Constantinople. It was one of the last to pass through the Dardanelles, and was crowded in every corner. A state-room was out of the question, but additional passengers were welcome to occupy deck chairs during the night; among the group availing themselves of that privilege, besides myself, were some of the prominent English residents of Constantinople. It was not the first nor the last time that I sailed through the Dardanelles with deep feeling, but my emotion would have been still more intense if I had known how soon that narrow winding channel, so near the Plain of Troy, would become a center of even greater suffering than in the days of the Trojans.

We found much confusion in Constantinople but none on the college grounds. The streets were quiet, but the great tension that existed could be felt on all sides. The faculties of the American colleges were anxiously asking themselves, "Shall we open, or shall we not?" In our college the question required no discussion. The next day, like a clarion call, came the clear announcement in the morning paper: "Constantinople Woman's College will open, as usual, on September 15."

It was our first college year in Arnautkeui and great preparations had been made for enlargement. Additional departments were to be organized, and new members of the faculty were expected. Not only were these new teachers prevented from coming at all, but the larger part of the old faculty, in the United States for the summer, were unable to return in time. The students, never having known the college to fail in keeping its word, arrived in goodly

numbers the night before the opening day, and inquired eagerly where the new professors were. Alas! we were but four Americans, all told, on the day college opened. A part of the returning faculty reached Smyrna and embarked for Constantinople, but found the Dardanelles already closed. They were obliged to return to Smyrna, and later to enter Constantinople by a roundabout route via Dedeagatch, a small town north of the Dardanelles which was used as our seaport during the war.

The political situation in Constantinople at the time the war began was very interesting from a historical point of view. The same men who were originally leaders in the revolution of the Young Turks, still held the reins of control in the Government. They were Enver Pasha, Minister of War; Jemal Pasha, Minister of Marine; and Talaat Pasha, Minister of the Interior. Other members of the cabinet were changed from time to time, but these three continued in power until the end.

There were usually some non-Moslem members of the cabinet. When the war broke out there were two such functionaries in office, an Armenian and a Greek. In the parliament there were many non-Moslems, for notwithstanding the loss of the most important provinces, the population of Turkey itself was still a mixture of varied nationalities. The parliament contained three hundred members and was an august body. It was composed of Turks, Arabs, Kurds, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Syrians, and representatives of still other nationalities. It cannot be said, however, that either the sultan or the parliament had much control over the course of events during the war, except in carrying out necessary formalities imposed upon them by the all-powerful triumvirate, Enver Pasha, Jemal Pasha, and Talaat Pasha.

Those who best knew these three men contend that

they kept their original idealism to the end, and that even the cruel aspect of their rule expressed their conception of duty. As far as I know, they were all outwardly moral and did not enrich themselves by seizure of property or by any open form of graft. They all lived simply and worked hard. Enver was the only one who resided in a palace, but he had married a princess, and the palace itself was in reality only an ordinary house with picturesque site and surroundings. Enver and Jemal were both the products of military training.

In his early days Enver was military attaché in Berlin, where he saw much of the kaiser, who seems to have completely captivated him, and whom he imitated in manners and appearance. He had the bearing of an adventurer, and was a marked figure in his flying automobile, which often either preceded us or whizzed past, as we were driving to town, for his palace was a little south of the college, on the shore of the Bosporus. Enver Pasha cultivated a bold, courageous bearing and appeared absolutely fearless.

Both Enver and Jemal visited the college; the former frequently accompanied our ambassador, Mr. Morgenthau, on his morning horseback rides. Jemal and Talaat were both friendly in their attitude, and the former accepted an invitation to luncheon at the college, where he addressed the students at their daily formal exercises.

When the sudden outbreak of the World War paralyzed the city of Constantinople and strangled its normal activities, these three men assumed absolute control. In estimating their characters, history may decide whether or not they had lost their idealism. Certainly many other things had been lost besides the fervor of the Young Turk revolution. Most of the provinces of the empire had, one by one, left the Turkish fold, to establish an independent political existence. The prestige of Turkey and its finan-

cial resources had simultaneously declined. Yet the man in the street was not definitely conscious of these changes, for until the greatest of all wars came upon the horizon, life seemed to go on as usual.

The question on all lips, in 1914, was one that has not yet been fully answered. It was: "Who started this war?" In later history the Treaty of Versailles held Germany responsible for dealing the final blow to the equilibrium of the civilized world. The real cause was a complex of commercial, political, and military aims, on the part of the great powers, which can be understood only by studying the mentality that then prevailed. Although the great war occurred in the recent past, in many countries the national point of view has since then as completely changed as if centuries had elapsed.

In 1914 the custom of making secret treaties still existed as an honorable method of conducting international relations. It was not a rare occurrence in the central office of some countries to intercept and decode official telegrams between other nations. Such infamous transactions speak for themselves.

All the European nations who took part in the World War were still strong in the conviction of their right to any territory that they could obtain in the Balkans, North Africa, Palestine, the Ægean Islands, or Asia Minor. How Turkey should be ultimately divided was for them to decide. Three of the powerful nations of Europe were still under kings of the old type, who believed not only in the divine right of conquest but in their own imperial rights as individuals. Francis Joseph I of Austria-Hungary, Nicholas II of Russia, and William II of Germany were still on their thrones.

The military profession was one of the favorite careers in Europe and the British Isles. The shining army of

Germany was the last expression of development in military efficiency. Other armies struggled to attain a similar degree of excellence. War parties were strong in all countries.

At a critical moment Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the throne of the Hapsburgs in Austria-Hungary, went to Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, to attend a ceremony and, on June 28, 1914, he was murdered by Slav subjects of the Hapsburgs. In a flash almost all the powerful nations of Europe had declared war.

The causes of this conflagration lay beneath the surface and had long been evolving. They were subtle motives of commercial competition, the psychological effect of the German Army at home and abroad, the medieval diplomacy of Russia and Austria, secret treaties between the powers, England's fear of a threatened hegemony of Germany in Europe, anxiety regarding the Bagdad Railway, and, finally, the eternal push of all the great nations of Europe to gain control of the Balkans and to secure Constantinople and the straits.

Many of the leaders of the fateful events of July and August, 1914, have since written at length to explain their point of view at that time. In fact, present literature is rich in such documents, the sincerity of which cannot be questioned. All such attempts at explanation show an unconscious confusion in point of view which is of great historical significance. It is the result of the tremendous transformation in public opinion that has taken place since 1914.

Another question vital to every one in Constantinople in 1914 was: "Will Turkey join the war or will she not?"

## CHAPTER XXV

# MEHMED V, AN ALLY OF THE KAISER

CONSTANTINOPLE, the Bagdad Railway, and the Balkans all loomed large in the background of the World War. The control of the Dardanelles was a world prize to be sought on any pretext.

The natural course of rapid economical and industrial development in recent history has created new world conditions. During the fifty years preceding the war, all the most powerful nations of Europe had been struggling to get as much colonial territory as possible. This was when Russia was still in the arena, when military training in Germany was one of the fine arts, and when Austria-Hungary was a strong nation under the title of the Dual Monarchy.

As the early weeks of the autumn of 1914 dragged along in uncertainty, the government of Turkey gradually reverted to its old military type. Disraeli once remarked that every nation has its temperament. That has been especially true of Turkey. The temperament of Turkey was military, and a nation cannot suddenly throw off its inherited tendency. In all changes in Turkish history even the sultan and his ministers had to stand back before the supreme force of the army and gain its consent before essaying a new departure. This was true even when Midhat Pasha introduced his cosmopolitan constitution.

Therefore it was to Enver Pasha, as commander-in-chief of the army, that the leadership of the nation largely

fell. Enver was a man of action, quick to command, efficient in control, and with strong German sympathies. His military training was the guiding force in his life, and through him German influence in Turkey increased by leaps and bounds. The German Embassy became by far the strongest diplomatic center in Constantinople.

There was no single strong ruler in either Germany or Turkey. Subsequent history has revealed the fact that even in those days the kaiser was to a certain degree a mere figurehead in his government. That the Turkish sultan, Mehmed V, was a name and not a power, was evident to all. It was through the influence of Enver Pasha that the sultan requested that military instructors be sent to the Turkish Army from Germany, and thus General Liman von Sanders became head of the Turkish army corps at Constantinople. Russia remonstrated at this but was able to gain nothing more than a mild protest from Sir Edward Grey to the Turkish Government.

It was through German protection, also, that Enver was able to take the further step of dismissing the older officers in the army and replacing them with his own friends, many of whom, like him, had been educated in Germany. He put German officers, also, in charge of many different departments of the Ministry of War.

The power of Enver Pasha may be further explained by the statement, if true, that during a period of only six months he gave away over four and one half million pounds in presents to officers in the army and other officials. After the armistice was signed, and he ran away, a case was found in his office in the ministry, full of earrings, rings, necklaces, and other jewelry, much of which was set with diamonds and other precious stones. There were also wonderful old manuscript copies of the Koran, beau-

tifully written and illuminated, which he sent to sheiks of Arab tribes whose allegiance he wished to secure.

In the early days of August, after Germany declared war, a council of ministers was called, in great haste, at the Sublime Porte. Enver Pasha then made every effort to put through a resolution that Turkey should immediately join Germany. A secret treaty with Germany had been signed, apparently unknown to some of the members of the Turkish cabinet but under the advice of Enver Pasha. It was an alliance on the basis of equality of status. This took place during the summer of 1914. In case of a European war Turkey was to help Germany and Austria, but it evidently was not definitely stated that Turkey should intervene at the outbreak of war. The men who signed this treaty were Enver Pasha, Talaat Pasha, and Halil Bey. In return for the promise made by Turkey in this treaty, Germany promised Turkey the services of her savants, her art and commercial experts, in any way that she desired. This promise Germany later kept.

To Enver's dismay, all the ministers, without exception, were against going into the war. Enver very cleverly proposed a partial mobilization, which he said was a precautionary measure always taken by neutral nations. This was agreed to. Thus his power to shape the situation was greatly strengthened. The majority of the Turkish cabinet, including the grand vizier, and the Turkish people in general were wholly opposed to Turkey's entering the war on either side. There had been too many wars already, in their recent past, and the country was depleted and in the greatest need of rest and peace.

Yet the Germans and Enver were not discouraged. There began a season of propaganda. Rumors were spread among the people, during the whole of August, to the

effect that Rumania was joining Germany. In September it was declared that the French army had been broken through and routed, and that the days were numbered in which France would be able to fight. Even so, the grand vizier and the most important members of the Turkish cabinet declared that should Enver succeed in gaining a majority for war they would immediately resign.

There were many German officers in Turkey at that time, holding various positions in the army. The accusation has been made against General Liman von Sanders that as far back as May of that year he had given sealed envelops to the mayors of prominent cities and towns with instructions to open them when an order to do so should come from the Central Government. These envelops were said to contain posters calling for mobilization. They were printed in bright colors, with the Turkish *Tughra,* or imperial monogram, at the top, over two crossed swords displayed on green Turkish flags. This story was found in current war literature, but of its truth I have no proof.

Of another instance of German propaganda in Turkey I have proof. A printed statement in Arabic was sent from Germany to Turkey which asserted that all the Mohammedan brothers of the Turks in Germany were in deep sympathy with their co-religionists. The Turkish press made great fun of the Mohammedan brotherhood offered by Germany to Turkey. "Where are the Mohammedans of Germany?" was asked ironically. "No one has seen even one of them!"

When the order came for the mobilization of the Turkish Army, it was a tragedy. There were no funds with which to supply even the necessary clothing for the soldiers, to say nothing of financing a country at war.

Meantime we in the college were faced with many perplexities. The student body was large and enthusiastic,

but the faculty had not been increased proportionately. There were few Americans who would in that moment of world disturbance undertake to join an enterprise in one of the centers of uncertainty in Europe. We were able, however, to make some additions to the teaching staff from members of European colonies in Constantinople. There were, alas, anxieties far more disturbing than the size of the faculty. Food conditions were serious and security was never assured.

The first great change in our surroundings came from the gradual mobilization of the army. As autumn wore on and cold weather began, insufficient shelter and clothing made the soldiers everywhere objects of deep sympathy. Every part of the city was filled with them. They occupied our Scutari property, which had only the year before housed a happy American college. Even in Arnautkeui they crowded into all the vacant houses, and they seemed omnipresent outside our walls. We were never quite free from the danger that our new spacious buildings, not being fully occupied by academic activities, would be appropriated, at least in part, for military purposes.

In fact, one day a troop of cavalry arrived, and it was announced that it had come to take possession of our stables, which happened to be commodious, as the previous owner of the property had kept many horses and carriages. Our hearts sank when the commander came into the college office and indicated the rooms in the college itself that it would be necessary for them to take over for their bureau. By prompt telephoning to the American Embassy, however, we obtained counter orders, and the officers with their troops rode away. We then followed our ambassador's advice and had the roofs removed from the vacant stables.

We had been glad to hand over our Scutari property

temporarily to people in such need and distress, but it was evident that to keep our new college buildings intact for educational purposes would in the end render the country a greater service. Yet we never knew, from one day to another, how long we should be able to preserve them. I realize now that the college must have had the friendly consideration of the three men in power, to have been left unmolested as was the case all through the war.

There was no longer a shadow of doubt that Turkey's declaration of war was imminent; the question now was, "On which side?" The thinking part of the Turkish nation was overwhelmingly in sympathy with England and France. I think it is no exaggeration to say that three fourths of the entire Turkish population was perfectly friendly to these two countries, even while the Turkish forces were fighting against the British in the Dardanelles. This friendly attitude on the part of the Turks changed, however, when after the war the English came into Constantinople with a conquering army and treated the Turks as enemies—as, technically, they had reason to do.

During the month of August, when the war was well on its way, the German battle cruiser *Goeben,* and the light cruiser *Breslau* escaped from the Mediterranean into the Dardanelles. The story of this maneuver is one of the familiar tales of the war. These vessels were in danger from British and French fleets; they evaded capture by flying the Turkish flag, and, under full steam, entered Turkish waters. The British fleet, in charge of Admiral Trowbridge, could have captured them, but through a clever ruse on their part Admiral Trowbridge was made to believe that he was obeying orders in letting them through. These war-ships proved to be dangerous guests for Turkey.

Furthermore, Turkey was very indignant with Eng-

land for commandeering two superdreadnoughts that she had ordered from the British Government. These were being paid for by popular subscription in Turkey. Patriotic women had even sold their jewelry to contribute to the fund to purchase those ships, so badly needed in the weakened condition of the Turkish Navy. They were just about completed. One was called *Sultan Osman I* and the other *Reshadieh.* Private yards in Great Britain were permitted to build war-ships for foreign governments only in time of peace and on condition that if war should break out, such ships would belong to England. The ships in question were therefore commandeered by the British Navy, and were put into service as the *Agincourt* and the *Erin.* This act caused great resentment throughout Turkey.

England at that time greatly desired to keep Turkey out of the war—or at least to defer her action. Lord Kitchener was most eager to get the troops expected from India through the Suez Canal, before Turkey took part. Sir Louis Mallet was then the British ambassador at Constantinople, and it was his delicate task to explain to the Turks why they could not have their ships. This was all the more difficult because the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* were in the Constantinople harbor, fully equipped with guns and crews and very anxious to be put at the service of the Turks.

England, France, and Russia all approached Turkey at that time. They promised her that under any terms of peace, at the end of the war, her integrity should be preserved. They demanded, however, that the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* be sent out of the straits immediately. But the Turks would neither intern nor send home the *Goeben* and the *Breslau.* On the contrary, these ships by a real or fictitious purchase became the property of

Turkey. With the connivance of Enver Pasha they entered the Black Sea, late in October, and attacked Russian ports. Under the Turkish flag but in command of German officers they shelled the harbors of Odessa, Theodosia, and Sebastopol while Turkey was still at peace with Russia.

This Black Sea coup, which really plunged Turkey into the war, caused amazement and consternation in Constantinople. It was doubtless planned by the Germans and Enver, who realized that an unexpected and irretrievable occurrence of this kind was the only thing that would force the issue. Admiral von Souchon was the officer in command of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*. He had been made commander-in-chief of the imperial fleet of the Ottoman Government. The Turkish names *Jawus* and *Midilli* were given to the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* respectively. It is impossible to say to what extent the Turkish cabinet was taken by surprise. During the weeks of suspense, there was always an underlying thought in the minds of those in power that Germany was the only country in Europe that expected to see a strong Turkey in existence.

It is thought by some Turkish critics that Talaat, Minister of the Interior, and Halil Bey, President of the Council of State, knew something of the plan beforehand, but there is no doubt that the cabinet as a whole was not an accomplice, and disapproved of the outcome. Jemal Pasha, Minister of Marine, while playing cards in his Pera Club, received the information that Admiral von Souchon had bombarded Russian ports on the Black Sea. White with anger, he sprang up, saying:

"So be it. If things go wrong, Souchon will be the first to be hanged."

As soon as the news from the Black Sea was confirmed, a Turkish deputation went to the French and British em-

bassies, to beg that the British, French, and Russian ambassadors would not leave Constantinople, and to assure them that Turkey was ready to apologize, and would also pay an indemnity to Russia. The Entente ambassadors replied that unless all German naval and military instructors were sent away, they themselves would leave. The Turkish cabinet then begged that the mediation of the United States and Italy, then neutral powers, be accepted, and again implored the Entente ambassadors not to leave. This also was refused, and the ambassadors left. Four ministers resigned from the Turkish cabinet—Javid Bey, Mahmud Pasha, and the Armenian and Greek members. The grand vizier declared that war was a criminal folly, but consented to remain in office.

The sultan was by that time becoming increasingly feeble and irresponsible. The heir to the throne, according to Turkish law, was Yussuf Izeddin Effendi, the eldest son of Sultan Aziz, well known as a friend of England. He was received in audience by the British and French ambassadors before they left, and begged them to express to M. Poincaré and Sir Edward Grey his deep sorrow and his entire sympathy with the Entente. Yussuf Izeddin Effendi was a refined, educated, and highly patriotic man, who stood openly against the pro-German policy of Enver Pasha. In the spring of 1916 he died, suddenly, near his farm, which was situated in the hills in Arnautkeui, back of our college. Official reports stated that he had committed suicide, but all his friends believed that he was a victim of war hatred, like many other distinguished Turks.

Russia declared war against Turkey on November 3; France and Great Britain, two days later. Turkey issued a formal declaration of war against the Entente Allies on November 23. Meanwhile military operations had begun

against Turkey on November 5, and Great Britain strengthened her hold on the island of Cyprus and on Egypt, terminating in both instances the suzerainty of Turkey.

After war was declared there was strict control of the press. As events progressed, there were men of power in Europe, participants in the great struggle, or in the United States, historical observers, who could view matters in the large. This was not the case with us in Turkey. We were shut, as it were, in a cage and could estimate the progress of the war only from within.

## CHAPTER XXVI

# WAR AT FIRST HAND

THE first evidence we had that an offensive against Turkey had begun was the bombarding that shook our windows, sometimes for several hours. Bombarding and nightingales together characterized the month of May, 1915.

There was one Sunday, I remember particularly, when loud cannonading from the direction of the Black Sea was heard throughout the morning service. A few days later a play happened to be staged by the Freshman class under the trees, in a secluded spot on the campus. At the very moment the play began a thundering bombardment from the northeast started up and made a vivid experience of the occasion. Russian seaplanes frequently flew over us; and the order came forbidding lights at night. We were afraid that they would mistake us for an enemy institution, and we had a large American flag made to spread on the ground on top of the hill behind the buildings to serve as a protection, in the daytime at least. This flag was about forty-five feet square, but even so, several members of the faculty made it the butt of many jokes, treating it as a puerile and amusing device.

The progress of the Russians in the Caucasus was at first rapid, but they always seemed half-hearted. It was whispered about that, owing to German influence in high places, they were not trying to win.

Russian aeroplanes were not the only ones that flew

over us. There were many German fliers everywhere. One morning when I was dressing I happened to look out at the window, and there suspended in the air near by was a beautiful German dirigible, graceful and triumphant. We heard afterward that in a battle near Saloniki it fell in ruins.

When the rumor spread through the city, early in 1915, that the English were at the Dardanelles, it seemed too amazing to be true. The first attack of the Entente fleets upon the forts at the entrance of the straits augured success. It caused a panic in Constantinople: "What if the English and French should take the city?" Rumor had it that old Mehmed V was holding himself in readiness to cross the Bosporus at any moment, to take the train from the station on the Asiatic side to Konia. It was said that money, jewels, and other valuables had already been sent from the palace to the station, and that the women of the royal household had packed their trunks. Some of the treasures of the art museum were forwarded to Konia, to be stored in a mosque.

It was easier to stir up a panic early in the war than it was later on, when we had learned to discount sudden rumors. At that time we also had our scare. A list of all the Americans in Constantinople was drawn up, and a place of refuge was assigned to each one of them in case of need. After the first alarm, however, nothing more was heard of this plan.

The flower of the British Army was involved in the struggle at the Dardanelles; the best of all the armies seemed to concentrate there, inspired, possibly, by the history of the Trojan heroes. We were only a little over a hundred miles away, just too far to hear the cannonading. Some of our friends at Prinkipo declared that the sound of the guns was sometimes audible to them.

During those early days it was always Russia that inspired the greatest fear, perhaps for historical reasons. From a distant past the idea of Russia's ultimate conquest of the city had prevailed, until it had become a fixed idea. Many a time have I been in a caïque on the Bosporus when the boatman would point a tragic finger toward the Black Sea and whisper with bated breath, "Some day the Russian wolf will come down and devour us."

It was in those days that we heard, to our horror, that England and France had finally promised to give Constantinople to Russia. This we could not believe. The policy of England had always been to protect Constantinople and the straits from Russian expansion. It seems, however, that a new state of things had been brought about by the Dardanelles campaign. Viscount Grey and Lord Kitchener were hampered by diplomatic relations. From the moment the British appeared at the Dardanelles, Russian suspicions were aroused. Should England take Constantinople, it would be the final blow to Russia's dreams.

Russia was in a position to make her own terms. A definite demand was sent from Petrograd to the Entente leaders, to the effect that after the war was over Constantinople should be given to Russia. This demand England and France were not able to refuse, and, in late March and early April of 1915, another secret treaty was added to the long line of those preceding, promising Russia the final possession of the great prize. Why did France and England make such a promise? Because they feared Germany and desired to retain the help of Russia throughout the war. Was it not true that the trains from the station at Haidar Pasha, on the Marmara, bore on the sides of the cars the words "Constantinople to Bagdad" and connected with the train to Berlin? "Berlin to Bagdad"

was a great menace to England because of India and Egypt, and to France because of Syria. It was in view of real danger, therefore, that, after centuries of struggle, these two powers were willing to yield to Russia.

The signing of this secret treaty with England and France made a memorable day for Russia, and more than any other one act came near bringing about the fulfilment of the dire prophecies I had always heard—that in the end Russia would surely take Constantinople. History, however, is full of surprises. In 1917 Russia became Bolshevik and under a wholly new world policy forgot about Constantinople. Will she look back with regret upon a lost cause when she again comes into her national consciousness; or in the future will new ideas of nationality modify all desire for national expansion?

At commencement time in June, 1915, the Dardanelles campaign was still in full swing, but a rival interest occupied our minds: we heard that Bulgaria was soon to enter the war, though we did not know on which side. A peremptory command came to the college to send all our Bulgarian students home immediately, without waiting for Commencement Day. An usually large proportion of our graduating class that year was Bulgarian. Through the kindness of Mr. Morgenthau, who was still in Constantinople, informal graduating exercises were arranged for those students, and a dinner was given for them at the United States Embassy. They received their diplomas, and departed in high spirits. Our real commencement took place as usual on a later date.

Then came the surprising tidings that Bulgaria had declared war on the side of Germany, Austria, and Turkey! The manifesto of war sent out by the Bulgarian ministry of Mr. Radislavoff attacked all the nations of the Entente for their motives in entering the war. It ac-

cused Russia of fighting for Constantinople; France, for Alsace and Lorraine; England, for commercial supremacy over Germany; and Italy, Servia, and Montenegro simply for loot. It gave statistics of Bulgaria's trade in the years 1907, 1909, 1911, showing that the import and export of that country with the Central Powers was far greater than with the nations of the Entente. Yet the strongest incentive to the decision was the diplomatic power of Germany and Austria. The manifesto asked the question, "What would happen to Bulgaria if Constantinople should become Russian, with consequent loss to Bulgaria of the Constantinople market?" The mass of the common people in Bulgaria, however, like those in Turkey, would in the beginning have been in favor of joining the Entente.

Notwithstanding the constant excitement caused by dangers from abroad, our most poignant war experiences came from sources near at hand. One of these was the constant sound of the fateful drum calling upon men to enlist. During the whole of 1915 we heard it from our beds at night, and our hearts sickened at the sound. The next morning we would see the poor miserable victims who had been caught, being marched away. I shall always be haunted by the look of dull misery on their faces, and never shall I be able to think of that sinister drum without a tightening of the heart.

As the war went on, Turkish hospitals were established in all the houses on the Bosporus that could be secured. At one time it was estimated that there were about eighty thousand wounded in the city. The crying demand for help became greater and greater. Our assistance was gladly offered, and never have eager nurses found more responsive and appreciative patients. Mrs. Morgenthau was at the head of this work, in the buildings of the former French hospital. She tells a touching story of a young

Turkish officer, a remarkably fine-looking, vigorous young man, who must have gone to the war in the tower of his strength, lying there wasting away in agony. When the moment of his release came, he looked up to heaven and with his last breath cried, "Allah, Allah, I forgive all my enemies." The stoic, pathetic suffering of these childlike, kindly Turkish soldiers filled every heart with pity.

Many American and English women worked constantly as nurses, and they all testified that the patience of the Turkish men under suffering was beyond praise. Two things would unfailingly stir their enthusiasm—flowers and cigarettes. Turkish peasants everywhere love flowers, and one often saw a man with one or two tucked under his fez. If a bouquet were left by a visitor on a table in the hospital, in a very short time the vase would be empty and the flowers would be found tied to a bedpost or lying on the beds of the men who were not able to hold them.

During the whole of the Dardanelles campaign the official communiqués in the daily press, in order not to excite the people, acknowledged very few killed and wounded. In consequence of these reports, the following typical Turkish story went the rounds of Constantinople society:

A Turkish soldier went to the gate of heaven and knocked. St. Peter came to the gate and asked:

"What is your name, my friend?"

"My name is Ahmed," the soldier replied, "and I was killed at the Dardanelles."

"That is impossible," said St. Peter. "The official record in the Turkish press does not mention you, but distinctly states that no lives were lost, and only a donkey and a camel were wounded."

The Turkish soldiers also told another tale, with great

glee, which probably originated elsewhere. One day Allah called up Mohammed on the telephone and asked him to stop the war. Mohammed replied that he could only stop his own people, and that by doing so he would expose them to destruction by the Christians. On the other hand, if the Christians stopped fighting, they would be killed by the Mohammedans. Thereupon Allah called up Moses, who replied that he had no influence in the war, as the Jews had all paid their exemption taxes.

"Alas! Alas!" cried Allah. "I would go down myself and stop it, if the kaiser would not seize my throne while I was away."

Taken all in all, the Turkish soldier suffered both more and less than other fighters. He never had the questionable recourse of turning to drink for partial forgetfulness, for the Moslem soldier did not drink. Cigarettes were of course in constant evidence, and often obtained at great price. The English told many tales of kind and chivalrous treatment meted out by the Turks to their prisoners.

During the Dardanelles campaign the submarine warfare in the Marmara created great excitement in Constantinople. British submarines were frequently outside the harbor, and some even came into the Bosporus. Because of this menace, the Bosporus steamers carried life-preservers. It was said that Englishmen from submarines sometimes landed on Prinkipo, and other islands of the Marmara, to ask for food.

During all those months we were saddened by the tragic appearance of the beautiful harbor of Constantinople, which was entirely bereft of shipping. It is doubtful if such a condition had ever before existed since the early history of Byzantium.

In April, 1916, a daring English airman led a raid of naval aeroplanes which dropped bombs on the powder-

mills in the northern outskirts of Pera, the suburb immediately north of the Golden Horn, where foreigners especially congregate. General small attacks had previously been made by the British on these mills. At last success crowned their efforts. At that moment I happened to be standing with Dr. Wallace on a balcony on the fourth floor at the back of the Pera Palace Hotel, overlooking the Golden Horn. We had gone there to escape for a short period from the fearful responsibility at the college, where evidences of the war were always present. The event proved that escape was impossible, for as we stood quietly looking at the peaceful view, it suddenly seemed as if heaven and earth had joined in a general convulsion. It was some moments before we could believe that we were still standing on the balcony. The powder-mills had ceased to exist. We returned to the college, finding it quiet and peaceful in comparison with the powder-mill experience.

One devastating result of the attempts of the Entente to wage a secret campaign in Constantinople was the dramatic destruction of important German stores at Haidar Pasha. The station of the Bagdad Railway was a large, commodious building. For many months the Germans had been collecting, in this station, stores intended for carrying on a strong campaign against General Allenby, in Palestine. These stores included large quantities of munitions, railway carriages, aeroplanes, automobiles, trucks, and an abundant supply of food—in short, preparations for an offensive that General Allenby would have found it difficult to resist.

Suddenly, on September 6, 1917, the whole city of Constantinople was thrown into confusion by the shock of a tremendous explosion at Haidar Pasha. The explosion was sufficient to break the windows of the surrounding

buildings and in houses at some distance. Even at the Woman's College, about six miles away, the shock was felt. The whole city was an interrogation point. "What has happened?" . . . "When did it happen?" . . . "How did it happen?"

Explosions occurred intermittently for days afterward, and when at last they ended, the whole of the interior of the Haidar Pasha station was found to be destroyed, as well as all the stores. How the explosions and resultant destruction were accomplished proved difficult to discover. There have been, of course, many theories. Some citizens of Constantinople were perfectly sure that they had seen an aeroplane, presumably British, hanging over the station. The British war office records are non-committal. The Germans contend that it was an accident. In a fairly good British source it is stated that the building was blown up by secret service men from a submarine, who operated under cover of smoke—dropping bombs from a British aeroplane. In any case, all who took part in the act probably paid for their courage with their lives. The fact that so little notice was taken of it, by the European and American press, would sustain the theory that the explosion was an accident. It is doubtful if it is well understood outside of Constantinople what a change in the course of events was occasioned by the loss of all this material, so carefully collected by the Germans. The fact subsequently transpired that the stores were insured in six German companies—two in Switzerland, two in Austria, and two in Turkey. It was said that the total amount for which they were insured was eighteen millions of francs.

One of the most terrible things that occurred in Turkey during the war was the deportation of the Armenians. The world at that time was war-crazy, but it is only just

to say that the best part of all the nations involved looked upon the act with horror. It was said that deportation of the Armenians to some other part of the Near East was originally suggested by the Germans. Certain Germans, however, who were in Konia at that time, and who saw at first hand what was going on, came to Constantinople in great excitement, and said, "If our kaiser only knew how the Armenians are suffering, he would put a stop to it." They wrote letters to the kaiser which were forwarded to him by direct means, but these produced no effect.

A prominent Turkish deputy who traveled through Asia Minor at that time protested in parliament against what was taking place.

"I cannot keep still," he said, "after the sufferings that I have seen on my way to Constantinople. I demand that some action be taken to protect these poor people."

Halidé Edib went to Talaat Pasha and protested, also, earnestly pleading for the Armenians. There was no one in authority, however, who was willing to change the policy, and the deportation went on.

Of the triumvirate in control of the Turkish Government at that time, it was probably Enver Pasha and Talaat Pasha who were responsible. Jemal Pasha was considered less cruel than the other two, and besides he was chiefly engaged in the southern part of the empire. The old sultan would not voluntarily have injured any one. It is doubtful if he knew much about the matter. Armenians living in Constantinople itself were not deported, as far as I know.

At a meeting in London, in October, 1915, Lord Bryce said, "There is only one power on earth that could stop the Armenian deportations and that is Germany." Germany, however, did nothing. Frequent appeals were made to the German Embassy in Constantinople. The

reply was always, "We cannot interfere, for political reasons."

As far as life in the college itself was concerned, real war experiences consisted in the constant appeal to our sympathy, in the impossibility of securing efficient professors in the faculty, and in the difficulty of obtaining food. Many things which were usually for sale everywhere along the streets of Constantinople gradually disappeared. No oranges or lemons, or other kinds of fruit, from different parts of the Mediterranean, could be brought through the closed straits of the Dardanelles. For one lemon one sometimes paid nearly a Turkish pound. The value of a Turkish pound at the beginning of the war was $4.44, but money values fluctuated and fell at the same time that the stock of food decreased.

Toward the end of the war we were brought almost to the point of famine. Sugar nearly disappeared from the market, and vegetables were difficult to obtain. We had our own garden, but it could not provide for several hundred people. Cracked wheat could be secured but not of good quality. The bread in the market was made, more and more, of other materials than the ordinary grains. As a matter of fact, the college did not have a sufficient amount of nourishing food.

In the city, the situation became so bad that one could not go on the streets without seeing pitiful sights at every corner. The misery of the people was unconcealed. Faces were haggard, pinched, and worn. Eyes were haunted and bodies feeble. It is difficult to say whether many people died of starvation, for starvation is a gradual process. One frequently saw old men and women, and even children, collapse in the streets, perhaps from hunger. In the old days of peace, for the average Turk of the working class a piece of bread and cheese, some olives, and some

grapes or Turkish delight formed the noonday meal, the regular dinner being taken at night, after his work was over. During the war such a meal would cost more than he could pay, and even if he had been able to pay, it could not have been found. The bread shortage was always serious, and the lack of sugar was a veritable loss to the sugar-loving Turk.

In spite of the misery of the people, in general, there seemed to be no idea of revolt but rather a phlegmatic submission to fate. But there had been no enthusiasm from the beginning. Enver Pasha tried in many ways to keep up the flagging interest of his people. At one time he addressed a company of women in Adrianople. He told them that it was a wonderful thing for a mother to have the glory and joy of her son's dying for his country. The women listened in silence to his long speech, and then one dignified woman stepped forward and, bowing very low, said:

"We thank your Excellency for your kind words, and may your mother also soon have that glory and joy."

It was during the most strenuous period of the war that Mehmed V died. Of the five sultans under whom I lived in Turkey he was the only one whose reign had been ended by the natural method of death. Indeed, he was the first one since Sultan Medjid of whom that statement could be made. Mehmed V had a sincere desire to help his people and constantly lamented that he could not do more. He was very democratic in his ideas, and never sought to avail himself of his right to royal display. Shortly before his death he underwent a surgical operation, performed by a German surgeon. Before he took the anæsthetic he said:

"I am not afraid to die, and in my present condition I am of little service to my country."

His eldest son, who stood near the operating table, asked, "Father, how have you the courage to go on with this?"

In reply the sultan recited some lines of an old Persian poem, to the effect that "an old horse of blooded stock can always endure more than a young horse of inferior stock." He survived the surgical operation, but died early in 1918.

The brother next in order of the four sons of Medjid who successively occupied the throne, came into power July 3, 1918, under the title of Mehmed VI. He was the only one of the three brothers who Sultan Hamid thought could develop into a successful ruler. He seemed an earnest patriot, but he was over sixty years of age. At the beginning of his reign it was thought that he might accomplish something, as he showed a great desire to help his people. In those early days he often went through the streets of the city disguised, in an effort to ascertain for himself how things really were. When he came to the throne there was no public inaugural ceremony, and he lived quietly and without ostentation in Dolma Bagtche Palace. On one occasion, shortly after his accession, his daughter, the Princess Ulvie, lunched at the college, and she told us with touching seriousness how he was constantly working for the welfare of his people.

At the time of the World War Turkey was in no condition to carry on a military campaign or even to raise an army. Yet during those years of fighting, her soldiers lived up to the old reputation of the Turks for courage.

# PART VII

# THE WORLD IN DISINTEGRATION

ENTRANCE OF CONSTANTINOPLE WOMAN'S COLLEGE

## CHAPTER XXVII

# THE GERMANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE

ALTHOUGH German influence in Turkey had been increasing for some years, the Turks made their début upon the stage of the World War, so to speak, in a striking episode. To rouse enthusiasm in the Turkish people, the scheme was hit upon of proclaiming a Jihad, or Holy War. The idea of a Holy War goes back to Mohammed the Prophet himself, who promised his followers a safe entrance into paradise as a reward for enlisting in such a war. In the old days a Holy War meant death to all Christians, and now the idea was fear-inspiring.

It is uncertain whether the plan of instigating such a war originated with the German emperor or with Enver Pasha. In either case, the Sheik ul Islam was persuaded to proclaim it. A grand procession on horseback was formed, in imitation of the time of Mohammed, to march across the bridge of the Golden Horn. The procession was supposed to include two women, because Ayesha, the wife of Mohammed, and her attendant had ridden in the original one. No woman of the better class would for a moment think of joining it. Two women were finally found, however, who consented to take part and they were doubtless paid for their services. It was said that one was a woman who sat on the bridge selling *leb-lebs,* or dried peas, and that the other was of the same class.

Possibly in the mind of the kaiser the Jihad was to be a torch that would inflame the Mohammedan millions

of Turkey, India, Egypt, and Arabia to wipe the English off the face of the earth. In the minds of Enver and Talaat it was probably a great joke—a part of the game. The common people regarded it with suspicion. A Holy War fought with the help of Germany and Austria! The idea brought a smile to the faces of thoughtful Mohammedans. A well-known Turk in Bebek remarked: " 'Holy War'! This is a Holy War *a la franca* [of the European sort]."

From the time Turkey declared war as an ally of Germany, in 1914, until the armistice of October, 1918, German influence was predominant in Constantinople, although the Germans were not politically in possession of the city. Reviewing the course of events during those years, there is every reason to think that Germany expected to remain in Turkey permanently. Just before war broke out, the brother of an American colleague of mine coming from Konia was obliged to secure official German as well as Turkish permission to visit Constantinople.

One day during the war I happened to lunch in one of the hotels in Pera. After finishing my luncheon I was sitting idly resting for a few moments, when I saw a soiled and crumpled booklet lying on the floor near by. It had either been dropped by accident or carelessly thrown aside. Picking it up, I saw that it was the report of a chamber of commerce in an important German city. Its perusal proved very interesting. The different regions of Asia Minor were carefully tabulated. The character of the soil in each was described in the language of a technical expert, and the crops best suited to each region designated. That pamphlet certainly proved at least great interest in the future of the country.

The idea of a German future for Turkey was certainly justified, on the part of the Germans, by the conditions that existed both before and during the war. The con-

struction of the Bagdad Railway was pushed and the road made some progress on the way to its destination, even during those years of disturbance. Turkey was an ally of Germany in a war that both nations expected to bring to a successful conclusion. Germany could naturally hope for even more influence in Turkey in the future than that which she then possessed. Her power over Turkey during the war was very great.

German officers and German soldiers were seen in all the streets. The German Embassy, with the German ambassador in charge, was in full authority as far as foreigners were concerned in public affairs. The British, French, and Italian embassies were closed; the American and Persian were the only other ones remaining after war was declared. There were, however, a number of legations, belonging to the neutral powers of Europe, that continued to function. Among these was the Swedish, which accepted the responsibility for American citizens in Turkey after relations were severed between the two countries. The Bulgarian Legation, although not legally responsible for the comfort and well-being of American citizens in Turkey, never for a moment forgot us after Bulgaria declared war. Mr. Koloucheff was at that time the Bulgarian minister, and in times of difficulty he was usually the first to arrive at the college to offer help.

As the fighting at the Dardanelles continued, many wounded Germans were brought in from the front, and German and Austrian hospitals increased their facilities for care of the sick and injured. The German hospitals were in charge of expert doctors and nurses whose influence was soon felt in the city.

It was in sanitary matters that we first noticed changes. Constantinople was vigorously cleaned up. The streets became almost immaculate, and in some places the rough

pavement shone in the brilliant sunlight. Orders were given for inoculation against all known diseases, and certificates were required as proof that it had been done. If necessary, the operation could be performed in a German hospital, where many precautions were taken against infection. Systematization and inoculation did not, alas, entirely prevent serious epidemics. The spotted typhus, which raged at the front, spread even to the suburbs of Constantinople, and Asiatic cholera at one time appeared in Pera. Disease was largely the result of lack of food and other economic consequences of war.

As a country Germany stands high in its interest in education. This quality of the German character was always prominent during the period of German influence in Constantinople. The Assistant Minister of the Department of Education was a German. Herr Schmidt was tall and blond, and wore the usual German eye-glasses. He lived with his family in an attractive house near our street entrance, and one of the first things that he did was to inspect every department of our college. I myself had the pleasure of showing him around. We questioned at first what his visit might portend, but it proved to have been prompted by friendliness only, as he made no effort to use the control to which his official position gave him the right.

Herr Schmidt did, however, introduce into the Ministry of Public Instruction untold demands for statistics. Everything had to be systematized and tabulated in the most complete German fashion. Document after document came to us, demanding the names of parents and grandparents, also minute descriptions of all ancestors, and detailed information concerning their personal experiences throughout life. A mistake in the color of an eyelash, so to speak, brought the paper back for correction. For-

tunately for us, the ultimate control of the Ministry of Public Instruction was Turkish, and the Turkish mind is naturally not much given to statistics. After our lists had been returned several times as incomplete, I appealed to our Turkish professor, Dr. Tevfik, who was a scholar and a poet.

"Give me the latest paper," he said. "I will attend to it."

After that, trouble about statistics suddenly ceased. Some time later I asked him what he had done about the matter.

"Nothing," he said. "It is not time yet." Then some blank-books made out in Turkish arrived, with several columns on a page to be filled in, regarding each student. I again appealed to the Turkish professor.

"What shall we do with these?" I asked.

He smiled and said, "Haven't you a closet here?"

I opened the door of a very good closet, and we put the books on the upper shelf. About eight years later, when I packed up my personal possessions, to leave Turkey permanently, I looked on that upper shelf and there lay those same old books for required statistics. Our Turkish professor was a great friend of the Minister of Public Instruction and often visited him. On the occasion of each visit he would casually remark:

"We are following all your requirements at the Woman's College. We are doing everything that you wish."

The Turks were really as indifferent as we were to statistics as a fundamental method in education, and the amusing result of the policy of our Turkish professor was that at the end of the year the Minister of Public Instruction said our college had observed his requirements best of all the foreign colleges.

The Turkish Imperial University was then struggling into new life against odds. There was at that time only one department to which women were admitted, and, strange to say, that was the department of philosophy. Classes in philosophy were attended by women students in large numbers. Most of the men who should have been studying there had been drafted for the army. Just at the time of the greatest dearth of students in the university, Germany took a friendly hand in its affairs, and from eighteen to twenty new professors arrived in Constantinople. These gentlemen came with their wives and families, expecting, apparently, to remain permanently. The German press everywhere was jubilant over the prospect of building up education in Turkey. It certainly seemed as if the Turkish Government anticipated a Germanized future, with Turkey not only depending upon her military alliance with Germany but also looking to that country for cultural direction.

Among the subjects to be taught by the German professors were psychology, pedagogy, history, geography, geology, mineralogy, botany, zoölogy, inorganic and organic chemistry, law, economics, Ural and Semitic languages, philosophy and metaphysics. None of the new professors knew any Turkish, but each at once applied his systematic German mind to the study of that language. Systematic application, however, cannot conquer pronunciation or the use of idioms, so that the Turkish spoken by those professors was usually of a kind to wreathe in smiles the faces of even the most polite in their audiences.

As a matter of fact, the German professors in the Turkish University usually lectured through interpreters. The results of that method also were amusing. The professors were very learned and the interpreters usually uneducated. Furthermore, the Turkish language cannot be

adapted to the ordinary uses of European scholarship without scholarly knowledge of Persian and Arabic, from which many cultural words are derived. These German professors were paid good salaries by the Turkish Government, whether they taught or not. Large sums also were expended for equipment of the different departments in their charge.

The thing that saved the situation was that there were virtually no classes in the university during those years, as almost all the young men were in the army. Some professors had classes consisting of one pupil, and others none at all. The German professors, however, added to the cultured class in society, and increased the attractions of social life in Constantinople. Those who could speak English sometimes contributed to our lecture courses. The Germans tried in many ways to inspire and build up the intellectual life of the country. Theatrical troupes came at frequent intervals; selections from the German classics and from modern drama were presented in the theaters. Concerts of the best German music were given. Many of the concert singers and other musicians who came to Constantinople were in the army but when on leave of absence were glad to respond to invitations from us, and gave the college delightful musical programs.

The interest of Germany in Turkish affairs made it possible to run Turkish finances on the simplest lines during the war. Every time the Turkish Government came to an impasse in money matters, it asked Berlin for a loan. The loan consisted in the German Government's graciously permitting the Turkish authorities to issue paper money to the amount required. The German Government, in its turn, promised to redeem all the paper money after the war was over. This promise could be easily kept, thought Turkey, as Germany intended to exact indem-

nities from her enemies for the expenses of the war. The German mark, however, dropped lower and lower, and much of the time Turkey was actually starving.

The suffering of the people was never due to a shortage in food crops, for the soil in Turkey is perhaps the richest in the world. Even during the war the amount of acreage under cultivation increased. Lack of food was largely due to the fact that Germany herself was in need of food, and took away large quantities of Turkey's supplies. We used to see car-load after car-load of food supplies in the railway station, en route for Germany. Thus conditions in Turkey were much worse than existed among the Balkan states; in the former "starvation" was a word to be taken literally throughout the war.

Sometime in 1917, during the period of the semi-occupation of Constantinople by the Germans, a friend and I one day went, by caïque, to the Sweet Waters of Asia. As we slowly approached the picturesque kiosk built by Sultan Aziz we saw a royal caïque, with many smaller boats in attendance, and learned that Emperor Charles and Empress Zita of Austria were on their way to a gala tea there.

Emperor William paid his third visit to Constantinople in the autumn of 1917, while Mehmed V was still on the throne. This visit had the same purpose as those of previous years—namely, the furthering of the Berlin-to-Bagdad Railway.

Long before, when the thought of Germany was first directed to the Turkish Empire, Alexander III of Russia had asked Prince Bismarck why William II was interested in Turkey. The latter replied that his interest had nothing to do with the statu quo. It was never the kaiser's motive to break up the Turkish Empire; rather, he hoped to gain commercial control of it. The Bagdad Railway was

to be the entering wedge, and the course of the development of this enterprise is closely interwoven with the political history of Europe.

Russia's intentions were definitely those of conquest. She wanted Constantinople for two reasons, one economic and political, the other religious or sentimental, for from Constantinople the Eastern Orthodox faith came to Russia. Russia also wanted an open door for the vast wheat fields of her southern provinces, and a channel through which she could import merchandise when the Baltic ports were obstructed and the White Sea frozen. The German idea was a Berlin-to-Bagdad Railway; the Russian idea, a greatly enlarged Russia. New Germany and new Russia have each changed their point of view. A higher ideal has been brought before the nations, and that is justice and progress for all. To this ideal, conquest of other nations, either commercial or political, does not belong.

Toward the end of the war the British succeeded in partially destroying the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*. A naval battle took place in the Eastern Mediterranean in which the *Breslau* was sunk and the *Goeben* beached. The latter, however, subsequently escaped again into the Dardanelles. The battle was one of the tragic struggles of the war. About three hundred young Germans were lost when the *Breslau* sank. We had met some of them in Constantinople, where, only a few days before, they had taken part in various festivities, with light-hearted gaiety. When they left for the Dardanelles they expected to return soon to their German friends in the city. The news of their sudden death saddened many in Constantinople.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

# THE WAR AND TURKISH WOMEN

When the dogs of war broke loose, Turkish women were still wearing veils when on the streets, still more or less secluded in harems, and still suffering in consequence of the old laws for divorce; as long as the Mohammedan law was the code of the nation, a man could divorce his wife by saying "go," three times in succession.

There were, however, other features of Mohammedan law which protected women from many evils. As, for instance, the control of her own property by every woman over fourteen. This had been her privilege from the time of the Prophet. The marriage dowry was paid by the bridegroom elect, and not by the father of the bride. On the other hand, the financial status of the husband was protected, for he was not held responsible for the debts of his wife beyond a certain amount. Thus the finances of both man and wife were safeguarded.

Mohammedan authorities contend that seclusion of women was not demanded by the Koran, but was a Byzantine custom adopted by the conquering people. The history of the Arabs supports that idea, by the well-known fact that women professors were regular members of the faculties in the Moorish Mohammedan universities in Spain during the Renaissance. For Mohammedan women even as late as the time of which we are speaking, there was no escape from the law of seclusion. At fourteen a young girl was obliged to put on the veil, thus

renouncing the freedom that she loved. It sometimes happened that up to within a few days of this sad event she was attending dances, like other young girls.

One evening a young man at a party, missing a certain Turkish girl who was popular in the European society of the city, inquired:

"Where is Mlle. ——?"

"You will never see her again," was the reply. "She has gone into the harem."

There were, however, some mitigating circumstances even in the harem. A Moslem woman, unless of a low social class, was not expected to perform menial labor of any kind. There were always servants and slaves, and a steward to oversee the management of the household, as well as nurses to take care of the children. Upper-class Moslem women were free to spend the entrancing days of a semi-tropical climate under the trees in various resorts, or to drive about or visit friends. None the less they were always under some kind of surveillance.

A man of high official position who had several wives could afford separate establishments, but one of limited means who indulged in polygamy had a combination household with his different wives under the same roof. Many houses were built in two parts, one for the men and the other for the women, with separate entrances.

The financial independence of women frequently made it necessary for them to plead their own cases in the courts. Women could also testify in court, but in that case justice was not complete, for it required the testimony of two women to offset that of one man. On one occasion I tried to visit the religious court of law and was told that no woman could enter there. I persisted, and, pretending not to understand Turkish, edged my way into a corner, where I listened to some extremely interesting

legal proceedings. After the rebuff which I had at first received I was somewhat surprised to see women, veiled as usual, walking about among the different courts. On inquiring the reason for this, I was told that Moslem women were to be found there in three different capacities: first, possibly, on trial for some criminal offense; secondly, as witnesses; and thirdly—most surprising of all—to plead their own cases, instead of employing a lawyer.

When questions of property were at stake, Moslem women, to be sure of having justice done them, would study up the case with a lawyer and defend it themselves. A lawyer, who was at that time dragoman of the American Embassy, told me that he had heard some Moslem women plead their own cases extremely well.

In the sultans' harems there was a woman treasurer employed who always had under her control a regular bureau of trained scribes, also women. It would be very interesting to see some of the reports of these treasurers, for it is difficult to imagine a financial account kept without some knowledge of bookkeeping. The women must have had traditional methods however that were comparatively satisfactory.

Many of the Turkish women of early days were noble in character. After the death of Sultan Aziz I came to know one of his former wives intimately. She had married a colonel in the army, and their daughter was the first Turkish graduate of the Scutari school before it became a college. This lady was a Circassian, with fair skin and light hair, of very graceful appearance and pleasing manners. I am not sure about her education, but she was, at any rate, unusually intelligent. She was a person of great refinement and good taste, and her integrity was absolute.

As we have seen, under the tyrannous regin of Sultan Hamid progressive Turkish men escaped to Paris, Geneva,

Berlin, and other cities; for women, escape was virtually impossible. An interesting story is told, however, of the success of two of the friends of Pierre Loti in getting out of the country. They were daughters of a prominent Turkish official, and doubtless managed through the connivance of their father to overcome the difficulty of escape. Disguised in European dress, they passed all frontiers successfully until they reached Belgrade. There suspicions were in some way aroused, and they were taken from the train under arrest. A telegram was despatched to Sultan Hamid. The sultan was furious and sent for their father.

"Did you know," he demanded, "that your daughters had run away and were in Belgrade?" The official looked surprised.

"Certainly not, your Majesty," he replied. "I had no idea of any such thing."

"Well," said the sultan, "it is true, and you must go to Belgrade immediately and bring them back."

The father went to Belgrade, sent for the young women, looked at them sternly, and without a gleam of recognition in his expression said:

"These are not my daughters. I have never seen these girls." Thus they were able to continue their way in peace and to enjoy the delight of freedom in Paris, as the sultan could never find out whose daughters they were.

The result of the Mohammedan systems was that primitive forms of professional life developed among the women. These were not precluded by marriage—for Mohammedan women, almost without exception, married. In early days the exclusion of men doctors from the harems developed a group of women who had a certain amount of medical training. Another profession in which women met with great success was that of merchant traveler. A veiled woman could enter a steamer bound for any part of the

Turkish Empire, although she could not go to Europe. It was quite easy to make a small collection of salable articles and to dispose of them while traveling on the deck of a steamer plying up and down the seacoast between Turkey and Egypt, or en route to various cities of the Islands of the eastern Mediterranean. Such a venture often netted much pleasure and some financial profit.

When the war created new conditions, women were ready to take advantage of them. In all progressive enterprises and fine endeavor a leader was always to be found in Halidé Edib. She first applied herself to helping the Turkish soldiers, and later to educational work. The soldiers, everywhere, needed inspiration and encouragement. Large crowds gathered in public places to listen to her eager words. In Syria, with the coöperation of Jemal Pasha, who was for a long time stationed there, she established many schools. She was in every sense a pioneer, not only in education but in national leadership. When the British entered the city as a conquering army, she was one of a number of prominent citizens sentenced to exile. With great difficulty and suffering, she and her husband escaped and joined Mustapha Kemal in his efforts to build up the Turkish Republic.

During the war the first profession opened to women in general was that of nursing. With the hospitals full of wounded soldiers, the seclusion of women could not be maintained. Large numbers of eager Turkish women volunteered to help with the nursing, gradually discarding their veils, which interfered with all kinds of public service.

Eventually the war took nearly all the able-bodied men away from the city. Hence, women began to enter different professions. One day, after the war was well along, I went to the central post-office in Stambul to attend to a business matter. I entered a large hall, where post-office

officials were seated at desks around the walls of the room. To my surprise, one of them was a woman, and I found her to be an efficient one at that, for it was she who transacted my business. Later, there were in the post-office at one time three hundred women clerks, directly appointed by the Government. Toward the end of the war it did not even attract attention when Turkish women occupied positions in all kinds of public offices. A firm composed of women alone established a dry-goods shop in Pera. Indeed, it would be impossible to enumerate all the public undertakings of which they soon formed a part.

Little by little, the efficiency of women in public affairs did away with their wearing veils in the streets. It had always belonged to the province of the police to arrest any Turkish woman who was found walking in the streets unveiled. When the veils grew too thin, the police would put up a notice to the effect that they must be thicker. Sometimes the order would be observed, as many women were still too timid to ignore it. They often remembered, however, a familiar Turkish proverb: "A king's command lasts three days." Finally, during the war, this forceful edict was issued, with the purpose of bringing to an end all feminine insurrection:

> The adoption of new forms of apparel has become a public scandal in Constantinople. All Mohammedan women are given two days in which to lengthen their skirts and to substitute thick veils for thin ones.

At sight of this notice, the wives of Turkish aristocrats, of ministers, and of high government officials united in general indignation. All the women's organizations threatened to stop work unless the order was rescinded. The following day this very humble notice appeared:

We regret that, because of the meddling of certain old women, a subordinate of the police department attempted to regulate the length of women's dresses. The police department regrets the blunder and cancels the previous order.

Thus the authority of the police over the length of skirts ended. War removed the last vestige of the universal seclusion of women. They soon began to be seen on public occasions, even at dances in hotels, and at the theater. Veils for women were no more.

People often ask if Turkish women are working for suffrage. Complete male suffrage is comparatively new in Turkey, but in the new evolution, influential Mohammedan women are making equal demands with men, and the subject has been a prominent one in the press.

There are many women's clubs in Constantinople, both literary and philanthropic. The effect of the emancipation of Turkish women is especially noticeable in the matter of education. In olden times the head of a girl's school was obliged to be a man, possibly an old one, who could sleep and smoke while women did the work. At present, however, women are placed at the head of schools for women, and as a matter of course the Dean of Women in the faculty of the university is a woman, as are all the members of her staff, as well as the professors in some departments.

The history of the admission of women to the Turkish University has been similar to that in Germany: at first they were received as listeners, then allowed to attend lectures as regular students, and later on to matriculate. At first the women were in separate classes, but now no distinction is made; men and women attend the same lectures and receive the same diploma.

The growth of medical education among Turkish women has been especially striking. There are now many

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MEHMED VI

women in the medical department of the Turkish university. This is equally true in the department of law. The Turkish Government is remarkably progressive regarding professional women, and the first two women graduates of law were helped by the Government to find positions.

The women of Turkey may now claim equality with those of other countries, in scholarship and professional life. They are entering many lines of public service and are pursuing advanced studies in Turkey and elsewhere. Dr. Sahiré Mouhtar, a graduate of Constantinople Woman's College, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Cornell University after two years' residence.

The Turkish humorist Nasr-ed-Din Hoja, who is supposed to have lived in the fifteenth century in the time of Tamerlane, would seem to imply in some of his stories that even as long ago as that he was a feminist. The following ironic tale is indicative of his attitude:

Nasr-ed-Din Hoja once came to a river where ten women were sitting on the bank, waiting for some one to help them across. He offered to take each one over on his back, in turn, for a piece of money of small value, a penny. All went well until the tenth woman fell into the stream and was drowned. When Nasr-ed-Din Hoja reached the other side, he found all the others weeping and wailing.

"Foolish women," he said, "why do you weep? Do you not know that I shall take off a penny?"

## CHAPTER XXIX

# CROSSING SIX BELLIGERENT COUNTRIES

In September of 1916, the college opened enthusiastically, with a very unusual student body. There was so much distress and suffering everywhere in the Near East that parents were glad to have their daughters in a comparatively safe place. Mr. Elkus had recently arrived as ambassador, bringing with him under his protection of diplomatic travel, several new professors for our faculty.

Consul-General Ravndal, who had sent his family to the United States on account of war conditions, was then residing at the college. He was always an inspiring friend, and he asked me one day: "Why do you not go to America? It is bad for the college to be cut off from its trustees for so long a period." When I found that the trustees approved of my going, I began to prepare for departure. I left the college under the efficient management of Dr. Louise B. Wallace, who was appointed acting president for the duration of my absence.

Traveling was extremely difficult but not prohibited. It took ten days of strenuous effort, visiting, one after another, the various offices of the Government, to secure the required papers, but they were at last in hand.

The best and easiest route to the United States at that time required passing through six belligerent countries. Such a journey was from the nature of the circumstances full of interesting incidents. I had easily secured a *laissez-passer* from the Bulgarian Government. This was

a large, impressive document with official seals of red and green. That important paper took me safely through Bulgaria and allowed me to cross the upper frontier before reaching Servia, then closely occupied by Bulgaria, against whom she was at war.

Naturally, there was much difficulty in getting by the vigilant patrols at the boundaries of all the Balkan countries. I was traveling on the Orient Express, on which, ordinarily, small attention was paid to so slight a matter as the frontiers of different countries; but all that was changed. At each border the express stopped as definitely as if the end of the journey were reached. On the Servian boundary there was an especially long delay, as troops were being recruited at the station. It was interesting to watch their eager faces, and sad to think of the fate that probably awaited them. Servia had been one of the first countries to enter the war, and she had already paid dearly for that act. The railroad through Servia is winding, repeatedly crossing back and forth, over streams and mountain gorges. All the old iron bridges were lying twisted and in ruins, and had been replaced by temporary structures. Our train passed slowly and carefully over these and then proceeded, through mile after mile of misery and black ruin, with evidences of the recent struggle on every hand.

After Servia and Austria-Hungary, came Germany. There it was necessary to pass a rigid examination both on entering and on leaving the country. This is a suitable moment, thought I, to use my Bulgarian *laissez-passer*. So when the dignified German officials looked at me, and asked, "Who is this?" I produced that impressive paper.

"I have a *laissez-passer,*" I said, "from one of your allies which should permit me to travel in the allied countries."

They took the paper in a respectful attitude, and looked at it carefully. It was, of course, written in Bulgarian, of which they did not understand one single word. Finally, to my great astonishment, they accepted it, and allowed me to pass into the country without a personal examination.

In Berlin I went to a good hotel, where I was treated very politely. On all sides in that beautiful city, there were evidences of war. Having once entered Germany, I was delayed in Berlin, being obliged to visit various governmental departments in order to secure the necessary permission to leave. Fortunately, I found all officials kind and courteous. Finally my papers were in order, and I continued my journey en route for Copenhagen, where I expected to sail for the United States.

I knew that the examination at Warnemünde, on the northern boundary of Germany, was extremely severe; that all clothing was stripped from the victim and a careful inspection made of even the ears and hair and roof of the mouth. Trains were slow, and we did not reach there until late in the day. Again I produced the impressive Bulgarian document with its red and green seals, and repeated, very seriously, what I had said with such good results at the other frontier of Germany.

"You do not need to examine me, as I have this *laissez-passer* from one of your own allies."

I thought to myself how an American official would have laughed, and said, "You cannot put that over on me!" But in Warnemünde, in best-approved German fashion, five serious bespectacled officials and an interpreter who knew Bulgarian examined the paper with impressive dignity for at least ten minutes. Then they called in a superior officer, and they all went over it again. Then they said to me, solemnly and pompously:

"We do not find that this paper concerns us in any way."

Thereupon I not only had to undergo the examination but was detained so long that I almost lost my train. I was not allowed to telegraph ahead from Germany to Copenhagen for a room, so I arrived there at night, a stranger in the city, not knowing where to go. There were, alas, no rooms vacant in any hotel. I finally secured a bed in a bathroom, temporarily arranged for my benefit.

Copenhagen was not in any way involved in the war, and its atmosphere seemed delightfully free after that of the sad cities through which I had passed. I was especially charmed with the women taxi-drivers, as it was the first time I had seen that particular illustration of emancipation from old customs. The days of waiting proved entertaining, as there were many Americans in the city who had been stranded in Europe when war broke out. Some of them, like myself, were en route for the United States. Our legation in Copenhagen was decidedly hospitable, and furnished a delightful rendezvous for strangers.

I left Denmark by way of the North Sea. Our steamer moved at a snail's pace, diligently examining the surface of the waves with search-lights, for traces of floating mines. In passing through those Northern waters we were thrilled at the thought that we were not far from the scene of the Battle of Jutland, and later our course lay near the place where Lord Kitchener was lost. After my return to Constantinople my interest in this historic spot was greatly enhanced by pleasant acquaintances on board the *Iron Duke,* the flag-ship which was stationed at Constantinople during the armistice.

We spent a few hours in the beautiful harbor of Christiania, now Oslo. Our next stopping-place was the Orkney Islands, and there again we found ourselves in a belliger-

ent country, with the vigilant atmosphere of war inspection once more surrounding us. Our steamer was immediately boarded by energetic British officials in uniform, all of them women. There was a very strict examination of all the passengers, which lasted for hours, and as a result two spies were found and sent ashore, under guard of women officials. Women found many professional opportunities open during the war, which the spirit of intense economic competition has since closed.

Our journey across the Atlantic was uneventful, and we finally dropped anchor in the harbor of New York. Many friends came to the pier to welcome the travelers from the regions of war. A spirit of peace entered our souls.

## CHAPTER XXX

# TURKEY SEVERS RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES

While I was absent, in the United States, the conditions under which the Constantinople Woman's College carried on its work became increasingly difficult. The war dragged out its weary course, and each month was harder than the one preceding. Finally, on April 6, 1917, the United States declared war against Germany, the break with Austria followed, and, within a month, Turkey severed official relations with the United States. This act closed the American Embassy and consular service.

The charge of the official relations of the United States with other countries during a state of war was undertaken by the Swedish Legation, with the help of Mr. Luther Fowle, as American representative. Dr. W. W. Peet, the leader of American enterprises in Turkey, was obliged to leave the country. All Americans in business, and many others, followed suit, and the two colleges were the only American centers carrying on as usual.

Individuals in the faculty of each college were free to decide for themselves whether to go or to stay. Four of the younger women of our faculty were urged by the American official authorities to leave, which, after protest, they consented to do, joining the band of American refugees bound for Switzerland. Nine American members of the faculty remained definitely with the college—Dr. Louise B. Wallace, acting president, Isabel Frances Dodd,

Ida W. Prime, Eleanor I. Burns, Dr. Barnette Miller, Muriel Kinney, Sarah Anderson, and Dr. and Mrs. William S. Murray. The vacancies in the faculty were filled temporarily, as well as might be, by local talent.

In the college, faculty, students, and servants all asked with bated breath, "What next?" Some prophesied that our buildings would be immediately seized. It was known that the authorities of a German hospital had formed definite plans regarding their use. Still the college functioned as usual from day to day. As one after another of its friends and supporters faded away, suspense and anxiety filled the hearts of those who remained. Although they realized full well that they were refusing their last opportunity to escape until after the war ended, what they minded most was the impossibility of communication with the outside world. They were daily reminded in innumerable ways of their position as belligerents living in buildings coveted by the enemy. Again and again they burned valuable papers and emptied their safes, to be ready for attack, for they were warned from time to time that the days of Constantinople Woman's College were possibly numbered.

On the other hand, the American colleges presented a problem to the Turkish authorities. What should a government do with colleges carried on by the enemy, that remained open after official diplomatic relations between the two countries had been severed? This problem was further complicated by the fact that our spacious buildings were much needed as hospitals and residence for thousands of disabled Turkish and German soldiers. It would seem that the first decision of the Turkish Government was to close the colleges.

Shortly after diplomatic relations were severed, some of Enver Pasha's Red Crescent soldiers, armed with

bayonets, came to our entrance and planted themselves there.

"We are going to take the college to-day," they said. Many of the students were panic-stricken and sent for porters to take away their belongings, including trunks and mattresses. When the soldiers saw the mattresses they said:

"Take those back. We shall need them to sleep on to-night."

Meantime the college made vigorous efforts to save itself. Many Turkish students telephoned frantically to their relatives. Appeal was made, by the faculty, to friendly Turkish officials, to the Bulgarian minister, and to various friends. It was reassuring to remember that Talaat Pasha and other members of the cabinet had been decidedly friendly to the college from the beginning of the war. The hours went by. It was a day of great tension. The soldiers seemed to hesitate, and did not force the gates. Evening came, and darkness descended, and it began to rain violently. Dr. Murray, whose windows overlooked the gate, saw the discomfort of the soldiers, and sent some chairs out to them.

In the college, Dr. Wallace, the acting president, pursued her usual occupations with a calm and smiling face. All college functions continued to go on as usual. The students said to one another, as they saw how Dr. Wallace was meeting the situation, "She does not understand what is happening, or she could not smile like that."

An amusing incident of another kind broke the continuity of terrible suspense. On the very day, I was told, of the greatest excitement, a man from town, carrying a heavy bag, pushed his way through the waiting soldiers and asked for Miss Dodd, the head of the archæological museum. He found her at the door of the museum.

"I have brought the kind of tiles you wished," he said. "There are twenty-six of them." Miss Dodd bought the tiles, regardless of the menacing soldiers at the gate. Students and teachers passing through the hall stopped in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Why do you buy tiles now?" they said. "The college will be closed and you will lose everything."

"They are so cheap," replied Miss Dodd, "and I have always wanted just this pattern of tiles." She said afterward that she never for a moment believed the college would be closed.

About nine or ten o'clock, the next day, the soldiers quietly withdrew and never returned. Many explanations of the reprieve were rumored. Some said that the cabinet met to consider the question and decided that friendship with the United States would count after the war. From Bulgaria we heard that the government officials there had used their influence. Dr. Wallace and the others in the college did not know, however, that the soldiers would not return. On the contrary, they heard constant rumors that they would, and the daily and hourly tension continued.

It would seem as if the influence of loyal students had been an exceedingly strong element in the decision of the cabinet to spare the college. Both Turkish and Bulgarian students did much to bring about a favorable end to the incident. Some of the loyal Mohammedan students said that they would not leave the buildings even if they were taken over by the soldiers. Mr. Koloucheff, the Bulgarian minister, came out to the college, himself, to give the protection of his presence.

While the situation was so precarious, it was most certainly the duty of the president to be at her post. Dr. Wallace therefore asked Halidé Edib, our influential Turkish graduate, to get permission from Talaat Pasha

for me to return. That potentate replied that he would be very glad to have me do so.

"Cable her to come to Switzerland," he said, "and I will send directions for her journey further."

A cable to this effect was received in New York late in August. Meantime, other letters and cables, from people who had left, stated that it would be absolutely impossible for any American citizen to enter Turkey. The trustees of the college, however, paid no attention to rumors, but applied to the Department of State in Washington for an emergency passport. It came, after some delay, and I sailed on the *Rochambeau,* for Bordeaux, on September 3, 1917. Caroline Borden, the trustee who had always stood behind all forms of progress in our college, with indomitable courage, came from Boston to New York with me, to give me a good send-off. It was the last time that I ever saw her.

Our passage across the Atlantic was uneventful until we neared the coast of France. The submarine menace was then at its height, and the last few nights of the voyage were passed in absolute darkness. As we approached the shores of France, not even the tiny glow of a cigarette was allowed on deck. On the final evening of the voyage, we received an S.O.S. from a vessel that went down a few miles distant. That last night we were not allowed to undress, but were ordered to wear life-belts or to keep them near at hand. I spent most of those hours of darkness and suspense in a steamer chair a few feet distant from the life-boat to which I was allotted, in case we should go down.

A woman occupied the chair by my side. She was to me a voice only, for I never saw her face. She told me of her mother in Alsace, who had been killed, and of her fear for her boy of fourteen, who was there at the time.

She was on her way from New York, where she had been working, to search for him in the districts ravaged by the German troops. She left her chair in the early morning, while I was still asleep, and with only a voice for a clue I could not find this friend of the anxious night.

My emergency passport for Turkey gave me much trouble in France. Had there not chanced to be an American official on board the *Rochambeau,* I should have found it difficult even to land. In Paris, as well, had it not been for my old friend Consul-General Ravndal, who was temporarily stationed there while waiting for the war to end, I doubt if I could have overcome the suspicion which my passport created. As it was, ten days were required to dispel the doubt concerning my purpose in traveling to a country with which official American relations were broken off. Finally, all was arranged, and I continued on my way to Switzerland. My compartment in the train was profusely decorated with flowers by Mr. Ravndal, who wished that he himself could return to his post.

On reaching the frontier of Switzerland, I was taken from the train to a room, alone, and again carefully questioned. I repeated the same old story of an American college in Constantinople, open in time of war, and full of young girls left by me in very trying circumstances. As usual, when the facts of the case were fully understood, smiles broke across the faces of the French officials; they said, *"Bravo! Bravo!"* and signed the necessary papers.

Before visiting the Turkish Legation in Berne, I had to secure a visé from the American Legation, testifying that my passport was genuine. Mr. Allen W. Dulles was chargé d'affaires at that time. I told him that I wished my passport vizaed for Constantinople. He looked at me very queerly; his expression read, "What new kind of lunatic is this?" He thought to himself that he would get out of

the difficulty by saying that he would cable to Washington for directions.

"Very well," I said, "do so."

The favorable reply from Washington astonished him. We afterward became friends, and he told me that he had not the slightest idea that Washington would stand behind such a visé.

On obtaining the American visé, I went to the Turkish Legation as Talaat Pasha had directed. Within a few days the Turkish minister, Fuad Selim Bey, obtained from Constantinople, through Talaat Pasha, the required permission, which he himself brought to me at my hotel.

The next step was to get an Austrian visé, in order to be permitted to pass through Vienna. My friends in Berne all said, with a skeptical smile, "You will never get that." But, after waiting seven weeks, I finally secured it, largely because my Turkish and Bulgarian supporters had both appealed in my behalf. M. Radoslavoff was then Prime Minister of Bulgaria, and the brother of the well-known Viscount Czernin was Austrian minister in Sofia. Thus, through influence in high places, I was eventually able to proceed.

Meanwhile letters were prohibited between Switzerland and Turkey, and my friends at the college were not even sure that I had arrived in Europe. The journey from Switzerland to Vienna was a real war experience; the train was cold and forlorn and frequently halted for various obscure reasons.

In Vienna my troubles were greater than ever. The Austrian officials were very suspicious.

"How did you get this Turkish and Bulgarian protection?" they asked.

I could not apply to Americans for help, for the American Embassy in Vienna was non-existent, owing to

the war. I therefore went to the Turkish Embassy and to the Bulgarian Legation. As I entered the latter a very pleasant gentleman came forward and asked:

"Are you Miss Patrick? My sister graduated from your college. I will secure permission for you to go on in a few days."

This he found more difficult than he expected. After various delays, however, I received my passport with a proper visé, but with the forbidding words written in German across the back: "She comes from the outside enemy country."

Armed with this peculiar passport, I finally entered a German military train bound for Constantinople. It was crowded with German officers, many of them immense in size and extremely vigorous in appearance. They were not all happy to be fighting, however, and in their conversations with me one or two of them expressed very human feelings regarding the war. I received nothing but kindness and politeness from them, although they were much surprised to find an American woman on their train.

At Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, a large crowd of my friends, including graduates from the college and Bulgarian officials, again awaited me. Next morning we reached the Turkish frontier! "Shall I have trouble here?" I asked myself. While we waited at the station, on the border line of Turkey, the suspense was so great I hardly breathed. My passport was demanded, examined, and, to my great relief, handed back, without any remark whatever.

A few hours later came the familiar sight of Constantinople. It was with mingled feelings, and intense, that I looked through the window of the train as we at last pulled into the station in Stambul. I had telegraphed

from Vienna the probable date of my arrival. They had not been sure, before, that it was so near at hand. Dr. Wallace and others of the faculty were there to meet me, but it was war-time, and they were kept inside the waiting-room.

As we slowly entered the familiar station I looked around eagerly. Alas! no one to meet me! What a disappointment! I alighted from the train. Not a familiar face in sight! I arranged about my passport, found a porter, and sadly started to pass through the station to the street. Glancing up at a high wall near by, I saw the happy smiling face of Dr. Tevfik, our Turkish professor, who had climbed up there because he was not allowed to go through the door. Inside the station were Dr. Wallace and others of the faculty, shut up by order of the station officials. Here they had waited long, not being sure when I should come.

My arrival at the college was one of those moments the memory of which will leave me only with life itself. There were all the students waiting with their hands full of flowers, lining the approach and covering the terrace. The whole college was gathered near the entrance of the campus, waiting for our carriage to come up the drive. There were assembled the faculty, the students, a number of friends, the servants, and even the workmen on the grounds.

Donkeys were employed at that time instead of trucks; of these we possessed a number, and in a moment of classical enthusiasm we had named one of them Sappho, and two others Plato and Aristotle. There was also a large flock of geese, being raised to supplement the uncertain food supply. Seeing the crowd, the donkeys and geese followed along with the others.

The students had so arranged an arch of flowers over

the entrance that when the carriage passed under it they pulled a string and the flowers dropped down upon us. At the same time another group began to sing the college song, and the Stars and Stripes, forbidden in time of war, waved for a moment over the college portal. After the song of welcome there was enthusiastic cheering. The donkeys and geese, feeling the excitement, began to bray and hiss, which added just the touch needed to relieve the solemnity.

During my absence from the college the courage of Dr. Wallace had never faltered. I found everything in excellent condition, and a goodly number of students. In spite of lack of food and other necessaries, *l'esprit de corps* was admirable and the faculty and students enthusiastic. But in the city, alas, there was unmitigated misery! Epidemics prevailed. Typhus was increasing daily as the season advanced. Any kind of food was difficult to obtain, especially for a large number of people. On all sides were poverty and suffering beyond description.

During the remaining months, before the signing of the armistice in October, 1918, the carrying on of the college became increasingly difficult, but never impossible. Without, there were wretchedness and despair, but within the college walls, even when things were most strenuous, our academic life was full of cheer.

COLLEGE MEDICAL BUILDING ERECTED BY WILLIAM BINGHAM II, ONE OF THE TRUSTEES

# PART VIII

# MEHMED VI, THE LAST SULTAN

## CHAPTER XXXI

# THE BRITISH IN CONSTANTINOPLE

THE college year of 1918 had opened remarkably well, with a student body of over five hundred, enthusiastically enrolled in the face of almost insuperable obstacles. The prices of food were rising. Suffering and squalor existed everywhere.

Suddenly, in September, an unexpected transformation took place in the political situation. A startling rumor reached us that Bulgaria would make a separate peace. King Ferdinand abdicated in favor of his son Boris. Thus Germany was confronted by the first break in the ranks of the Central Powers. Turkey was isolated and ready to think for herself, and the Pan-German dream of empire in the Orient was immediately shattered.

The armistice between the Entente and Turkey was signed at Mudros, on board the *Agamemnon,* on October 30, 1918. As the members of the old cabinet were not willing to commit themselves to such a document, a special cabinet of Turkish ministers was temporarily appointed for the purpose of signing the armistice. The grand vizier, at that time, was a certain Izzet Pasha of whom not much was known either before or since, as he was put in office solely for the purpose of getting his signature, and remained in office only a short period.

The next step was the vote of confidence by the parliament. I was invited to attend the meeting at which this vote was taken. It was one of the last occasions on

which the old parliament, organized on the cosmopolitan basis of the constitution of Midhat Pasha, assembled. The meeting was one of thrilling interest, owing to the varied character of the members present. They numbered several hundred, and belonged to a body that could never again exist. Among them were many deputies who voted with the others, although they came from countries which were already occupied by the enemy, such as Arabia, Kurdistan, Palestine, Syria, and some of the Greek islands. These deputies came in with smiling faces and an air of confidence, apparently unmindful of the fact that they represented countries the ownership of which was even then extremely doubtful.

Talaat Pasha sat quite near me, and I could see his face distinctly. It was impossible to divine how he felt when the vote of confidence was passed which sealed the destruction of his fondest hopes. Both Talaat and Enver Pasha were soldiers of fortune, and were ready to abide by the decree of Fate. At one side of the room were gathered a group of Greek deputies. They looked anxious and did not vote with the others. The majority required for a vote of confidence should have been 129 votes, but only 124 votes were obtained. Nevertheless the act was considered passed.

It seemed best to dissolve a parliament that was so superficial in its relation to the nation. Various arguments in favor of dissolution were brought to bear upon his Majesty Mehmed VI, to which he eventually yielded. A new cabinet was formed, containing elements representing the change in public opinion. Talaat Pasha and Enver Pasha had taken occasion to escape from the city, in a motor-boat or similar conveyance, crossing from the Bosporus into the Black Sea. Talaat Pasha found refuge in Berlin, where he remained until he died, some years

later; Enver Pasha joined an army in Russian Turkestan, where he eventually met his death.

There is a saying that the "English lose every battle except the last one." When the Entente forces entered Constantinople, it was with the great display of an allied fleet, that sailed with marked formality into the harbor and far up the Bosporus. Four war-ships abreast led the fleet, convoyed by shining aeroplanes. The moment seemed charged with historic possibilities. This proved to be true, but, like most historical developments, in a different way from that expected. As the victorious fleet passed by, under the windows of the college, the Turkish students, although very dignified, were filled with despair. We could none of us foresee that what seemed like defeat foreshadowed the organization of the Turkish Republic.

There were, however, many Turks who rejoiced in the advent of the British, as a means of ending the almost absolute domination of the city by the Germans. Behind the scenes in Turkey, the control of Germany was not characteristic of that which is broadest and best in German influence but was rather the determined carrying out of the plans of the kaiser in his attempt to Germanize Turkey.

As the first vessel of the entering fleet came alongside the quay, a solitary German officer stood there, affecting indifference. Occasionally he yawned ostentatiously, while gazing abstractedly upon the distant hills and never glanced at the rapidly approaching destroyers. Gradually other German officers and soldiers joined him, just in time to see the Turkish officers salute the incoming troops. The Turks watched the British ships, as they entered the harbor, with the impassive bearing that strangers take for indifference but which really conceals deep feeling.

During the days that followed, one saw the hastily

packing Germans everywhere trying to get away as soon as possible. The streets were full of trucks and automobiles loaded with their trunks and boxes and other possessions of different kinds. My sympathy for the German professors was deeply aroused, for they had joined the Turkish University, as they supposed for life, had spent months in studying the Turkish language, and were now obliged suddenly to leave for home, taking their families with them.

Turkey was full of German soldiers; their departure from the country was greatly retarded by the fact that there were no German ships at their disposal. Severity was seen in one destructive factor of the British occupation. All Germans were obliged to leave Turkey permanently, even those who were born there and had lived there all their lives. I considered this law needlessly drastic.

The British officers in Constantinople were sympathetic and considerate in their relation to our college, as an American institution, with one exception. Immediately, on the British occupation of the city, the Assistant-High Commissioner of British forces came to the college and demanded an interview with the president.

"Have you any Germans on your staff?" he inquired. "Yes," I replied, "we have three: Madame Grosser, at the head of our music department, and two housekeepers."

"They must leave the college to-morrow," he said, "to be interned in the steamer that we are preparing for their exit from the country."

In their occupation of the city the British and their allies met with great difficulties, the surmounting of which occupied many months. The whole mechanism of Constantinople and the surrounding country had become Germanized. The Turkish coal mines were worked by Germans, and the insufficient output was being supplemented by a daily car-load of coal from Germany. Naturally, the light-

ing of the city, the water supply, the electric tramways, and the steamer service all depended on a full supply of coal, which failed with the departing Germans. The waterworks, the electric plant, and all the mechanism of daily life had been managed by German experts. When they left, the entire machinery of civilization in Constantinople suddenly stopped. For weeks the water supply of the whole city was cut off, and epidemics resulted. The tramway service ceased completely for about three months. The number of steamers on the Bosporus was decreased.

Some of the day students of our college were obliged to walk five miles, and possibly more, morning and evening. Business was paralyzed. The Turkish pound, no longer even partially backed by Germany, dropped to unbelievable depths. The suffering from both poverty and illness was so intense that in some cases whole families were wiped out.

In the autumn of 1918 lack of food at the college reached its height. During that period of transition I had occasion to go to San Stefano, the suburb fifteen miles from the city which had been so closely identified with the nearest approach of Russia to the fulfilment of her ancient dream. Never before had I seen such wretchedness! In the streets were women and children without enough clothing to cover their bodies, their miserable rags being only patches upon patches. During the war the misery had been great, but the climax was reached in the days shortly after the armistice was signed.

Meantime, by December, 1918, a military administration under the direction of the British vice-admiral, as High Commissioner, and Rear Admiral Webb as assistant, had been organized, with the Government of the sultan coöperating. Solid business methods were gradually introduced.

The most joyfully bright spot, during the early part of the armistice, was Christmas Day. Some of the officers on the British and American ships in the harbor asked us to prepare a tree, and said that they would do the rest. On Christmas morning they came, bringing enough wonderful food for two hundred people. All at once the forgotten taste of butter, jam, white bread, tea, coffee, and chocolate was revived. Hanging in a conspicuous place on the tree was a rasher of bacon for the president.

On New Year's Day the United States flag floated on the American Embassy, for the first time since the severing of diplomatic relations. Admiral Mark L. Bristol was sent out as commissioner, and was soon appointed High Commissioner. He immediately gained the allegiance of every one in the city. We at the college tried to express our gratitude to Admiral and Mrs. Bristol for their kindness to us as an institution, by conferring upon him, on Commencement Day, the degree of Doctor of Laws. Admiral Bristol remained in charge of the Embassy until 1927, and was closely connected with the evolution of the Turkish Republic.

One of the miracles of the autumn of 1919 was performed by Herbert Hoover, who sent Howard Heinz to give us bread. There was at that time virtually no bread in the city—at least, of a kind that could be called by that name. Within two weeks from the time Mr. Heinz arrived, the city was full of loaves of white bread, which suddenly appeared as if by magic in every street and byway, and even in the poorest homes. The price was the same for all, and so low that it was within the reach of every one. One old Turkish woman put some of the bread to both her eyes, kissed it and cried, "Allah, bless America!"

When the Entente occupation became complete, in-

cluding a large army and navy, little by little the effect of British business methods was felt. Men, women, girls, and boys, were employed to do good honest work for good honest English wages—paid not only in money but in three good meals every day. The coal problem was solved, the tramway functioned, and the water supply was generous. Comfort and prosperity reigned.

The contrast between the German occupation and that of the Entente was very great. The Germans tried to furnish culture for the people. They sent learned professors to the university and some of their best actors to the theaters, and provided concerts of classical music. The British did nothing of that kind. They brought about the best living conditions possible, and left individual welfare to the people themselves. The city was far happier under the English than under the Germans.

There was, however, a vital political aspect to the Entente occupation of the city which was extremely painful to American residents. The new masters came in the spirit of a conquering army, and on very short notice requisitioned the Turkish houses of the best families. Turks belonging to the Nationalist party were treated with small consideration. The leaders were under sentence of exile. Some of them escaped but with great suffering and danger. Among those were prominent Turkish patriots, who left the city in disguise, expecting arrest at any moment. Apparently the old spirit of conquest still reigned in British circles. I doubt if the Entente then intended to restore Constantinople to the Turks, any more than had the Germans.

We lived under what was virtually British government, until the declaration of the Republic of Turkey, October 29, 1923, although their power in Constantinople, gradually weakened toward the end of that period.

I can truthfully say that I have never in my life lived under so nearly perfect a government as the British provided. There was no interference with law-abiding citizens and the attitude of those in authority encouraged unlimited opportunity for individual development.

It was with that ideal government in control of the country, notwithstanding, that the Nationalist movement among the Turks grew with amazing rapidity. The attitude of the Turks, in 1923, was similar to that of the people of the United States in 1776; they desired freedom to develop in their own way.

CHAPTER XXXII

# REALIZATION OF THE COLLEGE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

THE most intimate side of my experience in the Near East is connected with the development of the medical work of Constantinople Woman's College. I firmly believe that international coöperation in education should be expressed principally in higher specialized forms of the pursuit of knowledge. In advanced study and scientific research, all nations unite on a common basis, with one aim. In the early life of the college, it was always a struggle to get beyond elementary steps, in the effort to attain our ideal of offering Turkey something really constructive.

The founders of the original school in Scutari, in 1871, included medical work in the platform of the ultimate realization of their project. Their aim was to start a movement in the education of women that should become a vital element in the progress of modern thought in Turkey. Years passed without a visible sign, but the medical part of their program was never forgotten. In Constantinople Dr. Peet and Consul-General Ravndal were the outstanding pioneers in the promotion of such a scheme. In later years they were joined by Admiral Bristol, who fully realized the importance of medical work for women.

It was in August, 1920, that Constantinople Woman's College opened a hospital under the name of "The American Hospital" in conjunction with the medical department of the college which was inaugurated at the beginning

of the same academic year. Dr. Alden R. Hoover was appointed Director of the Medical Department, which included the hospital, a training school for nurses, and the medical courses in the college. Dr. Hoover is, I believe, a distant relative of the President of the United States. He was a man of experience and had the reputation of being able to run a hospital or carry on any form of medical work, and to leave it, if necessity arose, with money in the bank. He was of course just the man for our purpose. The whole scheme was financed by William Bingham, Second, a trustee of the college, originally from Cleveland, who is deeply interested in the medical education of women.

The building selected for the hospital was an old Turkish residence of the better class, but not exactly a palace, in one of the principal streets of Stambul. The Turkish name for such a building was *konak*. It had been built originally in two distinct parts, one side for the man of the house, presumably a pasha, and the other, with entirely separate entrance and internal arrangement, for the women of the harem. It was just the picturesque kind of building that appealed to the romantic side of medical sentiment, and was on the other hand the despair of the American nurses, who were accustomed to modern plumbing, hot and cold running water, bathrooms, and other so-called necessities of life. Nevertheless the old *konak* soon accommodated many patients eager for recovery, and an excellent training school for nurses.

The college side of the medical program was also carried out. Pre-medical classes in advanced science were established in the college buildings under suitable professors. Even as late as 1920, it was not as common for women in the Near East to study medicine as it is at present, and those who joined our medical classes were pio-

neers. We soon had an interesting set of medical students. The nations first represented by them were Turkey, Bulgaria, Greece, Servia, and Russia. Simultaneously with the opening of this project, Bolshevik oppression culminated in the Crimea, and the city of Constantinople was flooded with destitute refugees, seventy thousand from the most cultured cities of Russia. Some of the young women thus thrown on the world, being graduates of good Russian universities, were very glad of the opportunity to prepare themselves for the profession of medicine.

Mr. Bingham, the trustee who was generously supporting the enterprise, decided at that time to donate a medical building. Accordingly, there soon arose at the end of our original group of college halls a beautiful edifice furnished with all the modern appliances for the scientific study of general medicine. It was named "The Mary Payne Medical Building," for Mr. Bingham's mother, and was said to be the most up-to-date medical building in southeastern Europe.

Meantime, some distinguished graduates of the college, without waiting for our medical department to be opened, had gone abroad to study medicine. Among the first of these was Dr. Safié Ali, of the class of 1916, who was sent to Germany by the Turkish Government, which has been enthusiastic for progress among women since the time of the revolution of the Young Turks.

Dr. Safié Ali completed her medical studies in Germany, and returned to Stambul to practise. She was the first Turkish woman doctor in the city, and has been very successful. She has attended European medical congresses as a Turkish delegate, has worked in hospitals in Stambul, and has at the same time built up a good private practice.

A second Turkish woman to study medicine in Germany, also a graduate of our college, was Dr. Bedrié

Shukri. She has been appointed, by President Mustapha Kemal, as official physician adviser in hygiene to the Department of Public Instruction in Angora.

In the enthusiasm over the success of our Medical Department at the outset, I formed a delightful plan with Vice-President Huntington of Robert College. This was that we should develop a Medical Department, and Robert College, a Law Department, mutually coöperative.

The American Hospital grew apace. Under the pressure of hard usage, however, the old Turkish *konak* lost its respectable appearance. Better equipment was needed. All German enterprises had been abandoned at the time of the armistice, and the buildings of the German hospital in Pera were still unoccupied. The American Hospital was therefore able to rent this property, and was moved there in the autumn of 1923. Meantime our medical project was regarded with enthusiasm in Constantinople, and Admiral Bristol formed a committee of prominent Americans residing in the city, to coöperate in the work of the hospital and the training school for nurses, and the Red Cross society and the Near East Relief and private friends, contributed generously to our hospital budget.

In June, 1924, four of our medical students had completed their sophomore year in medicine and others were not far behind. Then came a tragic blow. The trustees of the college suddenly and regretfully announced that they were financially unable to continue the medical department, because of lack of funds. This decision was made public at commencement, at the same time that I resigned my position as president of the college, to take up my permanent residence in America. Thus, to a certain extent, my fondest hopes were dashed, for my deepest interest in education in Turkey was centered in advanced work.

The sudden blocking of our medical enterprise would

have saddened the last days of my official connection with the college irretrievably, except for one aspect of the case: I was convinced that our undertaking in the line of medical education of women, begun with such enthusiasm after long preparation and based upon extensive need, would again come into existence with fuller endowment and enlarged ideals. Possibly such a rebirth may be facilitated by some form of coöperation with the medical department of the Turkish University, as the Turkish nation now bases its educational work upon the broad platform of absolute equality of men and women. The medical department in the university is open to women and is well patronized. President Mustapha Kemal has taken a decided stand in the matter of the professional education of women, and this has made him a leader in that respect among other rulers of nations.

Shortly after the trustees of the college temporarily brought our medical work to an end, the Turkish Government made a new law, limiting professional teaching to its own institutions. As time passes, however, opinions and laws change, financial facilities sometimes increase, and old projects may even come to life with new vigor. Well-endowed facilities for the medical education of women may revive the scheme which was the height of my ambition for education in Turkey. The American Hospital and training school for nurses still survive, under the support and control of the committee organized by Admiral Bristol. Our college financed the whole scheme for four years, and then transferred the hospital and school for nurses to the American colony in Constantinople. Our medical students continued their studies elsewhere, and as a result of the short period of medical teaching in the Woman's College there are now ten enterprising doctors, of several different nationalities, working in various lands.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

# MEHMED VI YIELDS TO THE REPUBLIC

THE great war was ended, but the old spirit of conquest still controlled the thinking of the victorious rulers. Momentous changes were, however, taking place in political, economic, and social conditions in Europe. When Germany first began to understand the extent of her defeat, there was an immediate demand for the abdication of the kaiser. Even Field Marshal von Hindenburg made it very plain to his Majesty William II that no other course was open to him, for in their defeat the Germans had lost nearly every vestige of loyalty to their leader. William II, therefore, packed his bags, and fled to Holland, less than two weeks after the armistice was signed. Thus ended the long dream of German imperialism in the Near East. Schemes for enlarged empire traversed by the Bagdad Railway were frustrated. The words "Berlin to Bagdad" disappeared from the itinerary in the Haidar Pasha railway station.

A wave of democracy passed over the Central Powers of Europe. By the end of November all the German states had united in a republican form of government. The dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary was no more, for during that eventful month Hungary had been declared a republic. Austria organized her government without Emperor Charles, for she would have no more of the Hapsburgs, and the National Assembly at Vienna joined

MUSTAPHA KEMAL

Founder and President of the Turkish Republic

in the general movement toward democracy. In a flash they were all republics.

There was a new spirit of nationalism in the air, and the rights of small nations was a subject much under discussion. It did not, however, immediately affect the attitude of the conquering nations toward the Near East, and they never for a moment weakened in their intention of dividing Turkey. During the winter of 1919 elections were held in Turkey for a new parliament, and although the formalities of government were, apparently, carried on by the sultan in the usual manner, foreign supremacy was everywhere evident. In the eyes of the world at large the Turkish cause was lost.

Almost from the moment of signing the armistice a dynamic personality was gradually uniting the military and political forces of the country. This was Mustapha Kemal Pasha, now President of the Turkish Republic.

He is a gentleman whom one enjoys meeting. He speaks French easily and well, and has the attitude of the trained soldier. He is blond, fair-skinned, straight-nosed, of a type not unknown in the Near East since the days of Sappho and Crœsus. He was born in Saloniki, in 1880, and began his training in the Turkish cavalry at the age of twenty-two. He had been drilled in public speaking in his youth, and was chief of staff under the distinguished Mahmud Chevket Pasha at the time of his dramatic entrance into Constantinople in 1909, after the counter-revolution of Sultan Hamid against the Young Turk party.

Mustapha Kemal served in the army in the Balkan war, and in the World War, and checked the British forces at Anafarta in the Dardanelles. When he began his political career, he was already a hero in the eyes of the people. This stanch patriot had succeeded in getting him-

self appointed Inspector General in Asia Minor, and immediately undertook the organization of the Turkish army of the interior.

The next epoch in the drama of the Near East was the occupation of Smyrna by the Greeks, in May, 1919, with its attendant disorders and suffering. This step was taken with the approval of England and France, and was to circumvent Italy. It was inspired by Venizelos, the great Greek patriot, as well as by Lloyd George, then premier of England, and possibly to a certain extent by Woodrow Wilson. Lloyd George was accused by some of his friends of thinking that Smyrna was an island. Yet it was the startling attack upon Smyrna and its environs, by those who were then enemies of Turkey, that made the definite organization of the Turkish Nationalist movement possible.

In July, 1919, Mustapha Kemal was outlawed by the Ottoman Government in Constantinople for being a Turkish Nationalist, and, with some difficulty, escaped to the interior of Turkey. He went to Count Sforza, who was then Italian High Commissioner in Constantinople, for protection, and was offered refuge in the Italian Embassy for the night should it prove necessary. However, he succeeded in evading his pursuers and left the city at once.

The Turks now had on their hands a rebellion against the government of the sultan, as well as a war with Greece. Successive congresses were held at Erzerum, Sivas, and Angora. The National Pact as the basis of the new Turkish Republic was drawn up and Angora became the center of a strong movement.

The British, French, and Italians, then in possession of Constantinople, did not, apparently, realize the importance of this movement for freedom. They even con-

sented to have the National Pact signed by the Turkish parliament then functioning in Constantinople. This was the old cosmopolitan parliament of Midhat Pasha that had survived since the Young Turk movement in 1908-09. Thus it really happened that the National Pact was ratified by the legal parliament of the Turkish nation, in January, 1920.

The National Pact made Turkey a nation for the Turks, as the United States is a nation for Americans. The parliament, based on the old organization of nations within a state, besides Turks still contained other deputies from nationalities residing in different parts of Turkey, i.e., Greek, Armenian, Albanian, Bulgarian, Jewish, Kurdish, Syrian, and Arabian, each one of the non-Turkish members being there to represent his own nationality. This was the last important meeting ever held by the parliament of Midhat Pasha, which was dissolved in April, 1920.

The British, French, and Italians, in allowing the parliament to sign the National Pact, either did not know what it was all about, or had not, at that time, fully formulated the policy of the Treaty of Sèvres. Furthermore, it even seemed to us who were living there, as if the British were acting independently of the other nations. Before two months had passed, however, there was a great change on their part. In March, 1920, British troops under General Milne took the lead in a second formal entrance into Constantinople, seized public buildings, and arrested about forty prominent patriots, whom they confined in a prison camp on the island of Malta. Among others who with great difficulty succeeded in leaving the city, and thus escaped deportation, were many Turkish Nationalists, who finally were able, after days and nights of suspense,

to join Mustapha Kemal. Some of these became members of the first executive government of the Turkish Republic.

The spirit of nationalism was a natural development in the unhappy situation in which Turkey found herself, but it was not an experience peculiar to her; it was a world phenomenon. In Turkey, as elsewhere, it was inflamed by Wilson's Fourteen Points. These were eagerly perused throughout the Near East. The American consul in Bagdad told me that Arab villagers in regions beyond, who themselves were perhaps not even able to read, were enthusiastically studying the Fourteen Points.

Meanwhile the parliament at Angora was reconstructed under the name of the Great National Assembly, and in April, 1920, the members definitely voted to stand as rebels against Sultan Mehmed VI, and for the capital of the new government chose Angora, a city in the western part of central Anatolia, built on the hillside below an ancient isolated citadel. By the old Greeks it was called Ancyra, or "the Anchor." From that time on there were two rival governments in Turkey.

The next move of the British, French, and Italians was to draw up the Treaty of Sèvres, the conditions of which divided among them all of Turkey except a small section in the mountains of Anatolia. This treaty was signed in Sèvres in August, 1920, but was never ratified.

Then came the destruction of Smyrna—the saddest, perhaps, of all the misfortunes of the Græco-Turkish War. In our college we heard the news with sorrow and concern. What would be the next catastrophe? Smyrna was the center of many delightful memories of excursions in archæological research in Asia Minor, and its harbor was a resting-place in journeys to Lesbos, Athens, Rhodes, Palestine, and Egypt.

In 1922, the Græco-Turkish War was ended. The Turkish Government was firmly established in Angora. Constantine, King of Greece, abdicated, and Lloyd George handed in his resignation to the King of England.

After the termination of the Græco-Turkish War, the strength of the Turkish Nationalist movement grew apace. In November, 1922, a resolution was passed unanimously by the National Assembly in Angora, abolishing the Dynasty of the House of Osman, as its power had been destroyed by the existence of the National Pact. Mehmed VI was not only Sultan of Turkey, but Caliph of all Mohammedans. The caliphate was not at that time abolished.

A few days after the rule of Mehmed VI came to an end, the charge of high treason was brought against him, and he and his cabinet were ordered to be placed on trial. The sultan immediately appealed to the British for protection, and in the same month, early one morning, with his little son Prince Ertogrul and six members of his staff, he quietly left the palace by a side door and was taken in a British motor-car to the wharf, where he embarked, on a British war-ship, for Malta. Thus ended the rule of the last Sultan of Turkey. He had an adopted daughter in the college, whom he invited to join him in his escape, but she very wisely preferred an independent future rather than to burden a monarch in flight. She is now a graduate of the college and is acting as an official guide in the city.

The Treaty of Lausanne was signed July, 1923, and was ratified and came into force August 6, 1924. The foreign occupation of Constantinople ended in October of the same year. During that month Turkey was formally declared a republic. Meantime, exchange of populations was suggested in various quarters, for countries of mixed

peoples, and a committee of the League of Nations, with Nansen the explorer at its head, voted approval. The result was the uprooting of approximately four hundred thousand Turks in Greece and a million and a half Greeks in Turkey, as well as many thousands of Armenians. The Greek patriarch of Constantinople later followed his people.

I must confess that when we witnessed the sufferings of these refugees as they passed through the city, we sometimes thought that it would have been better if Nansen had remained at the North Pole. At present, however, the population of Turkey and that of Greece are comparatively homogeneous, and Nansen's wisdom is perhaps vindicated. Nevertheless Constantinople is still a city of numerous nationalities, as it probably always will be, but all permanent residents of Turkey are now encouraged to become Turkish citizens, and minorities no longer exist as political entities.

After Sultan Mehmed VI left Constantinople, never to return, a new caliph of all Mohammedans was appointed by the Angora Government. The sultanate and caliphate were thus separated. This was one step in the rapid evolution of the Turkish Republic which has since been followed by further drastic changes. The one selected for caliph was Medjid Effendi, then a comparatively old man, the son of Sultan Aziz, and the next heir to the throne. He took up his abode in Dolma Bagtche Palace—by this time in a condition of semi-decay and bereft of its old grandeur.

I had the privilege of acquaintance with the new caliph, and shortly after his accession I received a polite invitation to call. I found him a genial man, of cosmopolitan tastes. He expressed much interest in our college, and spoke of the international advantages that result from

education in a college frequented by the daughters of many nations. Refreshments were brought in, after which the conversation seemed to flag. Forgetting that the length of visits to royalty must be fixed by the host, I arose to go. The caliph looked surprised, but politely accompanied me to the door. That particular point of etiquette, however, I was careful to remember, when a few months later I had an interview with King Boris of Bulgaria. The latter, apparently in response to the wishes of our graduates, conferred on me the First Order of Service to the country.

In March, 1924, the caliphate was, in its turn, abolished, and the last vestige of royalty disappeared from the new republic. Late one night the chief of police appeared at the palace of Dolma Bagtche and informed Medjid Effendi that he must leave the country the following day. In the early morning hours the caliph took his place in an automobile, with his son and daughter. The women of the household came next in a second car, followed by motor-trucks with some of their possessions, which had been hastily collected and hurriedly packed.

Thus the last caliph of the family of Osman bowed to the will of the people. He belonged to an imperial dynasty that had sat on the throne of sultan and caliph for many centuries. The final breaking up of the life of the palace thrust a large number of princes and princesses into general society, where they were obliged to make a place for themselves as best they could. About one hundred eunuchs, as well, were cast out into an unsympathetic world, doomed to the cruel fate of earning their living.

In a moment, as it were, all the basic conditions of life in Turkey were changed. According to the conditions of the new republic, religion is a matter of personal conscience. The Moslem religious schools have been closed;

Moslem priests must now study in the theological department of the Turkish University. The religious courts have become civil courts, and the holy foundations have poured their wealth into the civil treasury. The laws of the country have been modified, the penal code being taken from the Italian, the civil code from the Swiss, and the commercial code from the German law. The marriage service is civil, and polygamy is not allowed. Education of the common people is promoted, and higher education is advanced. The muezzin still gives his call to prayer five times a day from the minaret of the mosque, but his impressive robes have been replaced with ordinary clothes.

The dominant force in Turkey, as well as in other lands at the present time, is the spirit of nationalism. The next step in social and political evolution should be internationalism. Will Turkey take the lead in introducing it?

A few weeks after the caliph left the city, my official connection with the college ended. At commencement time, 1924, I resigned, and Dr. Kathryn N. Adams was appointed president in my place. I had spent fifty-three years in the Turkish Empire, under the reign of five successive sultans. How I should love to be there for fifty years longer, while Constantinople Woman's College is steadily growing, in the era of the Turkish Republic!

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